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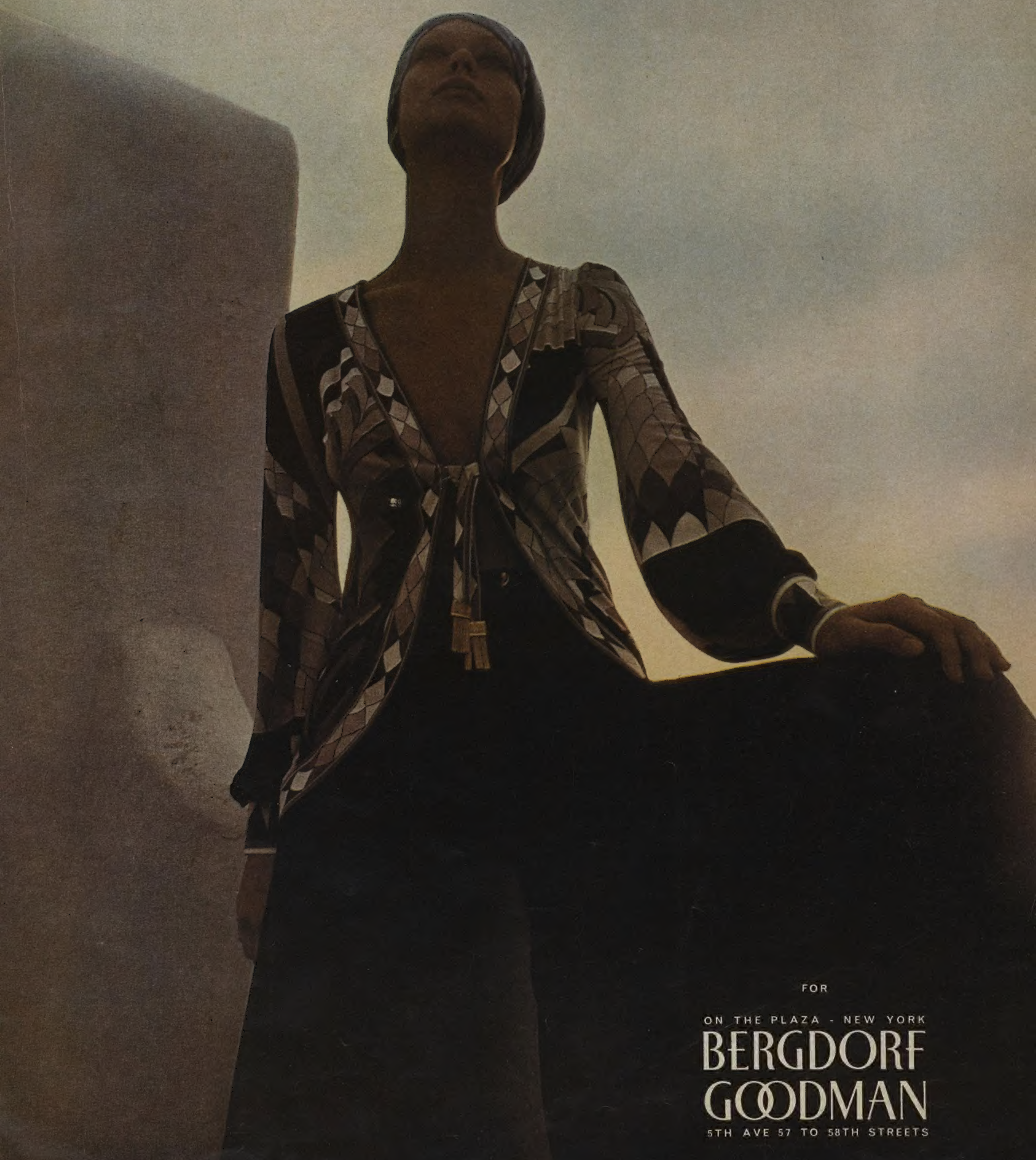
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BOB STONE

COVER: What to wear with what—that's what this issue of Vogue is all about. Here, Lauren Hutton wears a Valentino Boutique short-sleeved shirt in blue-and-white stripes and sleeveless white wool sweater . . . blue-and-white earrings . . . a thin silver chain at the neck. For another way to put it together—and further details—see page 104. Earrings: Jules Van Rouge. Chain from Amulets and Talismans. Coif by Suga of Suga Salon. . . . A good makeup to wear with it: Estée Lauder's new, glowing Color Wash and sheer Fresh Air Powder Film. Details on both, page 128.

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Lillie Rubin

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Donald Brooks cuts and prints a dress for cocktails. The deep dolman sleeves of the blouson top are met with a belt of satin ribbon. In shades of spring green, white and black silk chiffon. The 28 Shop® on Six. Marshall Field & Company. Chicago.

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The Golden New Worlds of Waikiki 73

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The Golden New Worlds of
Waikiki 73

Around the island of Oahu, a golden necklace of sand.

Nowhere else in the world are there so many beaches so diverse in nature. One pounded by waves becomes perfect for surfing — for catching a curl and shooting straight for the shore. Another is dotted with driftwood — ideal for beachcombing and shell collecting. Others, like this one, are sheltered by reefs . . . secluded . . . and would-be explorers can imagine their footprints are the first to dimple the sand.

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beaches cool knits for sun and sand, of Dawn® Acrilan acrylic and Spectran polyester hand knitting yarn. The breezy sundress, *left*, teams a Light Orange bodice with a Burnt Orange skirt. Or sally forth in a seaworthy bikini and matching wraparound skirt of National Blue and Lime. Wear-Dated® covers a lot of living. To let you face the sun serenely, RAY-BAN® SUN GLASSES BY BAUSCH & LOMB.

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Concept VII

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The Golden New Worlds of Waikiki 73

Beyond Waikiki, a quiet harbor at dusk.

Twilight . . . a time for reflection, for mending things — like tangible nets and less tangible dreams. Balmy trade winds waft and the soft air floods with silence. The last boat throttles down and glides soundlessly to its mooring. Soon darkness will turn the sea to black velvet and thoughts to the events of tomorrow. It's a special time . . . these stolen moments between a warm Hawaiian day and night.

Formfit Rogers

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MOVIES by Clive Barnes

Laugh Flicks—plus a Jolter

Funny movies in three nationalities; a masterpiece by Ingmar Bergman

There is something very national about humor in movies. People slide to a different banana skin. Oddly enough, the end product can be appreciated, or so it seems, by everyone; it is just the slip that is different. This month I would like to talk about three comedies and one tragic masterpiece capable of telling what comedy is all about.

First, humor American style. Martin Ritt's *Pete 'n' Tillie* is an amiable movie. Too amiable possibly. It certainly leaves no tear duct untapped or laugh-source unengineered. It is one of those efficient movies—it is only when you get out that you wonder what didn't hit you.

The story is as predictable as a Presidential address. Middle-aged boy meets middle-aged girl, they fall into bed and subsequently marriage. He is a piano player, she is altogether nicer. They have a son who by the age of nine or so has developed an incurable illness. He dies, but after one or two peculiarities the marriage ploughs on. As if it wouldn't!

O.K., the story is hearts and flowers embellished in celluloid, but the film does have some qualities. Carol Burnett is absolutely lovely as Tillie. Previously, I had seen her only on television and never knew she could act. Walter Matthau is also nice and comfortable. Some of the lines are almost witty. It is not precisely a bad movie, but personally I would suggest waiting until it comes on television. It will.

British humor might be thought to be represented by *Sleuth*. In *Pete 'n' Tillie*, the humor was all on jokes. There were great one-liners and great on-screen incidents. *Sleuth* is more verbal. It is a gorgeous movie. It is a kind of thriller (you really mustn't reveal the story, if you have seen it; if you haven't seen it, you couldn't reveal it anyway) but is also very funny. With Anthony Shaffer's own adaptation of his Broadway hit, Joseph L. Mankiewicz's direction, and the acting of Laurence Olivier and—look for this especially—Michael Caine, *Sleuth* comes off quite unexpectedly like an egg in the perfect omelet.

For me, the great humor film around now is neither American nor British. The film *Traffic* is indomitably French. It has been made by Jacques Tati, who still, glorious man, thinks himself M. Hulot and has the terrible scars to prove it. This is really one of those lovely, funny movies. It is, if you can think in commonplace terms, Buster Keaton-meets-Ralph Nader time. Tati gives us traffic jams that only reality, totally untamed, could envisage. He shows autos as members of a great and dying species, and men as their reluctant keepers. Tati's film really can offer a champagne-and-giggling night out.

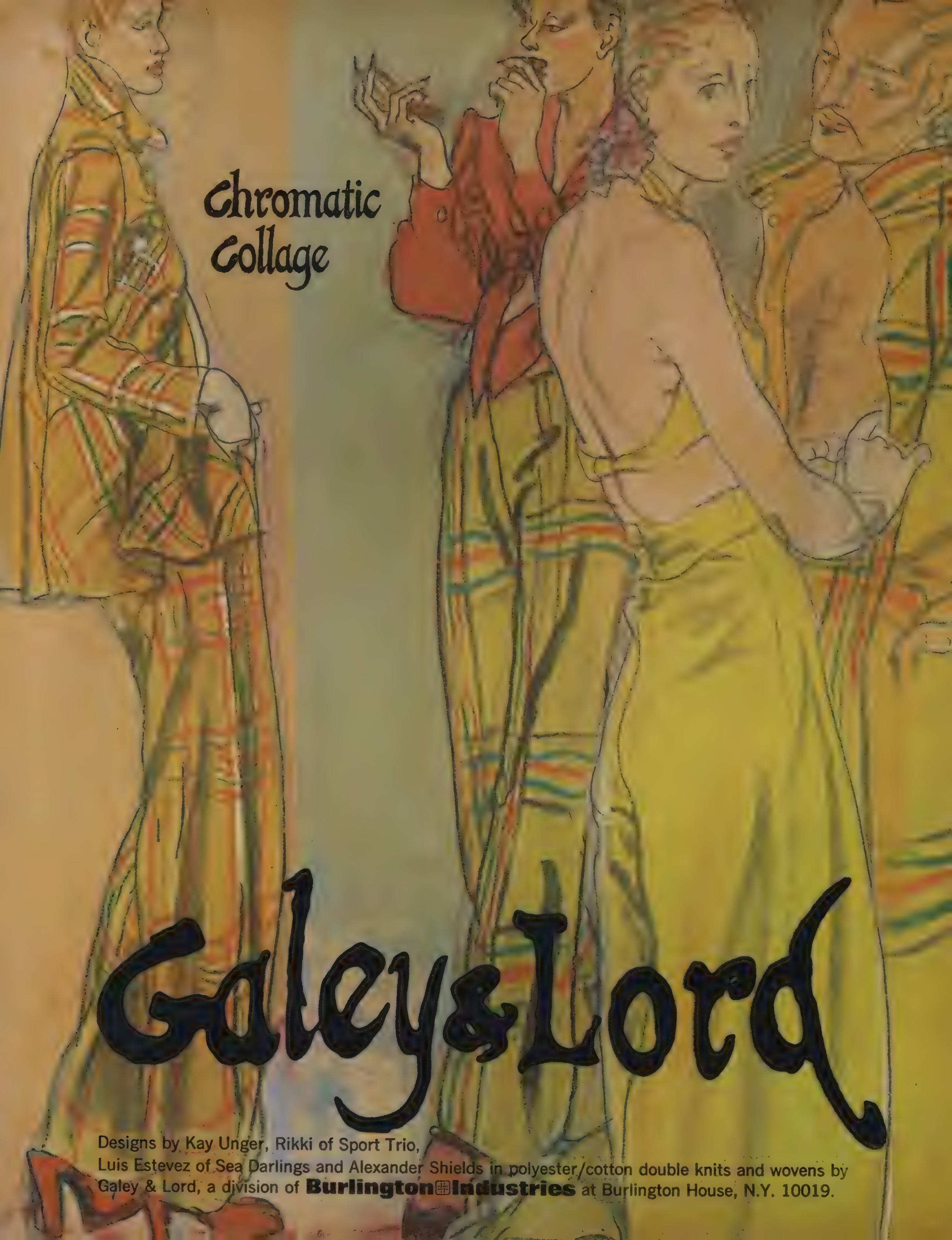
Through all these comedies I had to be aware of one strangling and great tragic movie. It is Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*. This is, I feel, Bergman's best film since, years and years ago, *Wild Strawberries*. *Cries and Whispers* is one of the greatest films I have ever seen. A girl dying—painfully and, one gathers, of cancer. Her two sisters, and a maid who loves her, watch over the agony of her eventual death. Here are all the ecstasies and the failures.

Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* is ferociously a strange movie. It is one of those movies that really does change your mind about film. Its pain and anguish are understandable, but Bergman is so honest and straight that he makes a very quiet war cry to the world totally immediate. ■



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Five perfumes with staying power

It's called **Fashion de Leonard** and, along with his other joys to wear, it's sold only at Bergdorf Goodman. In clothes, Leonard works with swirling, brilliant silks; in perfume, he believes in fresh, green notes to add the modern kick to a warm mélange of flowers, and puts "Fashion" into handsome crinkled crystal bottles of perfume, eau de toilette, spray, and into richly-scented soaps. . . . The clear, sprightly fragrance of **Cachet** is newly portable starting this month. Totable touch-up "Cachet" cologne has been added to the list of good things from Prince Matchabelli. The bottle is a suave tortoise-and-crystal affair in an Art Deco sort of design. . . . **Reverie,** a whispery, very feminine new scent, was dreamed up by Tuvaché (the people who gave us "Jungle Gardenia") and this time out—what with oak moss, geraniums, and vetiver—they're evoking bosky dells rather than sultry jungles. Packaging backs up the idea: 18th-century beaux and belles larking about a blue-and-white toile-de-Jouy countryside. The scent comes through in perfume, cologne, cologne mist, and dusting powder. . . . **Rainwater** is the pure-sounding tag for one of the four new Crystal Essence Sprays from Helena Rubenstein—light, but with a potent, long-lasting quality, these come in the very modern, convenient form of purse-size spray flacons. "Rainwater" is lush, with a Spring-like freshness compounded, in part, of lily of the valley. The other Crystal Essences are Jasmine, Lemon, and Musk. . . . Jean Muir's new perfume is called, simply, **Jean Muir.** It's in a really beautiful bottle—a cone of green, oil-based fragrance encased in a tall, rectangular Lucite column. The message of the scent is the same one Jean projects so well in her dresses—sensuality expressed in smoldery deep colors, womanliness, soft flow—since it's oil-based and innocent of alcohol, it can even be used, in discreet doses. as a scented oil for the bath. "Jean Muir" is an exclusive for Henri Bendel. . . .

The skin treatment you buy in health-food stores

Just in time to shield your skin against drying March winds, along comes Synergy Plus with their new A & E Skin Perles . . . vitamins A and E in a base of moisturizing natural avocado oil, scented with fresh lemon or strawberry musk, and sealed against oxidation in ruby-red or canary-yellow transparent plastic teardrops. Each Skin Perle is an individual skin treatment, and each goes a long way. . . . You snip off the little point of a capsule and have enough scented oil to smooth over face, neck, bosom, hands, and upper arms. . . .

The prettiest looks in
new spring clothes and accessories
as shown in
March Vogue are available
across the country

For your convenience, we list below some of the stores which have clothes based on the fashion ideas in this issue:

Akron, Ohio	O'Neil's
Baton Rouge, Louisiana	Goudchaux's
Beverly Hills, California	I. Magnin
Birmingham, Alabama	Pizitz
Boise, Idaho	Carroll's
Boston, Massachusetts	Jordan Marsh
Chattanooga, Tennessee	Loveman's
Chicago, Illinois	I. Magnin
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee's
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Marie Leavell
Denver, Colorado	May - D & F
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers
Detroit, Michigan	Jacobson's
El Paso, Texas	The Popular
Honolulu, Hawaii	Liberty House
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz
Indianapolis, Indiana	L. S. Ayres
Jacksonville, Florida	Furchgott's
Kansas City, Missouri	Swanson's
Lincoln, Nebraska	Hovland-Swanson
Los Angeles, California	I. Magnin
Madison, Wisconsin	Harry S. Manchester
Miami, Florida	Burdine's
New Orleans, Louisiana	D. H. Holmes
Omaha, Nebraska	Kilpatrick's
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Nan Duskin
Phoenix, Arizona	I. Magnin
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon	I. Magnin
Rochester, New York	B. Forman
St. Petersburg, Florida	John Baldwin
Salt Lake City, Utah	Makoff
San Bernardino, California	The Harris Co.
San Francisco, California	I. Magnin
Seattle, Washington	I. Magnin
St. Louis, Missouri	Stix, Baer & Fuller
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ART by Barbara Rose

A Special Woman, Her Surprise Art

Eva Hesse's sculpture: mysterious effects from unexpected materials



Eva Hesse, meshed in her skeins of rubber, plastic.

The most poignant fact about the late Eva Hesse is that she died of a brain tumor at thirty-four, a beautiful, courageous young woman who had, within five short years, produced one of the most impressively original *oeuvres* in recent American sculpture. But the premature finale to Eva Hesse's rising career is not the most important fact about her art, which looks increasingly strong as time passes.

Eva Hesse set distinct limitations on her art; but within these boundaries she succeeded in creating moments of rare poetry and ephemeral grace. For she turned her back on the official idiom of monumental sculpture, with its hard industrial edges, as well as on the reductive simplifications of Minimal art. She was a highly personal artist and her statement really transcends any specific movement or context.

There is an element of Surrealism in Eva Hesse's style, if what we mean by Surrealism is the juxtaposition of unexpected images and materials, many with erotic or biomorphic overtones. There is also the sense of mystery, enigma, ghostly presences in her work that relates her to a tradition of ambiguous poetic imagery. But she interpreted form in a highly personal way, experimenting with such unlikely materials as rubber tubing, different types of plastics, latex, and combinations of wire and cloth.

Eva Hesse's images are strangely evocative: ladders that are not ladders, leaning pieces that give a sense that they might be climbed without revealing clues to where they lead; meshes and nets of fiberglass string, a labyrinth of rubberized rope that hangs, suspended like a three-dimensional Jackson Pollock, looping and curving its way through space.

In fact, Pollock had a profound effect on Eva Hesse's thought. Beginning in 1965, she used chance as an element in her work, permitting linear elements to fall where they might; but she combined chance with a strong sense of structure in a dynamic tension between chaos and order that must have expressed a deep personal conflict as well.

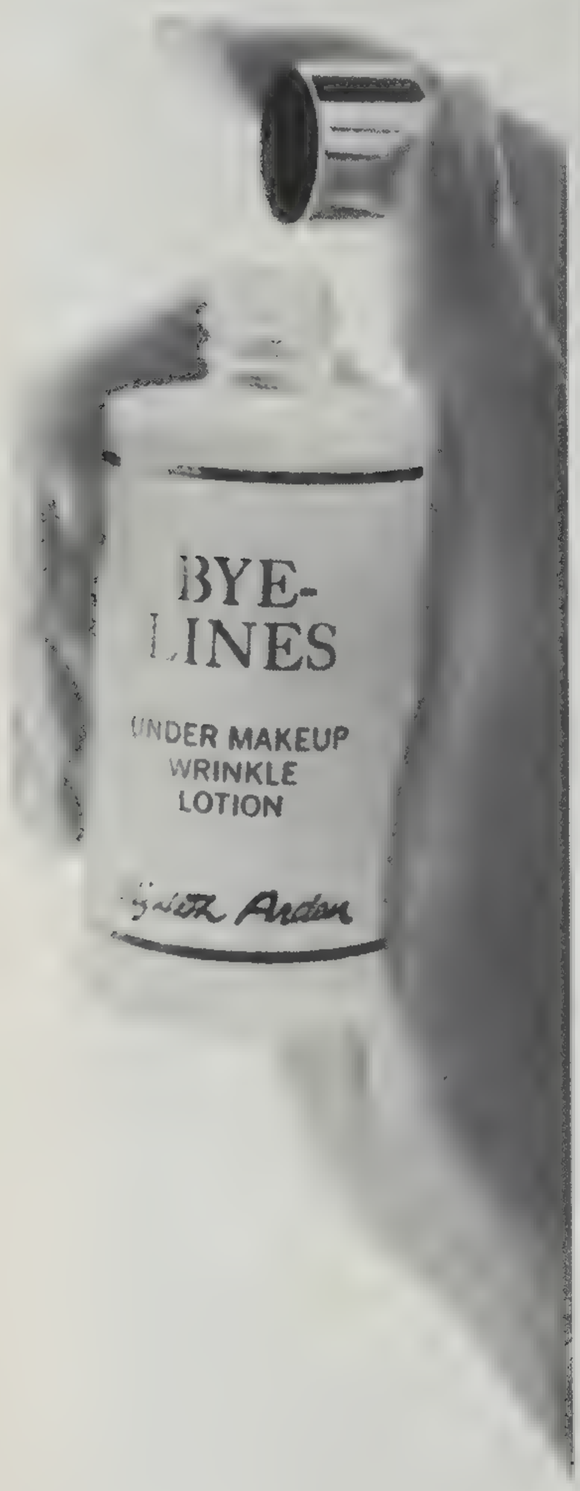
Eva Hesse, writing about a work she was making in 1970, considered the relationship of randomness to order: "This piece is very ordered," she wrote. "Maybe I'll make it more structured, maybe I'll leave it changeable. When it's completed, its order could be chaos. Chaos can be as structured as non-chaos. That we know from Jackson Pollock."

There is an incredible precision, deliberateness, and elegance about even the most informal pieces. Tiny latex objects are molded and assembled with patient craftsmanship. Where others used eccentric, expressionist forms in sculpture to create objects expressing irony, wit, or satire, she saw everything with a poet's eye and expressed her own fragility and sensitivity.

Eva Hesse was an exceptionally brave, warm woman; and she made exceptional art, too, going her own way, subsuming trends to her own purpose. She worked quietly and without fanfare; her art holds our attention not because it commands but because it gently engages its audience in the artist's own sharply personal reveries. "Decorative is the only art sin," she once said; and she proceeded to make an emotionally moving art full of evocative content and poetic metaphor that despite its casual elegance could never be mere decoration. ■


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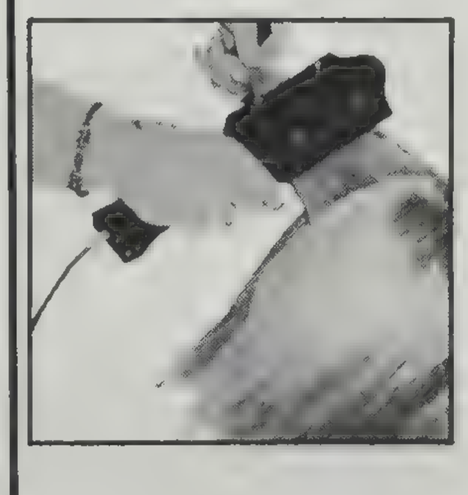


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Beauty **Checkout**

The uncurling iron that sets hair straight





In challenging displays of insubordination, hair can get out of line—by going curly, or getting the bends—when all you want of it is a look of unswerving straightness. Now there's a new, quick, easy way to get straight hair without using chemicals that are harsh on hair, especially color-treated hair; also, once your hair is chemically straightened you're stuck with it till the hair grows out (and you might want curls *sometimes).* The new way gives you straightness whenever and wherever you want it—it's done by a fascinating electric uncurling iron, made in Italy, that can be found in the hands of Imo, the star hairdresser at the Rose Reti Salon in New York. The iron is shaped like a spatula in two halves, hinged at the handle (see picture), and inside each half is a metal ironing surface—these surfaces come together when the hinge is closed, and do the ironing. Handling the uncurler with the deftness of a baton twirler, Imo places a section of hair between the two ironing surfaces starting up near the scalp, quickly slides it down toward hair-ends—stopping short before he gets there. "Never all the way down," he says, "or the hair looks stiff—ends must be allowed to bend a little to hold together." The finished effect, beautifully straight and together, lasts—on almost any hair but the very curly—until the next shampoo. The uncurling iron also seems to give hair extra gloss—just as linen gets a sheen when ironed. Other advantages: it takes only about seven minutes to do a headful of hair, even when it's long and curly; good for spot-straightening, too—controls cowlicks, fuzzy bangs, wavering sides (Mme. Reti likes it to straighten up her own up-front hair, which tends to plunge into small waves). According to Imo, clients love the uncurler, come back again and again—it's so fast, simple.

Did you know that the potato was once thought to be a potent aphrodisiac?

Did you know that the potato was once thought to be a potent aphrodisiac? That it came from Peru? That Europeans thought it was either a truffle or an apple; that it isn't either, but *is* related to the tomato, the eggplant, and the Deadly Nightshade? . . . All these and many more bits of potato lore are in *The Potato Book,* written by Myrna Davis and published by The Hampton Day School—which stands among sea-girt potato fields at Bridgehampton, Long Island. The main body of the book is a vast collection of delicious-sounding potato recipes, ranging from soups to desserts—by way of entrées, salads, soufflés, stuffings, curries. There's a section on potato games; on the potato as a household helper—and as a beauty aid (raw cut potato rubbed on skin will whiten it). . . . The book is charmingly illustrated, and there's a foreword by Truman Capote—a neighbor and friend of The Hampton Day School—who gives his own favorite, madly-exotic potato recipe: Go out in the potato fields after the harvest and gather up some "found" potatoes. Bake. Split open. Spread with sour cream. Then heap with caviar—"the freshest, the grayest, the biggest Beluga." Enjoy with icy vodka. . . .

What you should know about dark glasses—for the sake of your eyes

Dark glasses aren't just a summertime thing any more. Now, they sell briskly all year 'round—for winter sports, driving, as well as sunning, tennis, boating; and for pure becomingness—as a marvelous kind of instant eye makeup. Should the same pair be worn for all purposes? No—not if you value your eyesight. Tinted glasses fall into two distinct categories, and it's important to know which is which. . . . Category 1, the true "sunglasses," actually screen out the sun's ultraviolet rays, protect eyes from the harmful effects of sunlight and glare. Category 2, are cosmetic glasses—intended simply to look attractive. . . . Sunglasses should be dark—so dark you can't see your eyes through them when you look in a mirror. They should pass no more than 30% of the light (19% or 20% is preferred). They should be neutral grey or sage green, to allow true color perception—though a Kalichrome yellow lens may be best for skiing on overcast days. . . . Cosmetic glasses, which have no protective function, can be pale—the paler the prettier, in fact. And they can be any color you like—rose, violet, yellow, green, blue. Right now, the smartest shapes are big ones—the biggest possible circles, squares, rectangles, ovals, or wraparounds; and the best-looking frames are superthin—gold, silver, black, or colored metal, or thin tortoiseshell. . . . By law, all tinted glasses must have impact-resistant lenses. And even the most inexpensive pair of "fun" shades should have lenses free of distortion—which can cause eyestrain, headaches. Here's how to test them before buying: Turn glasses over so undersides of lenses face up. Catch the reflection of some overhead light source—a straight bar of light is best. Move glasses so reflection travels across lenses. If the reflected image looks wiggly or wavy, the lens is defective. Replace that pair in the rack and try again. . . .



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For now, the newest idea in functional fabrics is revolutionizing glove fashion with the same excitement that the major advances of wash-and-wear and double-knits have brought to the other apparel so popular with today's active woman. After years of research, Aris, America's foremost glovemaker, has developed the world's first Isotoner glove, with amazing Iso-Massage action.

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Beauty**Checkout**

"I Look All New (Changed My Makeup)"

Mary Russell, after years of the no-makeup look, finds "the fun is back in makeup, but the art must be relearned"



Mary Russell, European Correspondent for Vogue, chooses the sort of simple, easy clothes thousands of women choose. How she wears them makes them special (see her story on pages 124 through 127). How she wears her face and hair makes her unique. This year, after a long time with one look, she sees herself in a new light. "For the last five years I wore very light eye makeup and no lipstick, but now the fun is back," said Mary. Because "we rarely see ourselves as others do," she hied off to Brigitte, the resident whiz at Jean Louis David in Paris: "She did things I never would have done. Told me to let my eyebrows grow in (took a month), and reshaped them entirely, then dyed them a shade lighter than my hair. She worked half an hour on the shading of cheek rouge and shadows—all this as a lesson with a mirror, *right*. Result: Now I use a very light base, loose powder pressed on lightly and brushed to a buff with a fat Chinese brush, before I start the long work: eyes and mouth. With this revival of the art of makeup, I need an extra half hour to get ready.

"The eyes are done with green eye pencil, then black, superimposed. First, green—smudge—then a little black—smudge—a little more green—smudge—and so on until the eye is transformed. Brigitte says there is no short cut to eye makeup. It is painstaking but the effect is dazzling and lasts all day. Next, lots of black mascara . . . up to three layers. Again I take my time and use a fat brush with mascara almost dry so that lashes don't stick together.

"The mouth is outlined around the *outside* with a lip pencil dipped in pale foundation to bring out shape. Then light brown lipstick to shape the lip line. Then filled in with Mary Quant's "Hot Stuff" (a bright red) mixed with lip gloss (Elizabeth Arden) to diffuse color and texture. I keep color concentrated in the middle of the mouth, don't take it to the edges as that can give a hard "made up" look.

"I have my hair cut once every six weeks by Christophe in Paris at Carita . . . mostly trimming the bangs, cutting off ends. Patricia, once of Carita but now at Klaus Greiser Salon in Geneva, does fantastic *balayage;* she literally 'paints' here and there, over and under to get the highlights right after combing the hair to see how it falls naturally. I wash my hair myself every three days: one fast shampoo so as not to dry the roots—lots of cold water rinsing. I carry Carmen curlers everywhere. Use them for two or three minutes to give shape.

"Beauty upkeep comes down to: a monthly face treatment by Carita specialist, Anne, who works in Geneva at the Klaus Greiser Salon (he does my hair in Geneva); a weekly manicure; monthly pedicure, and, in summer, pedicures in Paris at Carita by Kao, who gives a Chinese pedicure.

"Twice a week I go to a wonderful man-and-wife team, M. and Mme. Frachbaud, who do therapeutic relaxing and medical massages. I was sent to them by my neurologist after I suffered a ski accident a couple of years ago. My doctor said: 'I don't know exactly HOW he cures my patients, but he does.' He will press on a certain point, tell you to breathe, his wife will come in and together they pull you gently and sometimes a tiny crack is heard. All pain is gone. Then there is a spinal massage that can put you to sleep in ten minutes flat. Madame Frachbaud works on cellulite and relaxation, leaving M. Frachbaud to handle cases sent by doctors. After all symptoms of my accident left me (due to him), I kept on going to Madame to keep fit, relaxed, and firm.

"About exercise: I walk whenever I can instead of driving. Bicycle like crazy with my daughter Kitty, all around the lake. Sometimes we do as much as twenty or thirty kilometers, take a picnic along and plop down in a field to eat and rest.

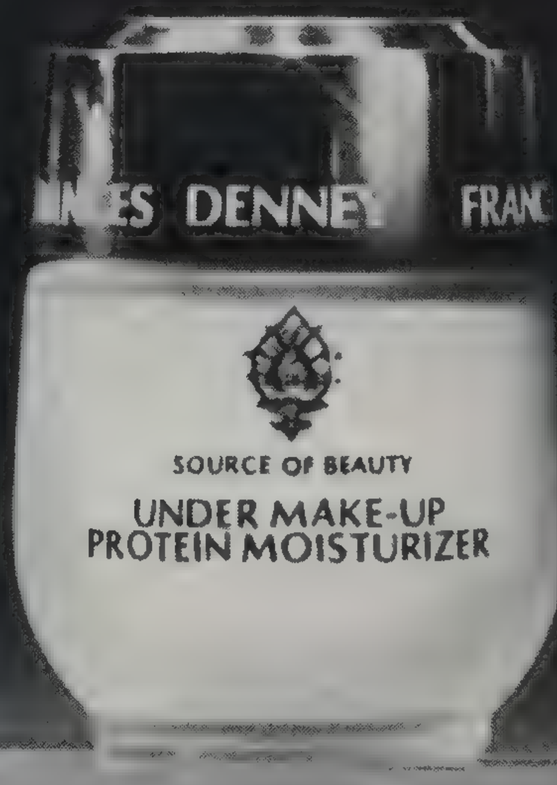
"At Christmas and Easter, Kitty and I go to St. Moritz. We ski, swim in the indoor pool every afternoon to help get muscle soreness out. I get out every day to do a few easy ski runs and BREATHE. I can share winter sports with my daughter and just being together, laughing in the snow is a fabulous tonic. In summer I swim like crazy, in and out of the water all day. Otherwise, my exercise is all in my mind: thinking positively, trying not to worry about things, laughing when the going is especially confusing or bad. And *love* . . . very important to love somebody."

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Ready Beauty

Help yourself head to toe—the latest ways to take care of your hair and skin

What's making news now: things that really work for you —quick, efficient beauty help where you want it most. Starting from the top with **two-in-one hair care:** the newest way to shampoo your hair is also the newest way to get out the tangles—Wash & Comb, the first hair product from the makers of Noxzema. All hair—even under normal conditions—has rough, scaly, split edges. These are the snarl-makers—linking up with each other when hair is washed. Long, damaged, or color-treated hair, combined with frequent shampooing, aggravates the problem. To solve it, the Wash & Comb formula was designed to smooth over the rough spots. It de-snarls and conditions as it cleans to leave hair shiny, manageable, a cinch to comb. And it does it all in one easy step, eliminating the need for extra rinses and conditioning agents. The more you use it, the less the tangling, the better your hair. . . .

Don't look now, but your skin is changing—while skin always needs moisture, there are times it craves an extra share. Like times when the weather is harsh, the air conditioning or heating turned up too high. Answering these changing demands is what Helena Rubinstein's new Moisture Response is all about. A sheer, light cream that lets the skin "breathe" through it, you can wear Moisture Response right around the clock—giving skin just the right amount of moisture when and where it's needed most. And there's no reason to stop with your face—Moisture Response works in the same nourishing way on arms, throat, upper chest—areas that will be receiving a lot of attention this spring and summer. . . .

If you're showing more skin this year, one thing you don't want to show more of is hair where it doesn't belong. For sleeking legs and underarms, there's Depilan's new Take 3. This aerosol depilatory is neat—sprays on, wipes off; it's fast—works in as little as three minutes. Best of all, its fresh, natural lemon scent which makes everything that much nicer. . . .

Dealing with skin naturally—a new line of pure, natural treatments from Basic Cosmetics. The idea being to take advantage of certain good-for-you properties found in nature's own ingredients. For example, milk, a natural cleanser, is the base of their cleanser, used for gently taking off makeup and grime. The astringent that follows is a grapefruit one, since that fruit has been found to naturally tighten pores, tone and stimulate skin. Rich, emollient cucumber oil forms the base of the Moisture Lotion which goes on under makeup, as a night cream, after sunning or skiing. And the soothing effects of peach oil silken and scent the rest of you when you dip into the peach Hand & Body Lotion. . . .

The minute-a-day hair treatment—that's all it takes—60 seconds and a little squeeze of Clairol's Vitapointe, their cream hairdressing-and-conditioner in a tube. Thirty seconds' worth of massage in the morning and another thirty seconds at night help to keep hair in its proper place—and make it shinier, healthier, more lustrous in the bargain. Especially good protection before heading out in the sun or wind. . . .

Hands in hot water, detergents, cold, windy weather? In each case, what you need is both softening and protection. Just what you'll find in Vaseline Intensive Care Cream, the latest addition to the Vaseline Intensive Care family. It's super rich, super first aid—a little goes a long way, not only on hands, but on elbows, knees, heels, any place extreme dryness is a problem.

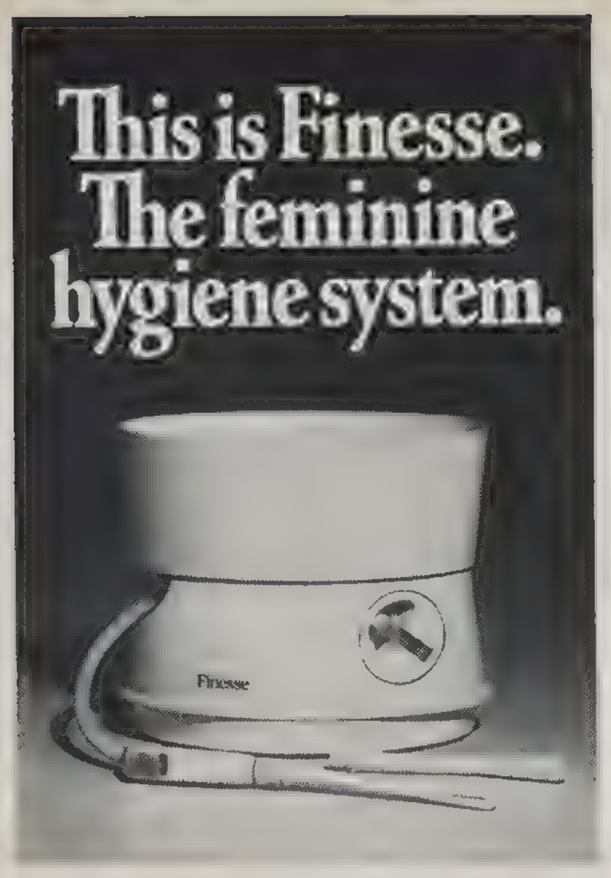


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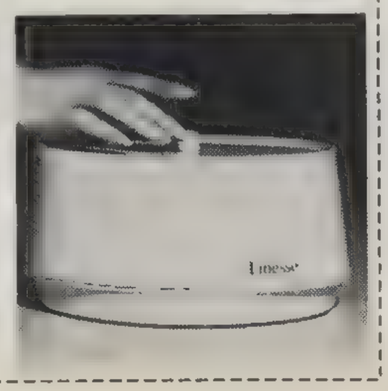
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V-3

TELEVISION by Allene Talmey

Get Away from Anything

The reality-relievers: *M*A*S*H, Hogan's Heroes;* a quick rate list

Escape hatch. Those two urgent words help us realize the need now for *M*A*S*H* and *Hogan's Heroes,* for they belong to remembered wars. World War II and Korea lie far behind us. Every night television lifts with laughter threatening pressure. Now those two staples of television, war and medicine, combine woozily in *M*A*S*H,* the Sunday-night surgical delicacy. Like the men in *Hogan's Heroes* who live in a Nazi Stalag of World War II and in reruns every night except Sunday around New York, the *M*A*S*H* men are expert at throwing one-liners, low, funny, and white. (There is no black humor, even by Blacks) In *M*A*S*H,* the center flows around two jokey surgeons in an army field hospital during the Korean war, the doctors only serious about surgery, their scudding dialogue at the operating table given over to such instructions as "scalpel, sponges, kiss," to which the only proper reply is "Yes, *Sir,* darling." On television, U.S. war comedies are always one war behind.

*M*A*S*H* recognizes that war is dirty, hard, uncomfortable, mean, and, at times, hilarious. When off-duty, the chief surgeons (Hawkeye Pierce, played marvelously by Alan Alda, loose and absurd, and Trapper John, played by Wayne Rogers, tighter and more absurd) live in tented slobbery, a hillbilly still fermenting in the corner. (Captain Pierce and Colonel Hogan are one now with Sergeant Bilko.) Fortunately for everybody, the nurses are dedicated and hot-panted, their motto: "Keep moving or you're dead." Somehow, the enemy turns out to be not the North Koreans but U.S. Brass.

Unlike the bellowing stupidities of *McHale's Navy,* still running sometimes late in the after- (Continued on page 66)

Programs worth the eyesight

★★★★**The Mary Tyler Moore Show.** Toasted, trimmed dialogue by characters rounded out, especially by Edward Asner, Valerie Harper, and Miss Moore.

★★★**The Waltons.** Decent farm family with view, fun and cares, based on rocks of reality.

★★★★**Masterpiece Theatre.** The BBC dramatizes nineteenth-century novels this season, gives them good firm English casts. Although they flawed *The Moonstone,* bungled in the cutting, they recovered sharply with *Tom Brown's Schooldays* in five smashing episodes.

★★**Maude.** Bill Macy, a quiet, sharp husband to Beatrice Arthur (Maude) whose strokes are now too broad, too slashing.

★**The Odd Couple.** Amusing once in a while.

★★★**The 51st State.** Informally but carefully, Patrick Watson peels the skin off New York City, the 51st state. (Shown only in the New York area which includes New Jersey and Connecticut, population twenty million.)

★★★**All in the Family.** How many times can you call a spade a spade? Lovely cast.

★★**Columbo.** Police detective, bumbling on the outside, quilled inside, with Peter Falk good but slower than cold molasses. Detail work superb; happily, no chases.

★**The David Susskind Show.** Viewer can learn something once in five tries, if Susskind, who is mentally deaf, is not hung up on sex variations that night.

★★★★**The Burns and Allen Show.** Gracie Allen, the greatest dingbat ever.

★★★★**Jack Paar Tonite.** Parr, nimble-mouthed and easy, more entertaining than most of his guests. Home-movie segments. Late-night country is running out of celebrities, that country's only natural resource. ■

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TELEVISION

(Continued from page 64)

"Robust men, full of quips and wiles"

noon for the children, *M*A*S*H* is street smart, its practical jokes really jokes. Unshaven, mad-eyed, Hawkeye, who is a terrific surgeon (the writers keep telling me), is so raunchy and septic that he couldn't get inside the doors of *Medical Center* where Holy Joe Gannon practices or of the Institute where Dr. Kildare is so young and antiseptic.

Although the North Koreans never get even walk-ons in *M*A*S*H*, the Nazis are ever present in *Hogan's Heroes*, firm butts for every plot. Hogan, an Air Corps Colonel played with genial, casual skill by Bob Crane, is surrounded by masters of this sit-comedy ranging from fat Schultz, Newkirk, Carter, and LeBeau to monocled Colonel Klink, the commander of Stalag 13, a prisoner-of-war camp. Within its fences, Hogan runs, on secret orders, a sabotage and underground-escape headquarters, each day conning Klink whose mind veers like a wind sock with Hogan the wind. And the cons are funny. What isn't funny is the double image of what the Nazi camps were actually like, what prisoners of war of Hanoi actually have gone through. For Hogan's men are robust, contemptuous, full of quips and wiles. The Hoganeers are bull artists. So are the surgeons of *M*A*S*H* whose class song apparently was a version of "Come on, Baby, Douse My Fire."

None of the *M*A*S*H* men went to the same medical schools as the physicians in the afternoon soaps: *The Doctors* and *General Hospital*. Those men rarely have medical problems, but they do have personal ones, big, metastasized. (The families of patients in dramas in which going to the hospital is only part of the plot have a nasty habit of moaning, "My God, Oh, My God, My God!") In *The Doctors* and *General Hospital* the major medical problem is fiscal: there are almost no patients. *M*A*S*H*, on the other hand, has no such dilemma: the North Koreans keep the patients coming. Exuberant, young, but never zany nor goofy, the surgeons have no time for "Oh, My God!"; they have to think up one-liners funny enough to keep a war at bay. They do, and their lives are in character, fast and absurd. ■



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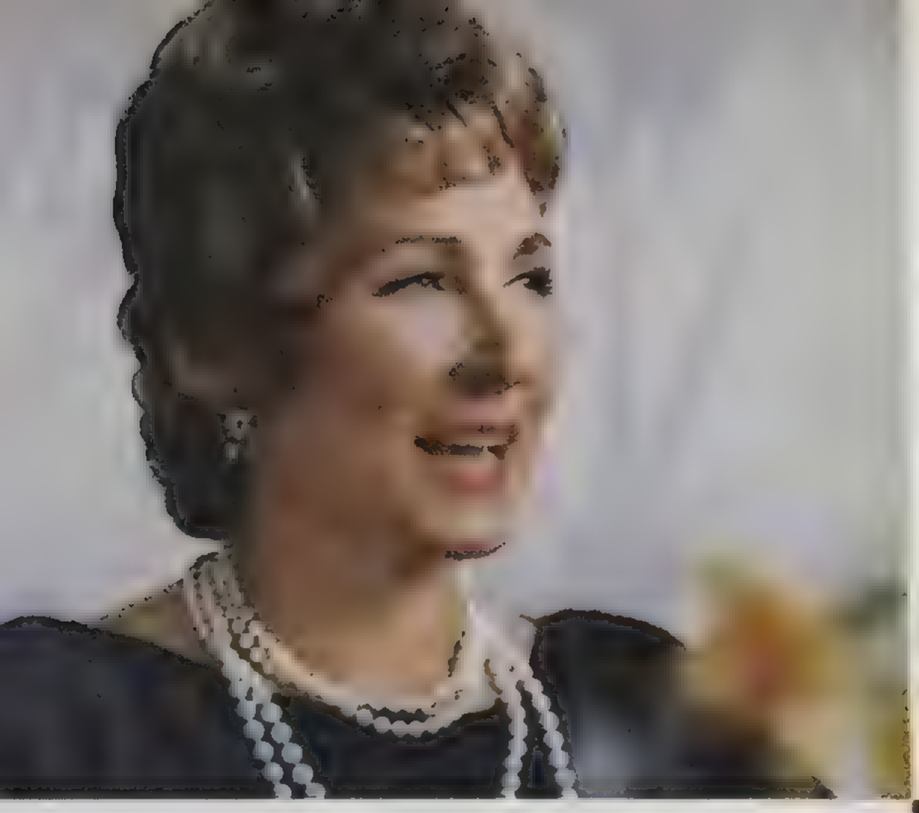
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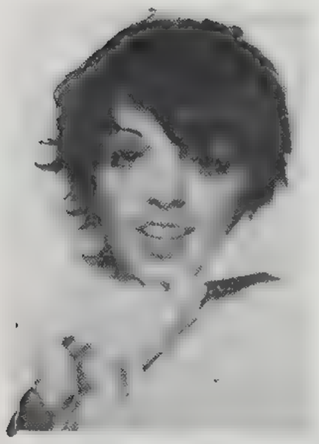
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See facing page for Olga's Where to Buy

By Maria Elise Crummere MARCH 1—MARCH 31

Horoscope



Liza Minnelli

In her chart: a letdown in 1973. Born March 12, 1946, Liza Minnelli has only the Sun in her birth sign, Pisces. Venus and Mercury in Aries show that she gives her best to the start of a love affair; but other planets in her chart indicate that she could use partners and marriages to showcase her talents. Seven planets in active signs mean a good chance that this young singer-actress will have many marriages, though 1973 does not look like a good time for the first one.

Aries March 21-April 19

Love: *steady*
Work: *routine*
Money: *reliable*
Health: *hearty*

You don't like any control to impede your irrepressible urges. Get as much done before new moon (March 5) as you can; after that your ruler, Mars, will be in Capricorn—a sign that limits you. At full moon, March 18, you may be asked for an opinion; answer the last week.

Taurus April 20-May 20

Love: *a new one*
Work: *interesting*
Money: *good*
Health: *strong*

You prefer practical ideas to idealistic ones. Your ruler, Venus, now in Pisces, provides an exciting new friend, leading to social successes before new moon, March 5. At full moon, March 18, financial matters take an upward trend; the last day brings a substantial windfall.

Gemini May 21-June 21

Love: *disappointing*
Work: *delays*
Money: *changes*
Health: *relax*

The continuous demands of responsibilities weighing you down will end as your ruler, Mercury, stops moving at full moon, March 18. It would be useless to force issues, especially during the last week. Wait until events turn in your favor, planning in secret the steps to take later.

Cancer June 22-July 22

Love: *tested*
Work: *quite busy*
Money: *new income*
Health: *stimulated*

Venus and Mercury are in Pisces, another Water sign and friendly to yours, assisting your efforts before new moon, March 5. New plans and social activities should go well until full moon, March 18; don't expect support after that. Settle with a contentious family member the last week.

Leo July 23-August 22

Love: *indifferent*
Work: *uninteresting*
Money: *fair*
Health: *bored*

Your straightforward approach will not work in the confusion, now that your ruler, the Sun, is in Pisces. Anything not done before new moon, March 5, will have to wait until the last week of the month, when a prominent new friend will help you in new projects.

(Continued on page 70)

Elizabeth Arden
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3:00 haircut, styling
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Nicole Ronsard

987 Lexington Avenue, at 71st Street

HOROSCOPE *(Continued from page 68)*

Virgo August 23-September 22

Love: *neglected*
Work: *opposition*
Money: *do not speculate*
Health: *rest more*

Your ruler, Mercury, is standing still now; and after new moon (March 5), your partners will not be able to aid you in any way. At full moon (March 18), though the action remains slow, you will receive information giving a clue to how best to adjust to frustrations this month.

Libra September 23-October 23

Love: *one ends*
Work: *new interests*
Money: *new sources*
Health: *jittery*

Since yours is an Air sign, you will feel put off now, with a Water sign, Pisces, in power. Partners will disagree with you, and you will have to go it alone. This will not be easy, since you enjoy working with others. Complete your social obligations after the full moon, March 18.

Scorpio October 24-November 21

Love: *estrangement threatens*
Work: *demanding*
Money: *speculative*
Health: *control your diet*

You like to work alone—even secretly. Now your ruler, Mars, is in orderly Capricorn: get private matters ready for a strong spring drive. Be prepared for a surprise move by a friend at mid-month; this cannot be resolved until the end of the month, when you come up the winner.

Sagittarius November 22-December 21

Love: *irritants*
Work: *tedious*
Money: *various sources*
Health: *sensitive*

Your venturesome nature enjoys the unexpected. Now your ruler, Jupiter, has entered Air Aquarius; you should thrive. Social successes come before new moon, March 5; then you will move slowly with friends. At the end of the month, hopes rise; you win in the last week.

Capricorn December 22-January 19

Love: *resolve it*
Work: *involved*
Money: *solid*
Health: *normal*

Your style is usually a quiet patience and concern with the rights of others. Now, with Mars in your sign, you may take the lead in championing causes, making firm decisions. Stay with your program until full moon (March 18). Change your routine the last week. Results will be good.

Aquarius January 20-February 18

Love: *new prospect*
Work: *new opportunities*
Money: *great possibilities*
Health: *jubilant*

You are good at putting programs into worldwide circulation. Now with Mars behind your sign, it is best to plan in secret, while collecting co-workers, and to announce your plan at full moon, March 18. Momentum will carry you until the last five days, making you a winner.

Pisces February 19-March 20

Love: *successful*
Work: *favorable*
Money: *good*
Health: *revitalized*

You prefer to stay in the background; now, with Venus in your sign, you should take the spotlight to show up one of your artistic talents. Stay with it until the last week; then retire to enjoy the results. They should be both good responses from a loved one and financial gains.

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BUYING TIME by Bess Myerson

Set Your Budget Free

Don't let the "convenience" of credit tie up your money and make you poor

Everybody talks about "permissiveness" these days, usually with an accusatory finger pointed at somebody else. But the most hidden and costly form of "permissiveness" is rarely mentioned, because it involves self-criticism, and most of us tend to look everywhere for culprits except in the mirror.

Consumer abuses exist in our marketplace—and many of them are here with the permission of the consumer. Not all of them, of course. There are legitimate complaints against abuses that are beyond the individual control of the average consumer. Legislators must be persuaded to pass laws, and industries must effect self-regulation, if those abuses are to be corrected. But there are widespread abuses that have their roots in many consumers' misguided self-indulgence, their tendency to "go along," to overpay for "conveniences" that may eventually strangle them, and to stumble through the marketplace with purses open and eyes closed, mumbling the Debtors' Creed: "Ours not to reason why, ours just to buy and buy!"

No industry or company manufactures consumer ignorance or consumer indifference. They may supply the basic ingredients, but the consumers themselves are responsible for the finished product. No consumer abuse could last longer than it takes you to read this article if consumers did not support its continued existence with their own lack of buying discipline. When we don't know what our consumers' rights are, or don't care enough to stop an abuse, or don't have enough instinct for self-preservation to resist a siren invitation to leap into marketplace waters that are too deep for us to handle, it's time to look in the mirror to find the source of our consumer complaint. As that noted consumer advocate Pogo in Walt Kelly's comic strip might put it: "We have seen the enemy, and it is us."

There are too many others trying to abuse us; we don't have to make it easier for them. That's a slave mentality and should have no place in our country, in the marketplace, or anywhere else. How can we be our own men and women if our budgets are dictated by someone else? We must use our freedom to buy what we want, when we want it, and how we want it. We must get all that we pay for. In value. In quality. In durability. If we do not, then the free market is a myth and not a reality for us. And we are our own slave masters.

There are many roads to the liberated life, and one of the ways—regardless of your income—is to liberate your budget so that it serves your individual and family needs to its limit and is not reduced to ineffectiveness through your own lack of discipline and blind self-indulgence. A large part of freedom begins with consumer protection, and consumer protection begins with you.

One of the most prevalent self-abuses is the undisciplined use of credit buying. The credit card is perhaps the greatest marketing concept of this century—and, used wisely, can be a blessing to consumers in (Continued on page 74)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bess Myerson is the Commissioner of the Department of Consumer Affairs in New York City; in four years, she has developed the strongest city department dealing with the rights of citizens-as-consumers in our country.*

You've never seen a horoscope like this before

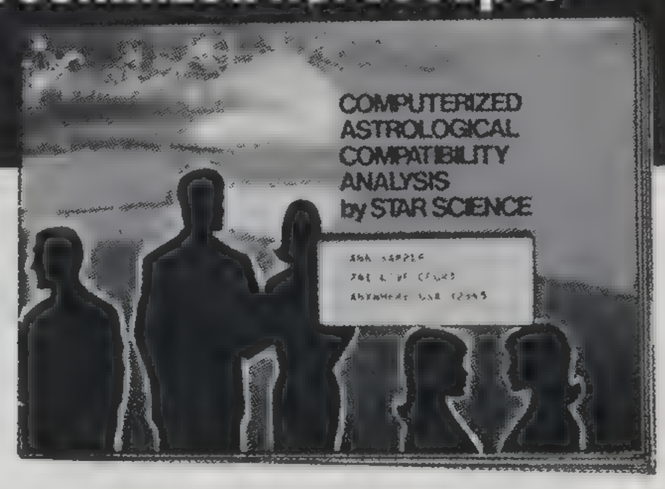
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BUYING TIME *(Continued from page 72)*

"We must use our freedom
to buy what we want,
when we want it,
and how we want it. We must
get all that we pay for."

every income group. Used unwisely, it can be a passport to personal-bankruptcy court. It is no accident that in the past twenty-five years the rise in the distribution of credit cards—now past the two-hundred-million mark—has been accompanied by a disproportionate rise in the number of personal bankruptcies filed each year. Those "convenient" payments do have a way of piling up, and the interest on those payments can eat into a modest budget like an army of happy termites in an old wooden house.

Of course, there's been a campaign to let you know how easy it all is. For a long time, a consumer could be excused if she thought "Easy Terms" was an integral part of a company's name. "Just sign here, that's all!" "It would be nice to have it now, wouldn't it?" "Why wait? After all, $22.50 a week is really nothing at all, right?"

Wrong. $22.50 a week, and $7.25 a week, and $4.68 a week, and $112.50 a month, and $17.85 a week, and $35.50 a month, and—well, that really adds up to something, especially to an enslaved budget that may lose as much as 10 percent in interest payments, a vital 10 percent that might mean the difference between sailing through a financial crisis or going under.

It is good business for a company to put the credit card within your reach (although we have curbed some of the most enthusiastic abuses of their effort: the unsolicited cards, the undisclosed interest rates and hidden costs, the reduction of the consumer's liability for lost or stolen cards, et cetera), but it may be bad business for you to reach for your credit cards at the slightest whim. That "pay later"—especially for something you didn't really need or want in the first place—has a numbing way of hitting you in the budget when you least expect it, and the effect can be financially fatal.

One way to liberate your budget, and yourself, is to liberate your wallet of every credit card except those you really use. The more they are out of sight, the less you may be out of pocket. Of course, you may keep them as a test of your willpower; but if you flunk the test, a large part of your future may be in hock. To know when to say "No" is the first step toward a balanced budget and a more balanced life.

Another self-abuse is the unresisting compliance with what I call The Joneses' Complex, Keeping Up With category. Nobody has ever identified just who these Joneses are, but my guess is that they are all the copywriters who ever lived. From the mouthwash you use to the motorcar you drive, you are bombarded with psychological motivations. Each product probes for a weak spot in your psyche—the drive for power, the need to be loved, the desire to belong, the elitist awareness that you are part of a special group that doesn't mind paying a little more for your specialness, the ambitious thrust to be "the first one in your neighborhood to have one," and the sense of social oppression if a neighbor has one while you do not.

Sophisticated people laugh at the obvious con game—but at too many points of our own lives we fall into step. We may be "doing our own thing" in a thousand different ways, but as consumers our choices are too often dictated and shaped by others. We keep up appearances, even sometimes when we can't keep up the payments. And that's a self-inflicted consumer abuse for which we may pay dearly—far beyond the money involved. Consumers will never have a life-style of their own choosing until they liberate their budgets from the psychological assaults that may "sell" them more than serve them. Purchasing power and willpower are inseparable. ■



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SEAL ENTIRE EDGE. DO NOT STAPLE.

GAMES by Sam Fry

Happiness at the Bridge Table

Trump breaks need not ruin your life; know how to handle them

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here, the first in a series of bridge articles by a man whose name has been a bridge byword ever since he edited the classic "Watson's" fifteen years ago. Sam Fry is secretary of The Regency Whist Club in New York.*

"I can take marital troubles, my son's long hair, muggings, and such in stride," observed South, "but two things in life get me down: trying to get a taxicab when I'm in a hurry, and these darn rotten trump breaks."

We sort of admire South's general philosophy of life, but can't say the same thing for his bridge game. The bad trump break he complained about should have been handled easily.

NORTH
♠ K 9 5 2
♡ A 6 5
◇ J 4
♣ A 9 3 2

WEST
♠ —
♡ 10 8 7 4
◇ A K 5 3 2
♣ 8 7 6 5

EAST
♠ J 10 7 4
♡ J 9 2
◇ Q 10 9 7 6
♣ 10

SOUTH
♠ A Q 8 6 3
♡ K Q 3
◇ 8
♣ K Q J 4

THE BIDDING:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
Pass	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	4 NT	Pass
5 ♡	Pass	6 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Please note first that four spades by North, as a passed player, is a bigger bid than three spades.

This was an ideal hand for use of the Blackwood convention. (I hate overuse and incorrect use of the convention; but here, it's the perfect tool.) Had North shown one ace only, South, of course, would have stopped at five. West opened the diamond king, felt very happy when dummy showed up with only a doubleton, but despaired when his ace was trumped. South, after trumping, played the spade ace from his hand—not, I hope, even as you and I. East's four to the jack-ten now had to make a trick and the slam went down one. True, four-nothing breaks are unusual, but this particular one could and should have been provided for.

Declarer (giving him a break) may have had the optical illusion that his own holding included the ten spot. In that case, by first playing the ace from the double honor, a void would be discovered and four to the jack in either hand could be picked up. Missing the ten, however, only four to the jack-ten in the West hand can be handled; all four with East must perforce take a trick. In brief, the king from dummy first must be the correct play. When West shows out, East must split his honors on the second round of the suit. Declarer wins with ace or queen and then reenters dummy for another lead through, and the suit is picked up. ■

SHE CONKED OUT, BUT HER HAIR HELD UP



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By Mary Russell

Gossipy Memo From St. Moritz

Suddenly St. Moritz is new again: "langlauf" takes us new places; even parties seem fresh

Langlauf—cross-country skiing—is *the* sport. We all went on a fabulous run to Val Roseg from Pontresina (several miles down the valley from St. Moritz). The going is all uphill, but the training is great. It was my first time cross-country; but all you need is good wind and balance, a couple of hours behind a good *langlaufer*, and a steady count, "one, two." It *is* tiring . . . you feel *every muscle*. And you perspire —so the clothing has nothing to do with other ski wear. First, and *de rigueur*, are knickers—preferably lightweight ones—with a shirt and light parka. Most of the people I saw were in combos of navy and white. Funny this, with the riot of color on the upper slopes. . . . Some people strip off layers as they go along, but the real pros wear things that look a lot like jogging outfits to me—that kind of sweatshirt cotton with baggy pants and blousons, or the very lightweight Swiss turnouts by Wisu or Merboso made of a kind of nylon and Dacron mixture something like light sailing parkas. . . . Andy Warhol's chum Fred Hughes did some *langlauf*-ing in a chic velevet blazer and tweed knickers from YSL Rive Gauche, but for the main part it's more classic. . . .

Stavros and Tina Niarchos are becoming *langhauf* fanatics . . . they "do" the golf course (best *langlauf piste* in the St. Moritz area) at Samaden almost every day. . . . The two Niarchos boys, Philip and Spiro, did a lot of cross-country skiing and sledding down the great sledding run at Bergün. . . . The Niarchoses gave a party and showed Franco Rossellini's new film after dinner. Stavros is one of the many St. Moritz people who ordered an Andy Warhol portrait—Andy and gang were there Polaroid-ing all the famous for their portraits. Gianni Agnelli is having one done, too. . . .

Conductor Herbert von Karajan and his pretty wife Eliette are great fans of *langlauf* and so are the George Livanoses and the Gianni Agnellis. Gianni Agnelli still takes his helicopter up to virgin slopes every day, but Marella stays with the cross-country crowd: "Much safer and so good for you," she says. One evening Eliette had people for drinks in front of her roaring fire to hear a great new French guitarist, François Menant, who sang moody love songs in a low, well-warmed voice. . . .

Parties, parties, parties . . .

Everyone is still talking about Princess Teresa zu Fürstenberg's New Year's party. She asked everyone to bring all children over the age of eight to stay on for dinner in their own room decked with balloons, confetti, all the New Year's nonsense and fun. The grown-ups joined the children for midnight games, a riot of charades with the young fry competing against their elders and vice versa. Everyone melted little lead charms over a flame and threw the melted liquid into a pot of cold water . . . the resulting shape tells the future of the next year—an Austrian custom.

A marvelous dinner party given by Count and Countess Theo Rossi de Montelera in honor of the Netherlands' Prince Bernhard who heads the 1001 Club of Wildlife International, a small group of dedicated ecologists who work on creating game preserves and saving endangered species of animals. (The chalet is one of the *(Continued on page 80)*

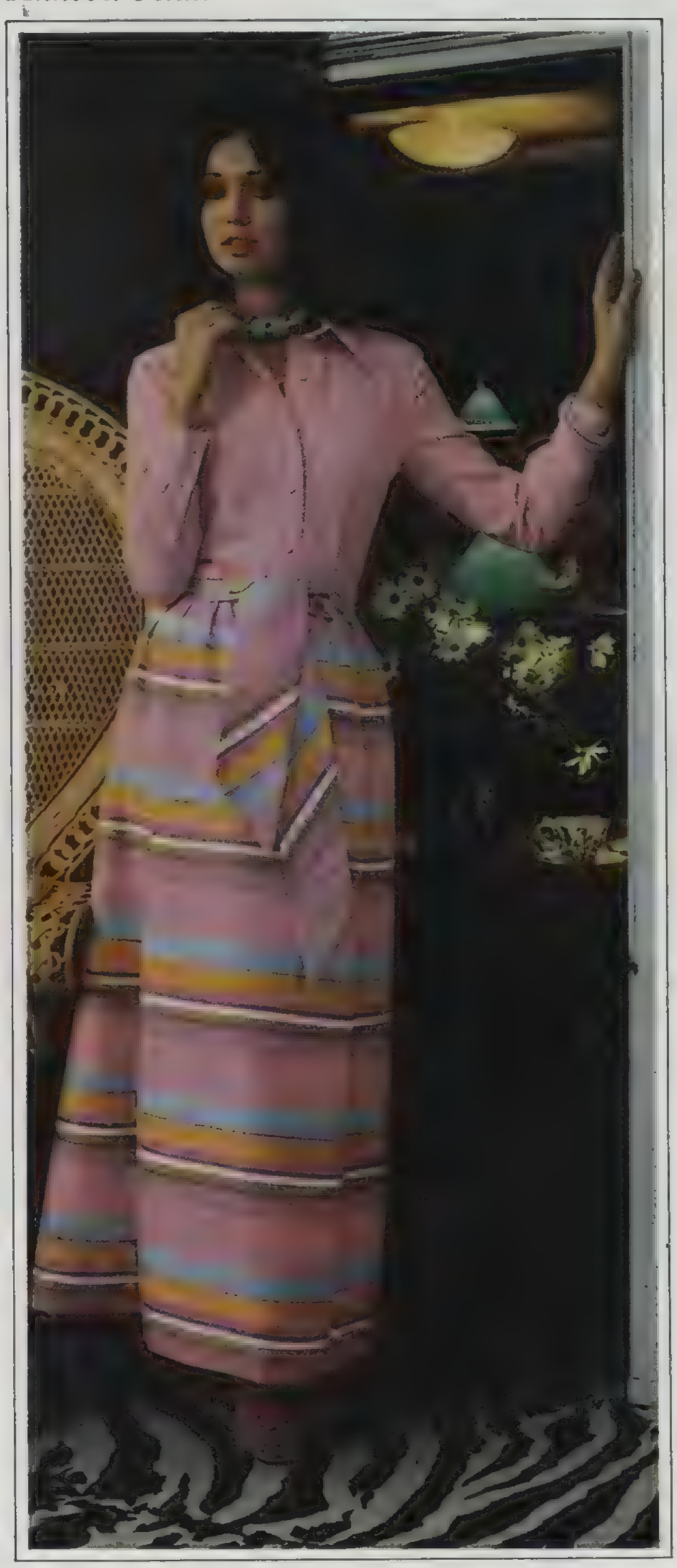
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Young Traditions

ST. MORITZ *(Continued from page 78)*

"A fantastic mixture of cuisines; noodles are Swiss-Indian-Chinese"

prettiest in St. Moritz—outdoor heated pool, deer in the front yard, delightful old Swiss furniture and masses of flowers in every one of the rooms.)

The Peppo Vannini sledding party is an annual classic. This year about a hundred people met at the St. Moritz station at noon and boarded the train (*avec* sleds) for a half-hour run down the valley to the starting point at Prada. First a whistle stop at the inn near the starting line for a couple of potent pear brandies, and then off . . . down thirty kilometers of icy *piste* prepared especially for the sledding. It's almost a miniature bobsled run, everybody going at incredible speeds. Among the intrepid sledders: Jackie and Helen Stewart, Yasmin Aga Khan with Beppo Canegi, Franco Rossellini in his dashing Loden cape and black felt "sledding hat" with Margherita Agnelli, Philip Niarchos with Florence Grinda—Flo in Jacques Laurent maroon-leather sledding turnout with lots of dark-red fox. This was one of the great days!

Food . . .

Wonderful! Such a fantastic mixture of cuisines—Italian from over the mountains to the South, German from the North, Austrian from the East, and a smattering of French coming out of the West. . . .

At Roseggletscher, the restaurant in Val Roseg, after skiing, clear consummé with chunks of liverwurst opened up, marrow slices, chunks of bread, then a kind of Swiss-Indian-Chinese noodle—very flat and thin noodles, plenty of curry powder and hot pepper, slices of green peppers, ham, chicken livers. . . . Spareribs and spicy sauerkraut. . . .

A terrific caviar spot in the center of St. Moritz opposite Hanslemanns' pastry shop is a tiny place called Glattfelder with a couple of wood tables in the back where you can devour caviar and drink vodka with the owner, Herr Glattfelder himself.

Other gossips . . .

Elizabeth Taylor will star in a movie with shooting scheduled to move to St. Moritz, settling in and around the Palace Hotel. The producer is Dominick Dunne of *Play It As It Lays* fame; the director, Larry Peerce, who did *Goodbye Columbus*. For some unknown reason the title is *Ash Wednesday*, and the plot focuses on a woman who comes to Switzerland for general rejuvenations. Dunne has been boning up on clinics and plastic surgery with the idea of doing the first in-depth film on this riveting subject. Alberto de Rossi is doing the hair and makeup.

Marella Agnelli is working on "Fight for An Image," an exhibition of paintings and photographs sponsored by Friends of Contemporary Art. Drawn from museums and private collections all over the world, more than five hundred works will be shown with paintings and photos hung side by side to highlight similarities and crosscurrents of inspiration.

Beauty notes . . .

Three new haircuts were very *bella figura*—all very short with the look of being brushed up with the fingers (same look, but more so at night). Rosemary Kanzler and Marella Agnelli had blond tips on theirs; Teresa zu Fürstenberg's were almost white. . . . The Begum Salima Aga Khan is wearing *her* hair longer, wavy and caught up by a comb over each ear in some ingenious way so that loose waves conceal the combs. She still keeps her thin-thin eyebrows, has a new makeup with powder and bright red lips—sensational with her more than sensational jewels. ■

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MEDICAL NEWS by Melva Weber

Your Health Comes First

Outwit head colds . . . Cool migraines . . . Pill takers, take care

Is your cold in your head?

It often seems that the common cold attacks most viciously when you are upset, depressed, frustrated, or anxious. A girl named Adelaide, in Frank Loesser's 1950 musical *Guys and Dolls,* sang it: when disappointed in love, "a person," she snuffled, "can develop a cold." Now comes writer Lucy Freeman with her three-dozenth book, this one forthrightly titled *Your Mind Can Stop the Common Cold* (published by Peter H. Wyden, Inc.).

Leaving viruses, allergies, and sinus inflammations aside, Lucy Freeman thinks the basic cause of a cold is emotional conflict—and that you can avoid catching cold by becoming aware of your psychic problems. She says that many people who enter psychoanalysis find their frequent colds seem to disappear, almost magically.

Your nose knows, according to Lucy Freeman, whether, deep down, you want to be loved more or whether you are repressing "forbidden" feelings about sex or aggression or anger. In what way is the nose of a person catching a cold like the stomach of a person developing an ulcer? The nose, like the stomach, acts as if it were expecting something. The ulcer-bound stomach seems constantly to want food; the cold-prone nose, sniffling emotional trouble, wants tears—and doesn't get them. When your nose gets congested waiting for tears that never flow—you've got a cold in the head. At least, that's what Lucy Freeman thinks.

What's to be done? Even though author Freeman found her cold cure in psychotherapy, she doesn't urge it on everyone. A home remedy that obviously should work, she suggests, is a good cry. Tears protect eyes against foreign irritants, cold winds, or strong lights. They also protect you against hurt feelings, suppressed emotions, helplessness, or grief. So go ahead, cry. It's good for you. And it may keep you from developing a cold.

Vitamins as villains

Two worthy and health-helping vitamins—A and D—actually can be harmful when taken in oversized doses. Other vitamins are water-soluble and can be flushed away by the body if not needed, but vitamins A and D are fat-soluble and can be accumulated in tissues and organs. In huge doses, vitamin A can increase skull pressure, mimic a brain tumor. Too much vitamin A, as well as too much vitamin D, has been blamed for some growth retardation in children. The United States Food and Drug Administration now has taken steps to keep vitamin-takers from getting too much A and D: except for doctor's prescriptions, multivitamin capsules—now containing a wide range of dosages—soon may be limited to 10,000 international units of vitamin A and 400 units of vitamin D in each daily dose.

For headache relief: cool it

Keeping a really cool head is the way to lick a migraine headache, said one doctor, Charles D. Magill of Englewood, Colorado. He wrote to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* about the best cure he had found for his own migraine-headache attacks.

Being an orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Magill often uses a gel-filled cold-pack unit for patients with joint pains; the gel supplies more chill than an ice pack. In migraine desperation, Dr. Magill put one of these orthopedic packs around his aching forehead. Within three minutes, there was nausea and more intense pain; but seconds later the migraine departed, leaving only a mild, aspirin-responsive headache.

It pays to be cranky

Don't be afraid to be persistent about getting medical treatment that suits your case. In *Emergency Medicine* magazine, Dr. Leon J. Taubenhaus discussed the hazards of hurried diagnoses. A woman with an injured knee was examined and X-rayed, but no fracture was found; sent home, she came back next day, saying the pain was worse. That time, the fracture was found—in her hip. "Referred" pain, a tricky symptom, had misled both doctor and patient. Another patient, with mild fever and abdominal discomfort, returned to the hospital four times before appendicitis (certainly not in a typical form) was discovered and treated. Lesson: if treatment doesn't seem to help, call your doctor.

Tell all— to your doctor

Anti-depressant drugs can go the wrong way if you're taking estrogen at the same time. Dr. Ramesh Khurana of the Magee-Women's Hospital in Pittsburgh warns that imipramine, a drug used to combat depression, can interact with estrogen to set off deep lethargy, nausea, constant headaches, depersonalizing psychological effects. Because both drugs often are prescribed for women, Dr. Khurana gives this advice: Be sure when a doctor prescribes any medicine for you that you first tell him other medication you regularly take—including the Pill.

Eat to your heart's content

Monkeys that don't eat fried eggs or sponge cake have healthier hearts than those that do. At the University of Chicago, Dr. Robert W. Wissler found that monkeys fed an "average" American diet had three times as much damage to their main arteries as did monkeys fed a "prudent" diet. Blood cholesterol was twice as high in the monkeys who ate the average diet, prepared as it would be for humans. The prudent eaters had no eggs or cake; less roast beef and roast pork; more fish, cottage cheese, baked chicken and turkey; and unsaturated fats and oils in place of butter, lard, and other saturated fats.

Such research—indicating that diets low in lipids, or blood fats, and especially cholesterol, may help to reduce the risk of heart attack—has prompted a council statement by the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition, along with the Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences: It's worthwhile to reduce both the known and suspected risks of heart disease by following suggested dietary guidelines. Among their recommendations: Routine health examinations should include measurement of blood fats, particularly cholesterol; people who have various risk factors—high blood lipids, overweight, heavy smoking—should get special diet advice; foods that fit into low-cholesterol diets should be widely available, well labeled.

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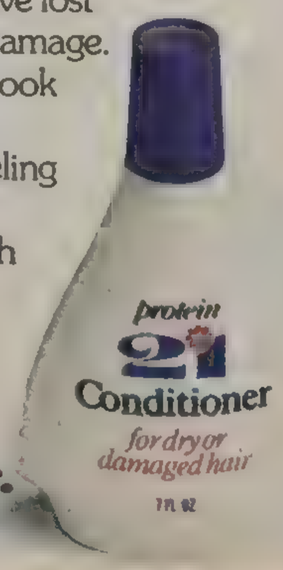
Protein 21 Conditioner for dry or damaged hair. (The one with the red flower on the label.)

In minutes its advanced protein-rich formula replaces some of the protein your hair may have lost through teasing, bleaching or other damage.

It gives less-than-perfect hair a new look and feel of health, a smoother, softer quality...without the greasy, sticky feeling of ordinary conditioners.

Look for Protein 21 Conditioner with the red flower on the label.

It's a second chance for hair that just might need one.



Protein 21 Conditioner for dry or damaged hair.

Finally. A body-builder that only builds body.

Now your hair can have a better kind of body with almost none of the stiffness or stickiness of ordinary conditioners.

Try Protein 21 Conditioner for fine, thin, limp hair. (The one with the green flower on the label.)

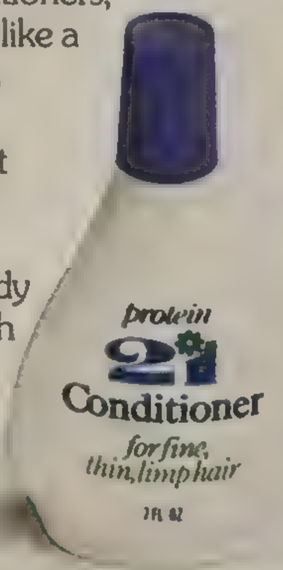
It has a special formula rich in protein that builds in fullness the first time you use it.

Instead of coating hair like most conditioners, Protein 21 Conditioner attaches itself like a magnet. It has a positive charge that is attracted to hair's negative charge.

The result is a clear, strong bond that builds unbelievable body without the gummy coating you're used to.

Treat your hair to a better kind of body

Look for Protein 21 Conditioner with the green flower on the label.



Protein 21 Conditioner for fine, thin, limp hair.

FOOD by Maxime McKendry

Yves Saint Laurent

AND HIS PRIVATE FIVE: meals they like best

Yves Saint Laurent lives almost as a recluse, so seldom does he leave his duplex Paris apartment and its treasure of Art Deco objects from the 'thirties and 'forties. He sees only a few close friends and the people who work with him—they are his true family. What foods do Yves and his friends like best? Here, for Saint Laurent and five cronies: what they choose, typical menus, and —*below*—recipes for a pair of special dishes.



Yves Saint Laurent:

Remote, inaccessible to the public eye (and, said Loulou de la Falaise, "However well you know him, you are still awed by him"), Yves Saint Laurent in private does funny imitations, songs, dances, wickedly pointed cartoons. A perfectionist who will throw out a marble table if it gets one chip, he is equally selective about food. His favorite "family" meal is strangely American: canned tuna fish, medium-rare steak, mashed potatoes, cream cheese with sugar, apple brown betty. *Right*, another meal Yves likes.
Saint Laurent tip: Sole fritters for this menu are made by cutting fillets in one-inch squares. Season, flour, deep-fry in butter until golden. Drain well.

Menu
Sole fritters
Sautéed veal scallops
Rice pilaf
Lettuce salad
Floating island pudding
Evian water

Pierre Bergé:

Small, dark, explosive, intensely loving and loyal to his friends, Pierre Bergé is a brilliant president for Yves Saint Laurent's business. Though a great gourmet, Bergé actually eats sparingly, likes raw sardines on toast followed by an *haute-cuisine* meat dish, hard cheese with apples. He sips vintage wine while Saint Laurent drinks mineral water.
A second Bergé menu, *right*.
Bergé tip: Passion-fruit juice for sherbet can be found at specialty shops, health-food stores.



Menu
Egg (poached) on caviar in aspic
Roast saddle of lamb
Fried bananas
Green peas
Passion-fruit sherbet
Polish vodka
Wines: Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, 1945; Champagne Bollinger

Betty Catroux:

Wife of the interior designer François Catroux and a longtime friend of Yves Saint Laurent, this sweet-natured languid woman has the figure that Saint Laurent thinks perfect for his clothes, which she wears exactly as he has visualized them. *Right*, a Catroux menu.
Catroux tip: Sea urchins are hard to find here. If you do, snip off tops with nail scissors, scoop out pink roe with a silver teaspoon.



Menu
Sea urchins
Green lasagne baked with tomatoes, béchamel sauce
Roquefort cheese with Worcestershire sauce
Chocolate charlotte

Clara Saint:

A tiny, rounded girl with curious bright-green eyes and shiny red hair, she is always greedy, always in a hurry, roasts baby chickens to save time and washes them down with Coca-Cola or champagne. Clara eats enormous portions of tomato salad with vinaigrette dressing, dipping crusty French bread in the juices. *Below*, another favorite menu.
Saint tip: In France, asparagus is served lukewarm, piled on a white linen napkin to absorb extra moisture that might spoil the texture of the sauce. Hollandaise sauce is offered separately in a sauceboat.

Menu
Asparagus with hollandaise sauce
Fried chicken
Lettuce salad with olive oil and lemon juice
Fresh peach salad
Iced tea with lemon



Loulou de la Falaise:

To Saint Laurent, she represents the boutique style, a pacesetter who is first with the next haircut or catchword. Loulou is Yves's idea girl, communicative, with intuition about the future in all aspects of life. She cooks vegetables in a Chinese wicker steamer or deep-fries them in the Japanese way, adding apple slices. She likes sweet omelets with jam and such spicy dishes as spaghetti with curry sauce, three-pepper chicken. With the chicken, Loulou serves fruit salad.
De la Falaise tip: Puree canned pineapple chunks with their juice and half as much cream together in a blender to make sauce to top a fresh fruit salad.

Menu
Whiskey sour made with honey
Three-pepper chicken with onions and endives
Fruit salad with pineapple sauce



Marina Schiano:

Direct, passionate, she is capable of great authority and efficiency as the director of Yves Saint Laurent's New York boutiques. Marina talks at top speed in long gossip sessions—often on the telephone—for she is deeply interested in other people's lives. *Below*, Marina's dinner for two.
Schiano tip: A good recipe for the custard can be found in "The Talisman Italian Cook Book" by Ada Boni (Crown); it is a "boiled" custard, flavored with vanilla, lemon peel, and butter, then chilled.

Menu
Rigatoni with ricotta
Pasticciera cream
Wine: Chateau Meyney or Valpolicella



Rigatoni with ricotta

two servings

- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- ¼ cup finely chopped celery
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon basil
- Pinch each black and red pepper; salt
- 1 medium-size can tomatoes, drained
- 1 tablespoon red wine
- ½ pound rigatoni (wide, flat noodles)
- 1 pound ricotta cheese

Heat olive oil in a skillet and add celery, onion, basil, salt, and peppers. Cook until onion is lightly browned. Lower flame and add, one at a time, the tomatoes, crushing them into the pan with a fork. Put on high flame and cook about 7 minutes until bubbly; lower heat and add wine; cook gently for 10 minutes. Taste and adjust the seasonings, if necessary.

Meanwhile, cook rigatoni in boiling salted water until *al dente*. Put ricotta cheese in a warmed serving bowl and soften with enough water from the boiling pasta to make creamy but not too runny. Drain the pasta. Stir half the tomato sauce into the ricotta and add pasta; stir; add the remaining sauce and stir again. Serve at once.

Three-pepper chicken

four servings

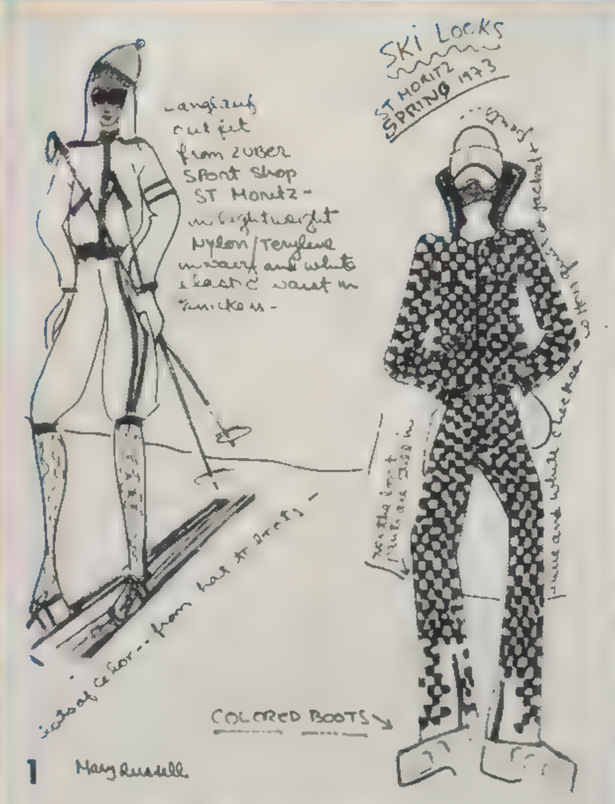
- 2 to 3-pound roasting chicken
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Dash each paprika, black and Cayenne pepper; salt
- Chicken stock
- 4 onions, peeled and quartered
- 4 whole endives

Mash together butter, paprika, black and Cayenne pepper, salt, and rub inside and outside of chicken. Place in baking pan with a little chicken stock, onions, endives; roast at 500° for 20 to 25 minutes. The vegetables will still be a bit crisp.


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N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



1

ST. MORITZ—for ski, the word is color! News: "Langlauf" (cross-country skiing). 1. (left). The Uniform: knickers, light nylon blouson for the pros.



2



3

NEW YORK, LONDON—the word is flirt! 2, 3. "Hatlets" ...veil or brim them to the brow!



4

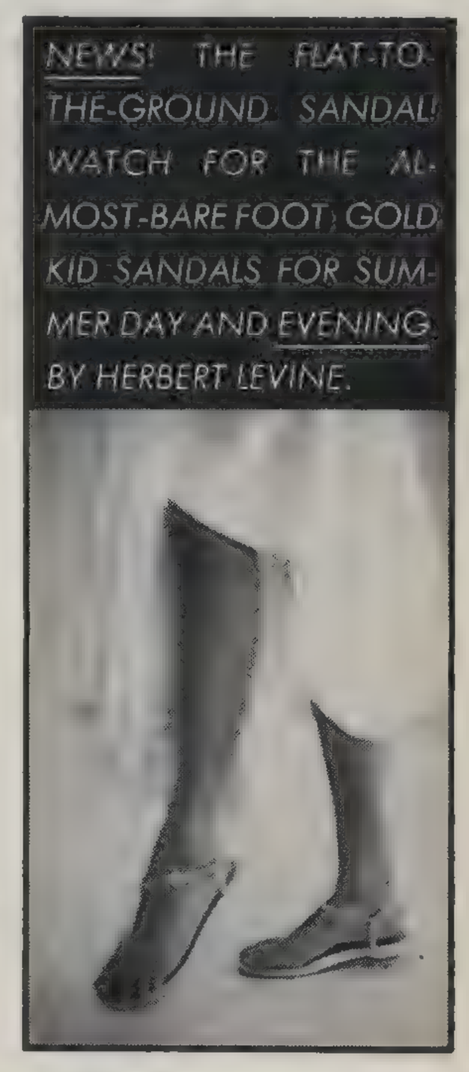


5

***Evening Men*...LONDON, 4: Sleekly Fitzgerald white—from Walter Albini....NEW YORK, 5: Michael York, late-day dégagé—black "grandfather" sweater for black-tie dinners. ROME RAGE: Butterfly ties... black velvet bowties with an embroidered red rose, from Testa.**

THE WORD IS PLAY!

INDULGE YOURSELF A LITTLE; YOU'LL MAKE IT SMASHINGLY.... March heads—cover them! **NEW YORK, 2:** Anna Levine, very "F. Scott," a cloche-to-the-brow, embroidered crêpe de Chine blouse, tiny gold chain (the new treasure-dressing!). **LONDON, 3:** Grace Coddington in veiled hatlet and tiny earrings. Brown's is the place to find them—bowed, velvet trimmed, or flowered like Arthur Rackham drawings. **NEW YORK**—the big question: how do you take off your narrow-sleeved wrap coat with the now-arms of multi-bracelets? Answer: You've got to take *them* off—and put them on again! (Thought we had a trick???) **PARIS PASSION**—auctions at Galliera and Hôtel Drouot; and at Espace Cardin, some of the most recherché—recently a collection of drawings by Prince Youssoupoff of Rasputin fame. Wine auctions are the big-time draw (the word is Americans are buying Bordeaux châteaux to import their very own "cru"—"from the farm," so to speak). **ASPEN:** Everyone has discovered "langlaufing" at night by candlelight! **LOS ANGELES**—it's games! The after-dinner passion Monopoly (remember rainy Saturdays and no school?); status means having a French set with "Avenue Foch" instead of "Park Place." They're serious in **BEVERLY HILLS:** Pips, 828 South Robertson Blvd., just opened, a private game club for true lovers of backgammon, chess, bridge, pool (John Huston, Governor Brown, Hugh Hefner, Sonny and Cher, Diana Ross, etc.). Question: What is the best-selling book in Southern California? Answer: **"THE GREAT GATSBY"**—and everything else Fitzgerald!



Where does Henry Kissinger buy his candy?



6

Whatever happened to the velocipede?

BERSELL, BUCK, KENT, McFADDEN, YORK



7

6. Fun in the Sun, 232 North Palm Canyon Drive, Palm Springs; open October-May (Henry Kissinger's new candy store discovery.) Owner Bert Mennel travels six months a year for candy ideas. Specialty—his multi-flavored caramel marshmallows—wordless joy! 7. Clear Plexiglas velocipede—$5,000 with its own case. Bahar Design Group Studio and Workshop, 3861 South Main Street, Santa Ana, Calif. Ridable only if you're weightless! Clothes for velocipeding, from Bazaar C.M., 400 N. La Cienega, L.A. The word to beat the weather... "practical." "Turtlenecks, jeans into high rubber boots, yellow school-day slickers, hair tucked under a sou'wester, a doorman's umbrella"—so say Ali MacGraw, Christina Sinatra, and Candice Bergen!



And Mick Jagger has cut his hair!

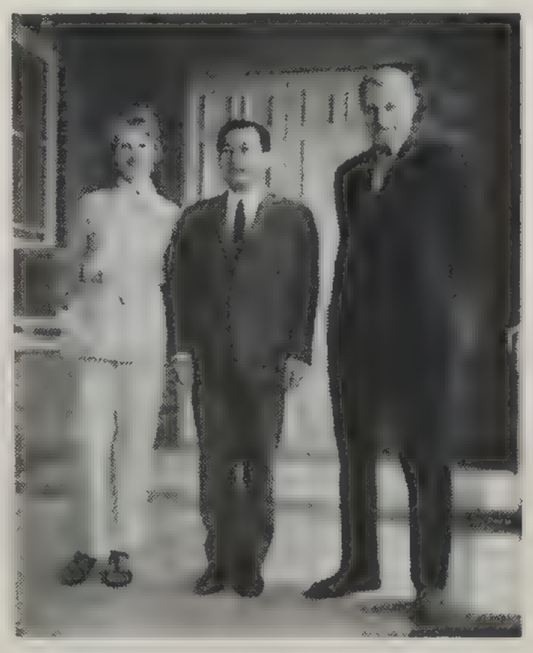
TRAVEL by Charlotte Y. Salisbury

The Most-Wanted Trip—China

From one who's been there: notes on food, caves, palaces, clothes, plumbing, and—most amazing—its people

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As wife of the* New York Times *editor and journalist Harrison E. Salisbury, Charlotte Salisbury had traveled much of the world; but when, at last, she saw modern China, she found much to astonish her. Here, extracts from her book,* China Diary, *reporting on a six weeks' trip in summer, 1972, to be published by Walker and Company.*

Shumchun, the Chinese side of of the border: Red flags are blowing in the hot wind, loud music hits my ears, swarms of young Chinese men and women stand at posts or move slowly about, carrying bags, helping travelers here and there, and I am walking across the covered railroad bridge, doorway to the People's Republic of China, into this country so mysterious and unknown to me, and to so many....



In Peking: Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Salisbury with, center, exiled Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia.



The Hall of Supreme Harmony in Peking's Forbidden City.

This big building where I am waiting is just across the border, has several waiting rooms, all airy and filled with chairs and sofas slip-covered in fresh light cotton. Lace antimacassars are on the backs and arms of all the furniture....Never have I seen such polite, civilized people, friendly and so attractive, and if the comparison of the ladies' room in the Hong Kong station with the one in this building is typical of all comparisons, there can be no doubt about the better system. In the former a filthy attendant was picking her feet in a basin, three holes in the floor were filled with blood and feces not flushed away and flies buzzed around the mess—smelly and disgusting; here there is a regular toilet in an airy room, clean and spotless....

...Wakened early by the usual rapid-fire noises of every place I've ever been in Asia, bicycle bells, horns honking, children playing, even at quarter of seven. ...I had a nice breakfast, had coffee earlier as there is a huge Thermos (Continued on page 90)

Right: *Mrs. Salisbury, before the Forbidden City's Gate of Heavenly Peace.* Below: *Detail of a nursery-school poster with the slogan "I will grow up to be a worker, a peasant, or a soldier" (only the soldier can be seen here).*





What to pack for a trip to China

I never go away for a weekend without a hot-water bottle, nail brush, and a baby pillow.... And I never go on a real trip... without three folding plastic hangers and a stretchy line to hang things on in the bathroom. In the Soviet Union a rubber stopper for tubs and basins is necessary, but not in China. ...But take your own washcloth. These are not supplied. Chinese toilet paper is crepey compared to ours, but O.K. However, you may be caught in a place where there isn't any. Carry a small package of tissues in your pocket or bag.

For the woman who likes pants, clothes are no problem in China. Two daytime pants, three interchangeable tops, and one outfit for evening are all you will ever need, no matter how long you stay. If you will be seeing people in the embassies, dining out a lot with foreigners...take a skirt or dress for a change, but you don't need to. Remember that all the Chinese, men and women, wear the same thing day after day, and at night. And if you do much traveling around the country...don't take too much. It is best to be able to carry your own bag. If it is heavy, you may find a Chinese girl, much smaller than you, struggling with it, and that can be embarrassing....

I don't think it's appropriate to wear bare, short, or tight and revealing clothes when native women dress modestly....It's more attractive not to be any more conspicuous than we are anyway....

A raincoat and sweater are considered "musts" for travel in any country at any time of year, yet in the six weeks we were in China, I wore neither. I wore sneakers nearly every day, with socks....They are ideal for tramping around the communes and factories. Daytime sandals, for less strenuous sight-seeing, a dressier pair for evening, and the shoes I traveled in *(Continued on page 90)*

What to remember on a trip to China

Do

...as much homework as possible before you go. Read everything you can, past and present.

...take a guidebook. Nagel's is the best at present. It gives some past history and lists old sights and buildings that the present regime might pass over.

...always *ask* if it is all right to take pictures, especially in the vicinity of airports, stations, bridges.

...take whatever you want to read as there are no newsstands in China and no foreign magazines or novels.

...take gin, whiskey, or whatever you prefer if you can't live without them, but they're heavy and a nuisance. Get used to Chinese drinks.

Don't

...forget that you are a traveling exhibit of American culture. Most Chinese have not seen many (if any) Americans. You may form their ideas of us and our country.

...expect to be an independent tourist. Realize that while you may ask for anything, the Chinese will decide where you go and what you see.

...make a fuss if you can't see what you want. You'll only meet a blank wall. Remember you can't change the system.

...eat too much until you are accustomed to the changes of food, drink, and weather.

...drink too much mao tai. It is strong, well over 130 proof.

...bother to take cigarettes. The Chinese have many brands, don't seem to be fearful of the dangers as we are.

...be afraid to have your hair done in the beauty salons in the hotels.

What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

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In China: "Never have I seen such polite, friendly, civilized people"

What to pack

(Continued) were all I took. If I went in winter, I would take boots. . . .

There is no risk of theft in hotels so you can take jewelry if you want to. . . . Some older Chinese women wear gold hoops in their pierced ears, but never see any jewelry on younger ones. . . . We also had a small traveling clock with an alarm, cameras, a shortwave radio, and a typewriter, all of which we could leave anywhere . . . without worrying that someone would take anything.

For any length trip I take three sets of underclothes and two nightgowns. . . . A wrapper that is presentable in a hotel room no matter who happens to come in is a necessity, and slippers. In China slippers are supplied on trains and in hotels, but it's nice to have your own.

I washed my clothes at night and they were dry in the morning. Hotel laundries are fast and good for men's clothes but are a bit hard on things. I took some detergent but found excellent washing powder in the hotel shop. I also took some individual shoeshine packets, and they came in very handy. Dry cleaning is available in all cities, takes about five days to a week—in hotels generally twenty-four hours.

Things you can buy in China:
toothbrushes and toothpaste, shampoo, shaving cream, soap, detergent, socks, sweaters, sandals, straw hats, plastic raincoats, umbrellas, silk scarves, cold cream, lipstick, face powder, talcum powder. We even saw some wigs for about $10.

Be sure to take:
aspirin, Kleenex, absorbent cotton (if you use it to remove cream or apply lotion), creme rinse for hair, Tampax, any special medicine, any special cosmetic, washcloth, panty hose or nylon stockings, prescription for glasses or extra pair, instant coffee or Sanka. Hot boiled water is always available, so is tea, but their coffee doesn't appeal to many Americans. Film—you can buy only slow black and white, no color. Not necessary, but if you can, take a shortwave radio. When the country, the people, the language—everything is strange to you, there is nothing so comfortable as the Voice of America or the nursery jingle that starts the BBC daily broadcasts. ■

(Continued) of hot water in my room at all times and I see them in the hall outside many doors. What a wonderful idea; no ringing for tea or coffee and waiting for hours, or trying to make it oneself and burning out those electric coils. . . .

. . . Dinner at the most famous Peking-duck restaurant in Peking . . . We had about twenty-five dishes of duck, starting with something made from the webs of the feet and going through all the insides and liver, the latter crisp and airy and delicious, then roast duck, which we wrapped up in very thin pancakes with tiny scallions. Next we wrapped slices of duck in a split wheat bun. . . . Two kinds of duck soup were served and dessert was cut-up fruit, which smelled and tasted more like perfume than fruit. A Chinese lady said to me, "It takes strategy to get through a Chinese dinner." . . . I must learn that strategy if I am to survive the dinners we are bound to go to. No one urged us to eat the way we have always heard they did in the past, but everything is so good I hate to miss any of it. The food we get in even the best Chinese restaurants in New York will now seem like mush. . . .

. . . Most Americans have heard a lot about life in the Chinese communes, of how men and women are divided, each in their commune, that there is no family life, no life between the sexes except working together in the fields and factories and studying the little red book. From what we saw today all of that is wrong. In reality, the Chinese commune is a series of villages or small communities. Especially in the real countryside, families live in their own one-story traditional peasant houses with a yard in front, a pen for a pig and a place to keep chickens. . . . Houses are clustered together, surrounded by fields of vegetables and rice paddies and orchards. In most communes near the cities, apartment houses of three and four stories have been built and families pay very low rent for two or three rooms with toilet, sink, sometimes a shower, and kitchen. All communes are divided into workable units, which are broken down into production brigades (Continued on page 94)

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TRAVEL *(Continued from page 90)*

In China: "Women are equal to men—and to mothers-in-law"

and work teams with leaders responsible for getting the work parceled out and done. . . .

We visited two families, one with four generations all living together, the other with three; saw the hog farm, the dairy, stock farm, duck farm, a village shop, orchard, dispensary, flour mill and had a perfectly delicious lunch. . . .

Both of the families we visited live in their own houses, which are the traditional one-story peasant houses of three rooms. Usually in these houses the beds are *kangs,* big, built-in platforms of stone or brick. In cold weather these are heated by smoke from the cooking stove, which circulates under the *kang,* as if the space were a huge oven, before going out a chimney or smokestack. . . . In summer they cook on another stove, nearer the door. A straw mat covers the *kang* and several quilts are rolled up at one end, one for each member of the family who sleeps there. There were five quilts on the big *kang* we saw first, for all the family except the younger couple and the baby, who slept in another room.

It is hard to see how they can have much, if any, privacy, and hard to imagine how a man and wife can sleep together in any intimacy with someone else in bed. . . . In the newer apartment buildings the beds are the same as ours, double for the parents and bunk beds for children. Generally the parents sleep in a separate room; grandparents sleep with children. . . . the mother-in-law and the grandmother, who is actually a great grandmother, stay at home and take care of the house and the baby.

The family's combined income is 1,300 yuan a year of which they get 600 in cash (a yuan is approximately forty cents so this is roughly $520 total and $240 in cash). They receive their share of grain and vegetables from the commune and in addition they have their own hogs, chickens, and eggs. . . .

The young couple each has had nine years of schooling; they both graduated from what they call the middle school, equivalent to our junior high school. She will nurse her baby for about two years and has time out from whatever work she is doing in the field or in one of the factories, generally an hour twice during the work period.

We talked a little about the rights and place of women all over the world and she said, with feeling, that young Chinese women now have rights equal not only with men but also with mothers-in-law. Traditionally, in all levels of Chinese society, the mother-in-law ran the family. . . .

At noon we returned to our first meeting room for lunch. . . . At home in a Chinese restaurant you drink tea all through the meal; here we drink tea all day and before and after meals, but we drink orange soda or beer with ordinary meals, wine and *mao tai,* (the drink I call white fire; it is about 160 proof) in tiny glasses, along with soda and beer and mineral water at banquets. . . .

Dish after dish was brought in, each one accompanied by apologies that this was all they had, they wished it was better, etc. etc. If I had produced a single concoction as delectable as these I wouldn't have dreamed of apologizing. Each one was delicious, hot and tasty and light: fried eggplant in tiny bite-size pieces the way everything is here; eggs in several forms, scrambled, hard-boiled, in egg-drop soup; hot roasted peanuts; pork in heavenly sauce; wonderful beans; tender young cauliflower; and lots of rice. Two bowls of rice at each meal is normal and I can't understand why we don't see many fat people. . . . Everything we had for lunch was grown here at this commune. After we had finished, a girl brought each of us a hot wet cloth to wipe our hands and mouth, as is the custom regardless of where we are or whom we are with. . . .

. . . We went to the Forbidden City (The Imperial City). . . . It is hard to describe the Chinese palaces. I have seen many grand and gorgeous sights on our travels—the palace buildings in Cambodia, the Taj Mahal, Temples in Sikkim and Japan and what are left in Mongolia, but I have never even imagined the splendor and extent of the Chinese buildings. Built of wood, decorated and painted in brilliant colors, with carved marble and stone steps and terraces, furnished with magnificent thrones and tables, benches, stools, cupboards, mirrors, art objects, they are far more elaborate and rich than anything I have ever seen; they must be the most fabulous in the world. . . .

The Imperial Palaces, containing (Continued on page 184)

Redken explains how to wash your hair without washing the life out of it.

If your hair is lifeless, the culprit could be your shampoo. Because many shampoos are alkaline. And alkalinity destroys your hair's natural acid balance, leaving it dry and dull.

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Amino Pon Shampoo offers your hair a different way of life. Amino Pon is compatible with your hair, because it's organic protein and naturally acid balanced, like your hair. Its acidic 4.5 pH formulation conditions as it cleans, leaving your hair shinier, livelier, healthier looking and more manageable. Amino Pon Shampoo washes life in—not out.

Amino Pon's so good for your hair, you don't have to wash it out. Many women who use Amino Pon find that they've had to change some of their ideas about shampoos. Because of its organic protein, acid balanced formulation, Amino Pon's not the sudsy stuff you may be used to. And unlike other shampoos, you don't *have* to wash Amino Pon out. For extra body and shine, you can leave the second lather in.



How does Redken know what's good for you? Scientific research. The result of which is Redken's Scientific Approach to Beauty. And a complete line of organic protein, acid balanced products that are compatible with the natural state of your skin and hair.

If you want to wash your hair, without washing the life out of it, use the shampoo hair stylists use. Probably the best recommendation for Amino Pon Shampoo is the fact that more beauty salons use it than any other shampoo. And recommend it to their patrons for home use. You see, salons know that every product that comes out of Redken Laboratories is scientifically formulated to do something good for you. And because Redken believes that no one knows more about hair care than your hair stylist, the only place you'll find our products is in the expert hands of your hair stylist. Ask your salon what Amino Pon Shampoo, and these other Redken products, can do for you:

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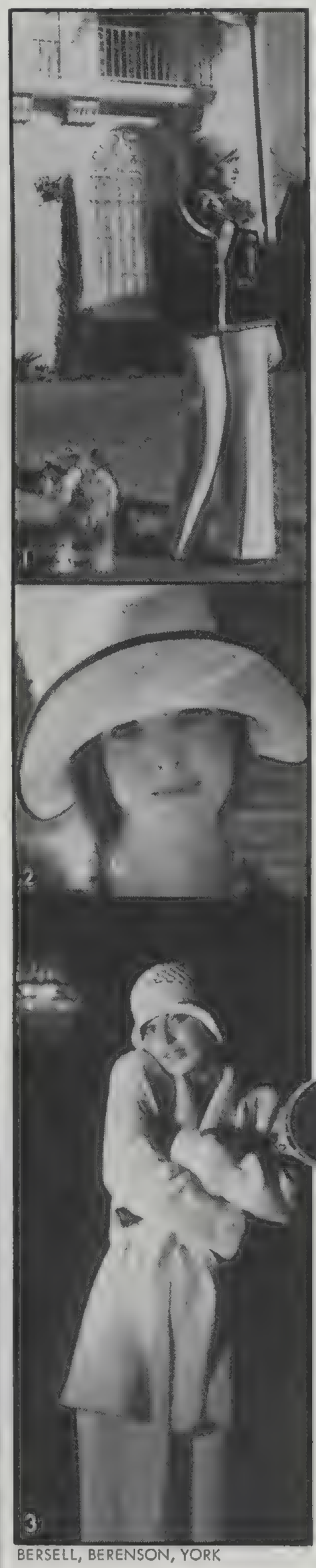
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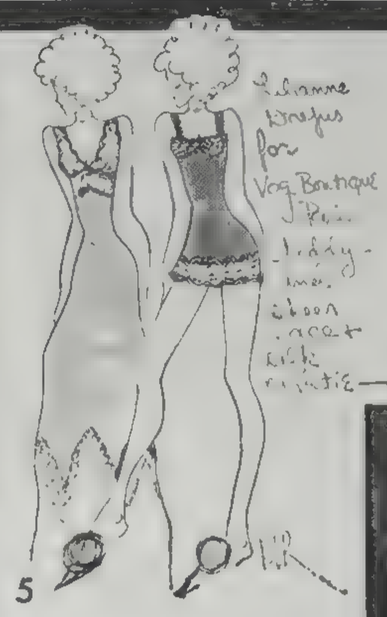
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"Lingerie" is the word for dressing and undressing! ...Wisps of lace, silk, crêpe de Chine and chiffon ...breeze-clothes. ***PARIS:*** 5: *Vog Boutique... pale colors of silk nightgown and "teddy," yards of lace à la Hayworth!* ***L.A.—N.Y.:*** 6. *Hand-painted silk chiffon for summer-breeze evenings, a float-to-the-floor ($650) from Holly's Harp, 8605 Sunset Blvd., L.A.;* ***Bonwit Teller, N.Y.*** 7. *Extra-delicious... "lounging pyjamas," flowered crêpe de Chine ($80) from Bazaar C.M.*

SUPER FEMME!





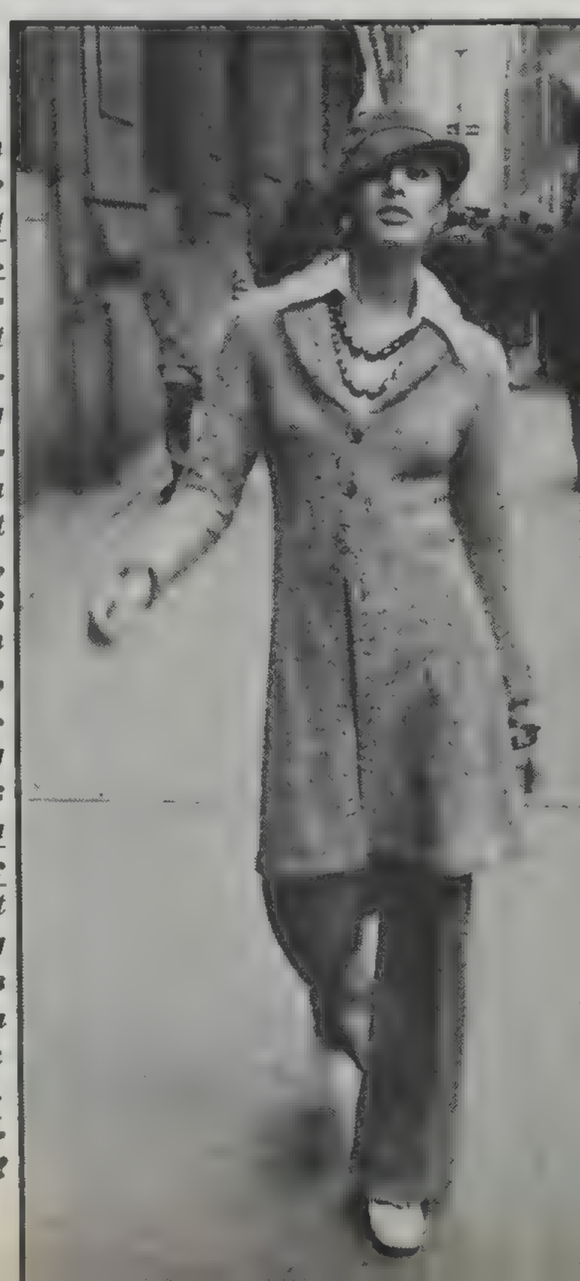
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L.A. PLACES

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NEWS!

Watch for the biggest sweater.... Grey-and-white knit sweater-coat by Krizia-maglia ($75) at Eve Lost, 956 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.... The way to wear it: ***Linda Palacpac*** *slings it over grey flannels and a silk shirt... N.Y. classic!*



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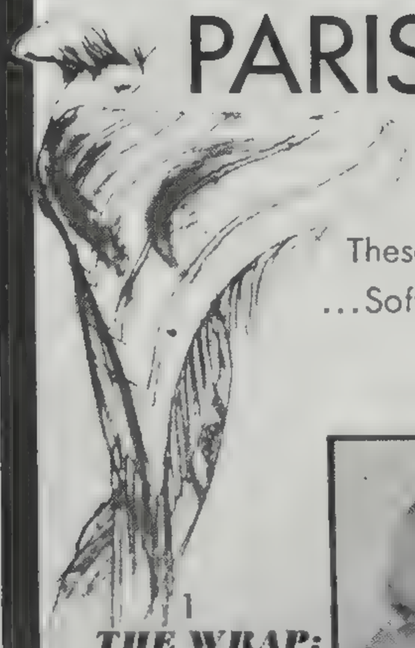
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THE PARIS HAT, 3. ***Yves Saint Laurent's white straw sailor... the shape to watch!***



3



4



5



6



7

LEGS! PLEATS!

Short, sexy.... Swinging pleats from the top of the leg... clinging over the hips, the tummy, the behind....

Lancetti, 4. ***The two-piece dress—terrific!... Dior,*** 5. ***Pale, lightweight wool skirt, flaring under a checked wool jacket.... Laug,*** 6. ***Legs, flirty T-straps, pleated skirts....***

Ungaro, 7. ***Silk shantung, the whole idea—movement. Flowing top and sleeves, belted waist, narrow over hips and behind—a flick of pleats from the leg....***

NEWS!



8

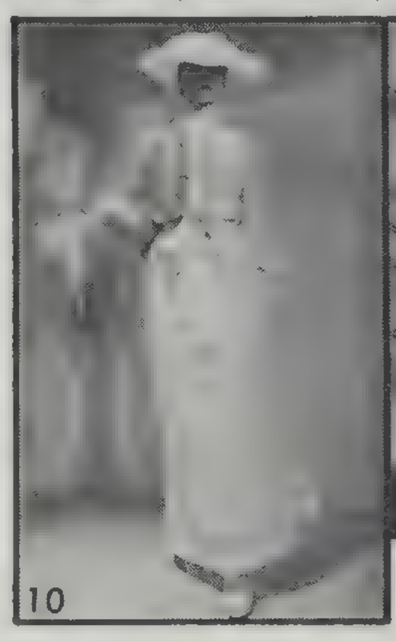
The Blouse— 8. ***Mila Schön's soft-falling crêpe with fagoting.... The Straight Skirt in white linen, at YSL....***



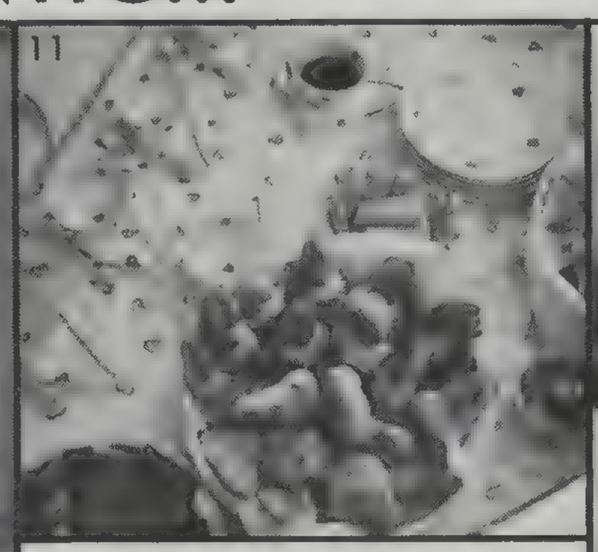
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PARIS: ROMANTIC...

The bride at Ungaro, 10, ***in ruffled white silk gauze, a picture hat. ...Tea at Courrèges,*** 11. ***Porthault flowers everywhere....The bride at Dior,*** 12, ***white organdie, garden hat....***



10



11



12



13



14



15

The strapless white tube, 13, ***at Ungaro.... The carved, skinny, black-and-white tunic,*** 14, ***at Mila Schön.... The one-shoulder violet crêpe,*** 15, ***at YSL. ...The point everywhere: The Body!***

SEXY SOIR



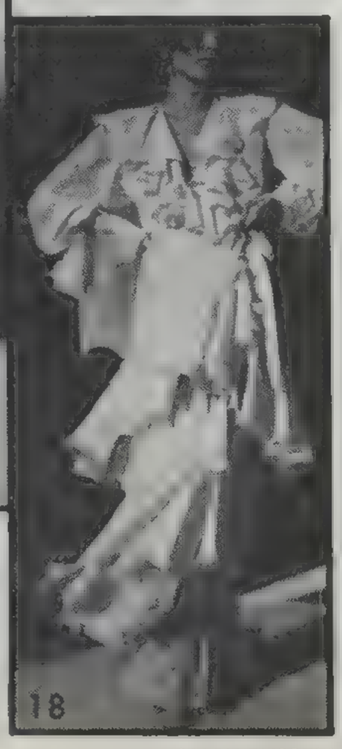
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NARROW WHITE COAT FOR DAY, 16, ***DIOR***

SENSUOUS



17



18

Evening ruffles, bias cuts, handkerchief-point hemlines, chiffon, bareness....

Bias chiffon panels, 17, ***at YSL.... Sherbert-color crêpe ruffles,*** 18, ***at Lancetti.***

The midriff! 19. ***Bared... from Grès.***



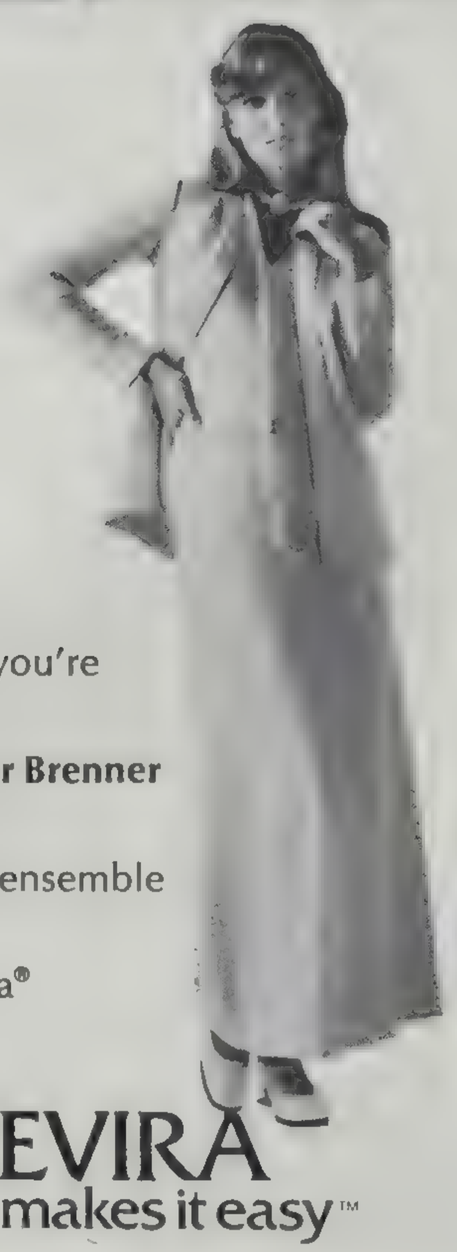
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MARY RUSSELL

66When another man notices you,
your man will take another good look, himself.**99** Dr. Joyce Brothers



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VOGUE'S POINT OF VIEW

WHAT TO WEAR WITH WHAT

...and why make an issue of it

Let's start with the fact that fashion is not an ego trip—

that it's healthy to want to be as attractive as we can—that the better we look, the better we feel. And vice versa—when you're feeling really first-rate, isn't that when you instinctively reach for the most becoming thing you own and take some pains putting it together with the right accessory, the right makeup?...It's very nice, that extra little effort; it shows you care—about yourself. Call it vanity if you like. We'd call it wholesome...and so would the A.M.A.

It's cheaper to use fashion well.

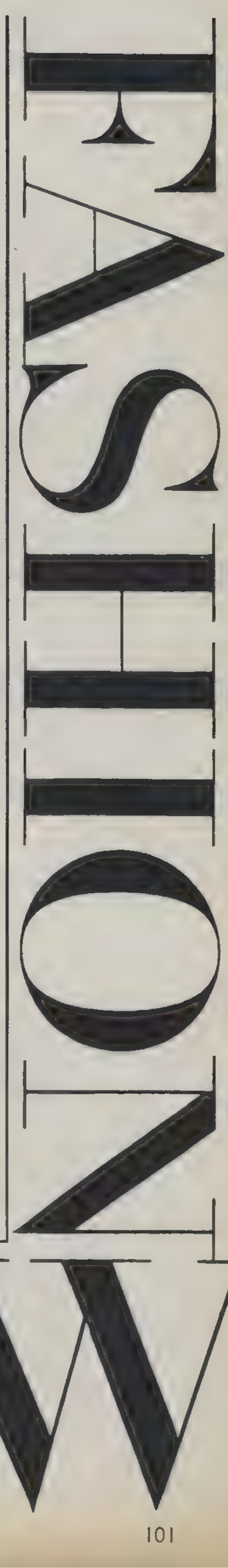
No matter what the price, clothes are just clothes —a look is not a look until you put it together. And the way you do it today is a very different story from the way you did it yesterday. These are not anything-goes times, remember; you're not going to be piling on so many bits and pieces that a few clinkers here and there don't count. When fashion is as simple as it is now, everything counts—each and every thing has got to have a reason or it all collapses. You can be in something as self-sufficient as a dress, and it may need nothing more than a bit of color at the ear and a bare little sandal. But until you get it together with that earring and that sandal, that dress is just another dress to hang in the closet—a good thing gone wrong....This issue is about getting it right—which doesn't mean our way, or else. There are ways and ways of putting together a look—that's what makes fashion fun and personal. But it takes a selective eye—for proportion, for color, and, above all, for the feeling —for the *mood* of clothes.

Don't fight the mood—

that's basic. You just don't take a beautiful, thin, long V-neck sweater and drown it with beads.... Don't hang quantities of beads on any neckline today—it works against the lightness and simplicity of the clothes. Don't tie a scarf so that you can't see skin—the mood of fashion is revealing. Don't put a wide belt on things—it needs a dirndl, heavier fabric, something to hold—use a narrow belt or none (when in doubt, eliminate—discretion is invariably the better part of valor). Don't get involved with a high-crowned hat—the mood of the moment is to just tip on a soft beanie and go; a hat that needs fixing in front of a mirror is a hat you don't need. Don't have heavy bangles—big and bold, definitely, but they must have lightness and shine —and not too much delicacy or they're like lint on a navy blazer, an annoyance. Don't forget that fad has a place in fashion; it has wit and it gives pleasure—with a little cotton lisle T-shirt, for instance, you can stripe your arm with bangles of green, blue, purple, red, orange, yellow, black—all the same width—click-clacking up to the elbow. Next year, who knows?—right now, it sounds wonderful.

Where is the individuality...

...when we're all going around in tilted hats and short hair and short skirts and sandals—when there is, no question, a very basic look for our time and everyone is wearing it? Well, we have news: there has never been a time in the history of fashion that didn't have its own look, and individuality now is exactly where it always was and always will be—with the individual....You don't buy a tilted hat, after all. *You* tilt it. *Your* way. That's style.



How
you wear it,
what you
wear
with it–

THAT'S STYLE!



No doubt about it. There's going to be color in our lives again. Clean, vibrant—like this rainbow of zigzag-stripe knit from Missoni. It's so fresh—the coloring, the line of elongated cardigan over short flirty pleats. The whole idea of this for day—it just shakes the winter out of your bones. Think about it....

Think about your makeup—
with all this color around it, your face needs good strong color of its own. Or it vanishes—eyes, mouth ...all.

This much cap, this much tilt—
the perfect finish...sort of the dot over the eye. No bigger—if it's not as shallow as it seems here, roll it. Never, ever pull it straight down like a beat-the-cold cap—that season is over in more ways than one.

Don't lose your neck—
the V of the pull cries for something. But beware of anything muffling—anything that shortens the distance between face and color. Keep it airy...tie a scarf so that skin shows above and below. IF you like beads—a single strand in one of the pattern colors, and falling in an oval just on the collarbone. No long ropes—the whole upbeat feeling of this look would go down like the Titanic.

A pale, sheer stocking—
gives a sense of more skin—more leg—showing. Color wouldn't look anywhere as feminine...or as new.

The lightest shoe—
very high-heeled and open like the sling-back shown, or the flattest little glove of a shoe. No in-betweens....No heavy colors—black patent would kill it. So would introducing another vivid color—including white. Go with the deeper brights in the pattern... a brighter-than-navy, as here... a strong green.

How you wear color this spring

By Missoni, of rayon. Skirt and cardigan, each about $110; pullover, about $80. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lipstick by Clinique—A Different Sherry. Valentino Elura wig, combed by Suga of Suga Salon. K.J.L. bracelet; all other accessories by Missoni. For other stores carrying fashions like this, see page 44.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



Don't feel you must always be "doing" things—knowing when to leave well enough alone takes a lot of style...here, two vivid examples from Valentino Boutique.

Bright blue with white for day, left—suède coat edged in knit, striped short-sleeve shirt, gabardine pants. Clean, simple. Perfect as is—these two colors together have the strength of ten. Add none. Except...

A drop of coral at the ear—
where you might expect sharp white or gold, this comes as a tiny surprise. A feminine, very personal touch...and isn't that what it's all about?

Tinted glasses are not abstract art—
they're on your face, remember. Simple is best. Large is sensible.

A white shoe only—
it keeps the line of the pants going, the leg long (and Valentino's tennis shoe with a heel is the perfect casual white shoe with pants in town). Exception: in real sun country—without the coat—a bare blue sandal is fine.

Color with color at night, right—peacock-blue chiffon and stripes like fire. Really knockout. The shirt just ties over the midriff—the way you'd do it with jeans. And miles of skirt—all bias, tucked over the hips, then—whoosh...it never stops moving.

Your makeup is vital:
a rosy tan...or whitened pink—this intensity of blue needs that kind of warmth and softening (which is also why one necklace is a glowing ruby red).

The key thing:
that piece of bareness—your midriff must be the tautest. And of the same coloring as your face.

A bonus:
that shirt—wrap it over white pants. Great....And how about a chiffon scarf wound around underneath like a little bandeau?...

THAT'S STYLE!

The color in your life

Turnouts on both pages, by Valentino. Left: Coat, about $440; shirt, about $70; wool pants (Bises fabric), about $90. Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin.

Right: Shirt (Bini fabric) and skirt (Terragni fabric), about $425. At Martha; I Magnin. Coifs by Christiaan. Max Factor UltraLucent Face Glazer in Russet Peach on lips and cheeks. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



White is not only a color, it's all kinds of color... depending on fabric. And on what you put with it.

Soft white,
left—a drop of bisque in it—Oscar de la Renta's shirtdress of thin wool voile... wrapped to the waist, belted in pink satin (we moved the rose from the shoulder—here, it somehow heightens the feeling of airy seductiveness).

Clear crystal—
it keeps white more fragile—more subtle-sexy—than gold, diamonds, or a bright color. The point—and the half-hidden way the ropes are hung is part of it: go with the mood of what you're wearing.

If you're tanned—
empty the neckline. Just earrings, short, pretty hair combed around the face... and beautiful skin.

A white sandal—
where you might have used silver, white is springier. Bare is a must—a long white shirtdress with a white closed shoe can get uniform-y.

Bright white,
right—a linen suit from Caumont that could just start things rolling this way. And that narrow little shoulder is why—it's a very feminine line, especially with pleats.

Under the jacket—
a blue-and-white shirt that comes with it, but how about a black knit halter? A green tank top... green and white bangles, beads?

Green hat—
nothing more substantial than a crochet beanie. You can't be heavyhanded with this or the charm flies out the window.

This bag—
a buttery white envelope that you can put a thin shoulder strap on—a thousand times more raffiné than what we've been hauling around.

Almost any color shoe—
but white. In this context, it would be visiting nurse. If you're already into green—green patent as here. Or a sandal.

THAT'S STYLE!

Wearing white as a color

Left: By Oscar de la Renta; Agnona fabric. About $435. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coif, Christiaan.

Right: By Caumont, of linen. About $255. Late March, at Lord & Taylor; A Propos, California. Coif by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

Fascinating, the way navy-and-white keeps coming around every spring and never fails us...there's always some little twist...some new reserve of freshness just waiting to be tapped.

A lot of women have been looking for this dress, right—a simple, pretty, easy-to-wear silk print for day. And here it is—by André Laug—in navy and white with a white wool cardigan, about to fill many, many needs.

One other color—
a single rope of malachite-green beads, a malachite bangle. You wouldn't like red nearly as much—too obvious with navy and white. And metal is a whole other—sharper—mood.

No hat—
with this dress, it would be just a shade too pat...too "done."

You can go to a navy-and-white spectator...
to a multicolor sandal...and it can be quite a bit barer and thinner-heeled than the one here.

You can wrap the dress in a navy coat...
and put the cardigan over a black crêpe de Chine pyjama at night.

This bouclé knit sweater set and pants, opposite, from Maisonette, needs only to be loved for what it is—clean and sharp...clutter would ruin it.

A navy-and-white dome at the ear—
period. You don't want other colors. You don't want lots of bracelets or beads—let the neckline just be. It's terrific.

A small, wrapped head in polka dots—
there's always a new way of tying a scarf...or a navy-and-white crochet beanie to tilt over one eye.

A flat white shoe, this simple—
it's the mood of the look...A high heel, a sexy sandal—sudden death.

THAT'S STYLE!

A fresh eye on navy-and-white

Right: By André Laug. Dress, of Gandini silk; jacket, Agnona fabric. At Martha; I. Magnin.

Opposite: By Maisonette, of Arnel triacetate, linen, and acrylic. About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus. Hair combed by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





The way a man's silk pyjama top feels on you—that's the basis of the fastest-moving look in fashion. And nobody makes it move more alluringly than Halston.

The oversize rainshirt, left—light, thin—a paring of taffeta in olive green. Matching hat. Ivory shirt of cashmere and silk, cashmere pants. If you have the height (and the money), grab it—for practical chic, it's unbeatable.

Olive takes a warmer makeup— it's not an easy color. Even a streaky blonde will want more peach in her cheeks, a redder mouth....If you're a sallow brunette, buy it in sky blue or cherry.

Nothing is a set-piece— you can belt the rainshirt, roll the sleeves...wear it over pale-grey flannel pleats, with a white ribbed pull, chains. The shirt and pants with a long red cardigan...a wrap coat in another white. The pants at night with a black V top, chunky silver bangle, pearls—or a little black tie....These clothes never hang at the back of the closet.

Keep the hat personal— pull the brim down all around... up all around...up and down... bash the crown a little.

A butterscotch shoe is great— but don't write off scarlet...or a brown-and-white spectator.

Pyjamas with an oversize shirt, right—and what a shirt! Ivory Honan with silver ball buttons, the fullness all to the back—the front falls on the body like a handkerchief....Remember what we said in February—if you were going to buy only one new thing...!

The shirt goes day and night— over pants, skirts...with a narrow belt...with a bikini in sun country, over brown legs, scarlet toes.

Nothing at the neck— the silver buttons are your jewels. Never do them all up—the luxury is in the way the top just falls back and extends the line of the neck.

Thirteen thin silver bangles— 12 on one wrist...lovely sound.

Halston likes a red shoe— we like ivory...and you like?

THAT'S STYLE!

Oversize

Turnouts, to order, Halston Limited. Left: Rainshirt (Sormani silk), $550; shirt, pants (Agnona fabrics), ea. $250.

Right: Of Sormani silk, $550. Rick Gillette coif. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





Nothing in fashion is more personal than a sweater—a million women can own one cardigan, and it's a different story every time....

Rolled-sleeve peach cardigan, far left—as baby-sweater soft as you'd expect from Sonia Rykiel, who showed it with this sweatery peach headband and peach bangles, belted over peach pants....

Why not over short clothes—
a shirtdress of pale-lemon crêpe de Chine . . . or chalk white. Or over a long-sleeve cream cashmere pull and cream skirt. . . . Wear it biking—unbelted, over shorts—like a chopped-off sweater-coat.

Wrap-and-tie beige cardigan, center, in a bouclé knit—thin and long, the way we'd all like to be. Matching tank top. Beige pants. By Kasper for J. L. Sport.

Instead of pants—
an écru flannel skirt....Short black crêpe de Chine pleats would be pretty at night...and amber beads...or two clips.

String-white belted cardigan, left—no matter how many sweaters you have, it doesn't count without this one from Missoni. The length, low pockets, the roll of the collar—it's everything you want in a sweater today. And it comes with a pullover and skirt in string-dotted and striped black knit—so you're already ahead.

It's a great separate jacket—
you can put it on day and night, all year round, with pleated skirts, pants....Try it over navy flannel pants and a scarlet lisle halter, with a teeny beanie of navy crochet, a low-heeled navy-and-white sandal...or a two-tone ghillie in scarlet and white....Don't fill the neckline—just let the collar roll.

THAT'S STYLE!

What you do with a sweater

Far left: Sonia Rykiel headband, about $20; wool cardigan, about $100; wool pants, about $85. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Country Club Fashions.

Center: Kasper for J.L. Sport cardigan, about $50; tank top, about $34 (both, of wool, linen, acrylic); cotton pants, about $54. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Maas Brothers; Burdine's.

Left: Missoni three-piece turnout, of wool and nylon. Cardigan, about $95; pullover, about $65; skirt, about $65. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Coifs: opposite page, by Rick Gillette; this page, Elura wig by Valentino, combed by Suga of Suga Salon. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

There's something about her...



SELF-DISCOVERED

Ginette Camu, a Belgian in New York—in her own style everywhere: "staying the same...doing it differently"

When she was sixteen, she took from her grandfather's cupboard two pleated-front batiste shirts—one pale blue, the other pink—had them made very, very fitted, and with them put a pleated grey flannel skirt, navy stockings and blazer . . . and discovered her style. It suited her then, it suits her now. Now, though, the blazer is pulled from a Saint Laurent navy suit and used with many things (one day, recently, with olive suède jeans and a soft raspberry sweater); and inside her shirt—not always seen but *there*—is a chain of small, flat gold and steel links given her by her husband; outside hang heavier gold and steel chains that she handles constantly ("I love the way they feel together...très raffiné...voluptuous."). . . . A woman of dazzling length and suppleness, Ginette Camu moves across a room like rope unreeling, plunks down

(Continued on next page)



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE

Ginette Camu, far left: "This is me—jeans and a shirt, a good belt. My chains. Over my shoulder is a shiny black wrap-and-tie Saint Laurent mackintosh that I'm in all the time."
Top left, the Camus' living room in New York: "Once, when there was snow in the garden, I put candles in it . . . something in Dr. Zhivago gave me the idea. It was beautiful . . . féerique. . . . A friend, John Stefanidis, did the chrome 'cloud' tables. The way they reflect the sky and garden is very pretty, yes?"
Left, the long art gallery of the Camu house at Alost, Belgium: "my new-last-season Saint Laurent —navy velvet jacket, jersey pants. —a way I like to dress for small dinners."
Right, Patmos, the Greek islands: "Olivier as Peter Pan. Me in my chain, my Cartier Sabona bracelet, and a piece of sari cloth tied over nothing— much less naked for lunch than a bikini."

SELF-DISCOVERED

Ginette Camu: "My son says the way I look is fantastic"

on the floor, and talks fast: "I'm a quick, quick person. I think—speak—quick, quick. I do. I go. I see right away what's good for me and hate everything else. I buy it, I wear it, and that's that. I know what I like. Simple, classic, sporty. I love my hair to be like a boy's that's too long—I just comb my fingers through it—to me, that's sexy. I would never put a big chignon on my head just because I was going to a party. I don't ever wear the 'little tailleur'—trop stiff. I am what I am. My husband likes it and Olivier, my ten-year-old, says the way I look is fantastic." Out of the mouths of babes....With their sons (the younger, Philippe, is five) Ginette and Bernard Camu, a banker, live a pick-up-and-go life based in New York, ranging everywhere, including the family house in Alost, Belgium; a summer place on the tiny Greek island of Patmos; and a still-unfinished house in Tuscany. ...Ginette is as she is everywhere. The way she looks in Patmos is the way she likes to be wherever it's hot ("I'm almost always barefoot in Greece—often in New York, too."), and the way she dresses for the European countryside is the way she dresses for town....A country woman born and bred, she enjoys living like one no matter where. And does; in a New York brownstone, the Camus' duplex apartment, with its wood-paneled living room, its airy, immaculate colors, and small oasis of garden, has the feeling of a Belgian country house. She adores this room, put it together much as she puts together clothes—preferring, for instance, to lean pictures rather than hang them "so I can move things around." Similarly: "Fashion for itself doesn't count. I have to adapt it—move it around as I like it to be. That is (Continued on next page)

Left, Patmos: just out of the water—hair flat back, thin cotton Indian shirt over a bikini. Below, living room at Patmos: "The furniture was made right in the village, by Patmians. The painting is by a friend, Teddy Millington Drake."







Above, the park at Alost: "Pure accident—Olivier and Philippe are dressed exactly like me—white shirts, navy sweaters, jeans, Big Mac boots. Right, le marché d'Alost: "a Saturday thing we do every week; this time, each child got to buy 4 guinea pigs, 2 pigeons. I'm in suède—brown jeans, beige jacket." Top right, the Camu house at Alost; the new addition designed by Jaque Robertson.

HENRY CLARKE

SELF-DISCOVERED

Left: "Bernard and me at home in New York. . . I wear these 'gypsies' anywhere on summer nights." Below left, barefoot in Patmos, in the hat of the village, Greek skirt. Right, to market by bike in New York: black quilted ciré blouson and red jeans. Below right, the terrace at Patmos: brown voile shirt, "the white makes it neat and sweet." Far right, flower-shopping in New York—pulled-up shirtsleeves, two shoulderbags— "I need two free hands."



Ginette Camu: "I wear clothes till they go from exhaustion"

(Continued) the thing about Saint Laurent—one suit can last twenty years; you just keep putting the tops and bottoms with different things. I wear them till they go from exhaustion. He is the most practical—simple—chic. For me, it's Saint Laurent or jeans and a shirt. . . . As long as the shirt is very fitted, I'm happy—and as long as I can play with the sleeve—pull it around, push it up, turn back the cuff (the inside of the wrist is a very feminine part of a woman). Pants are the thing. They must be perfect—low on the waist, really fitted over the hip, then straight. It's that look of length and the fall—a bit longer in back and right on the foot in front. Too short looks cheap. . . . Unless it's a big party (I hate big parties), I'm the same at night—black suède jeans or a short black unbutton skirt and a white, open shirt. And my chains. . . . Earrings only in summer —big, enormous gold hoops with long, flounced cotton print skirts and tops—sometimes I use a little T-shirt. It's a kind of gypsy look I love . . . a wide belt is pretty with it. It gives you a lift. You pull yourself up—you walk—you hold yourself differently. You stay the same, but you do it differently . . . that's what makes it interesting."

HENRY CLARKE




AVEDON



Something about her. FAYE DUNAWAY

"If it moves, I wear it"

She works all over the country, all over the world . . . lives in a sleek, spare, chrome-and-glare apartment on New York's West Side . . . tracks around town in pants and sweaters with a raincoat thrown over, a funny, floppy suède hat, and a ten-foot muffler. . . . Everything she wears looks as though it belongs on her.

She loved the clothes on these pages and they loved her right back. . . . "I like the easy things in life . . . I like clothes that feel good. If it moves, I wear it. Silks, jerseys, anything fluid. French jeans, or pants with a shirt or sweater. The same kind of thing at night—pants with a soft jersey shirt or sweater." . . . There are things she is never without: her classic Cartier watch, an oval black ring set in gold, an American Indian beaded bangle, a small silver pillbox with a lion's head given by a friend. . . . (Continued)

Fluid, sensuous, bare, far left—the kind of dress Faye Dunaway likes to be in for [illegible]. Long black jersey skirt and bandeau that wrap the body in the smallest, [illegible] way. With a loosely wound black and white scarf, short-sleeved white [illegible] jacket. Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé. Jacket, about $245; bandeau, about [illegible], about $165 (Fibrel silk). Henri Bendel; Non Duakin; Marie Leavell. Chloé bracelet. [illegible]: Saks 5th Ave. for Fiorentina. . . . *The oversized sweater,* left—from the men's department at [illegible]—a ribbed white wool with silver buckles, zipper—"I love the way this feels on the body." [illegible], opened over a brown bikini. Sweater, $85. Gucci chain. Coifs, these four pages: Ara Gallant.



FAYE DUNAWAY

(Continued) She's her own makeup-man—"I've had years and years of practice. I know my face better than anyone." Offstage, very little makeup: "A French moisturizing cream, dark tawny shading powder, Helena Rubinstein's Illumination highlighter stick, lip gloss. Mascara—rarely. Sometimes, fake lashes, applied individually—it looks very natural." All cream and ivory—nothing pink about her—and her hair is now a dark ash blond. "This is my own color. It's always been bleached and bleached for the movies. No more. Now, I'm getting it healthy again . . . I love wearing it this way—I just wash it and let it go. It's fuzzy . . . fantastic!" . . .

This month, at the Ahmanson Theatre in Los Angeles, she'll star as Blanche DuBois in the 25th anniversary production of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Her next movie—"Oklahoma Crude" with George C. Scott. . . . If what she wears in that catches on, as in "Bonnie & Clyde," we'll be wearing "brogans, overalls . . . and long johns with buttons in back."

When it comes to softness, far left, this two-piece dress has it everywhere: in the cream jersey shirt with an opened poet's collar, in the shirred waist and wide sleeves, in the short matching skirt. Simply sensational on a woman with Faye Dunaway's cool, pale kind of coloring. By Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport, of Qiana nylon (Initial Trends fabric). About $130. At Bloomingdale's; Marie Leavell; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Pearl-grey jersey gathered at the waist, left, a dress Faye Dunaway loved for the way it moves on the body. And for its unexpected bareness—loose, handkerchief sleeves, opened under the arm to reveal a glimpse of skin—one of the most allurring looks anywhere for evening. By Jean Muir; rayon matte jersey. About $275. Late March, Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer. Accessories, next to last page.

AVEDON

There's something about her . . .

"When fashion was zany, the face was bare.
Now the classics are back, face and hair are more important than EVER. . . ."

ALIVE WITH STYLE

Mary Russell, an American whose business is fashion in Europe, follows her own rules

"A lucky string bean," Mary Russell has the narrow body and length of leg that make all clothes possible. And she is flagrantly pretty. As a European correspondent of Vogue, based in Geneva, Switzerland, she scoots around Europe reporting, photographing, sketching in boutiques and at collections. She sees everything. So where does she draw the line on what she wears? "I know what looks good on me. It starts with the 'jeans spirit'—the mood of well-cut jeans and a great shirt. I don't want to look young or old or like a movie star or gimmicky. Women look best and feel best when their clothes are not the uniform of the moment but part of themselves." Mary thinks her ideas correspond most closely to Yves Saint Laurent's; those are his clothes on her, left and right, and Yves, right, with her at a party after his collection opening. Mary explains her techniques on the next pages.

"I like clothes that are sporty and understated by day . . .

. . . shiny and glamorous by night. The point is to be pretty and ATTRACT. . . ."

HENRY CLARKE

Mary Russell: "The first rule is knowing your body and what looks good on it."
"I want to be pleasing and pretty. I don't want people to notice my clothes first—just to be aware that I look attractive. I'm really a shirt-sweater-skirt woman; but it has to be the best-cut shirt, the best sweater, the perfectly tailored skirt with the hem just the right length [above the knee again, as in her Missoni sweater and skirt, top right]. That's why I love Saint Laurent. His clothes are so simple, but so well cut. His shirts, for instance: expensive, but I bought three, all white. One is always in the laundry. One on me. [That shirt, sweatered, far right.] I'm wearing them more with skirts than pants, now. We've made the point with pants: their liberation of women has gone on long enough so we feel free to go back to skirts. I like navy, black, brown—muted colors, never bright ones unless I have a tan. With bright colors now all over the ski slopes, I've gone back to the crisp and racy look of navy blue and white. [Mary's navy blues, top left, from V. de V.]

"A year ago, in the evening, I would have worn pants. Now, like even very conservative women I know, I want glamour and long skirts. Everybody's going to Loris Azzaro in Paris for all-out slink. [That's Mary, right, having a final fitting there.] When I'm not getting that dressed up, I would love short dresses; but until I can find them I'll settle for a skirt and a glittery sweater.

"I buy expensive shoes and bags—but few: Saint Laurent's high-heeled loafers mostly. High heels are great for legs. Four shoulderbags: black, brown, dark red, white—that's enough. I just got, after eight years, another of those quilted Chanel bags with the gold chains.

"I have a whole new feeling for pretty lingerie—silk pyjamas, ruffled robes to wear at home cooking or working with my daughter Kitty, who is nine." When Mary isn't at home with Kitty [bottom, far right], she is covering Europe—by train [near right]. The only old-fashioned hang-up in this up-to-tomorrow woman: she hates to fly. For Mary's ideas about makeup and hair—essentials to the way she sees herself—see page 58.

"I think women feel free now to be very feminine again."

"I need clothes that make me perfectly at ease—anywhere in the world."

HENRY CLARKE



"Fashion should be a comfortable part of a woman's life."

"I used to buy too many clothes . . . every new costume. I was testing. Now that we're out of the 'sixties, and I'm out of my twenties, I feel more sure of myself. One thing doesn't change; my collection of worn blue jeans and cheap T-shirts. Fashion is fun, but being a real woman, leading a real life with Kitty [below] teaches the difference between the gimmick and the flattering."

"I love fashion. While I know that classics look best on me, what I add to them makes the fun. Pearls, for instance, that's fashion now."

ELISABETTA CATALANO

BEAUTY NOW

COLOR COMES CLOSE TO THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU

What you wear on your face, when you wear it and where, tells more about your sense of who you are than any one thing. This year, with color high, it's a faster communiqué than in years. On these six pages one woman takes color three ways.

The quickest and easiest change in the way you look is a change of make-up. And something has happened to color and to fashion. Not so long ago, you had *one* look—all eyes and no mouth, for instance—that day and night, city and country, went in and out with you like Robert Louis Stevenson's shadow. There you were; a little tedious after a while, but all you. (Well, if not you, at least your costume *du jour*.) Now, instead of wearing fashion as if it were a carefully chosen picture frame for a portrait, you start with a good solid core image and then wrap it in whatever is not just comfortable (old felt slippers are that) but what gives you pleasure and assurance. No one is the same in the city and the country. Why look the same? No one is the same day and evening. Why look the same? Makeup full of color is back; color subtle, clear, not spooky, but definitely there. A statement of fact. A statement about you. On these six pages we have taken one girl, Susan Forrestal, green-blue of eye, golden brown of hair, and let her be, through makeup and changes in her hair, three different but true reflections of herself.

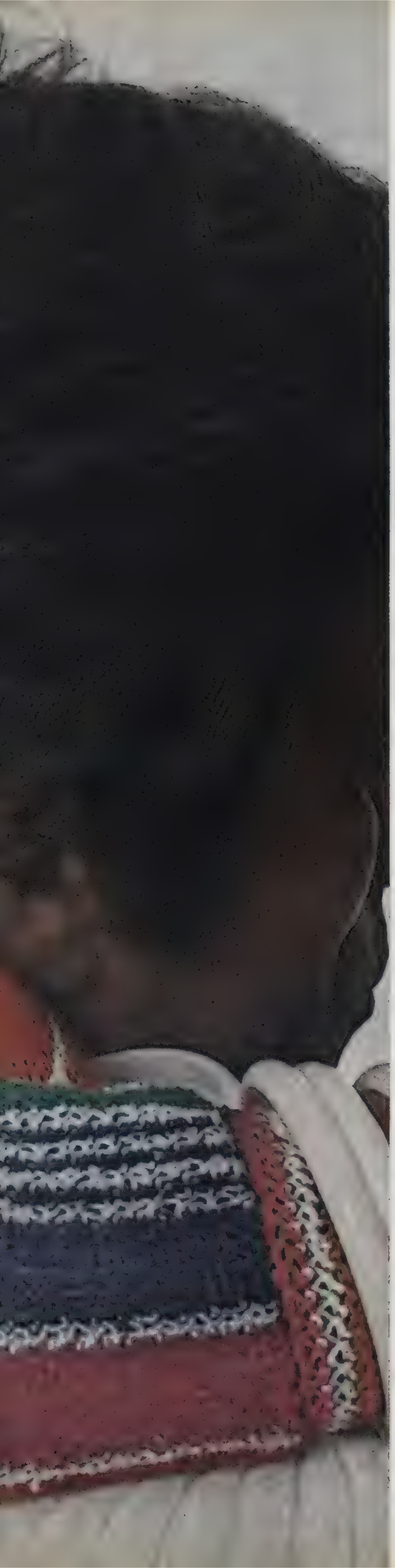
Take-off (or put-on?) point for Susan's three makeups, here and on the next pages, a new line of translucent liquids, Fresh Air Color Wash, in four clear shades that can be applied and re-applied, or used two at a time for color and contour, without building up a "painted" face. They work subtly, by themselves, or under foundation, or over powder—especially the new Fresh Air Powder Film, so fine and blowy it goes on with a brush. There's more to this clean, shiny, sun-touched face, right, than meets the eye—even his. It begins with Coffee Mousse cream foundation; Bronze Glow color wash; Sunny Peach powder film; Mahogany rouge; a swipe of Bittersweet on the lids; and a glint of Tangerine Glossamer on the lips. All these, and the makings of Susan's two other looks, by Estée Lauder. Her sweater, by Gucci.



AVEDON







AS CLOSE TO YOU AS SKIN– THE SCENTS YOU CHOOSE

Start with the bath

Few things say more about you than your perfume. You can stay with one and make it your own subtle, or slam-bam, signature, or experiment: time, mood, and event can matter. Either way, there is no better place to begin this personal statement than in the bath. The Greeks and Romans actually called bathing "perfuming," spicing their tubs with an infinite variety of unguents, oils, and ointments—each, then, a luxury.

For us, the only luxury is time. But a few minutes spent in the bath can be a good investment and there are so many bath preparations now about that the bathroom can become a still-room of scents. We can choose from oils, gels, bubble baths, milks (not asses'—we've often wondered about Cleopatra's particular fragrance a few hours after that soak in un-air-conditioned Egypt). Many of these are extensions of the classic perfumes and leave a light, all-over aura to be intensified later by the concentrated essence. Others can be interplayed—the natural green tones; lemons and all the fruit family; spicy bouquets; animal exotics such as musk. Use one that will color the water green or blue for cool relaxation or pink to warm you out of the today-was-grungy mood.

Water, we know, is a great relaxer...or a great revitalizer. For relaxation, let it lift, hold, and swirl around you while you let your body —and mind—go limp for twenty minutes. Keep the water warm (85-95 degrees) and the lights low. For stimulation, keep the water on the cool (65-75 degrees) side of tepid (75-85 degrees) and get out after ten minutes. Make the bath your think tank. Write, read, needlepoint, phone friends.

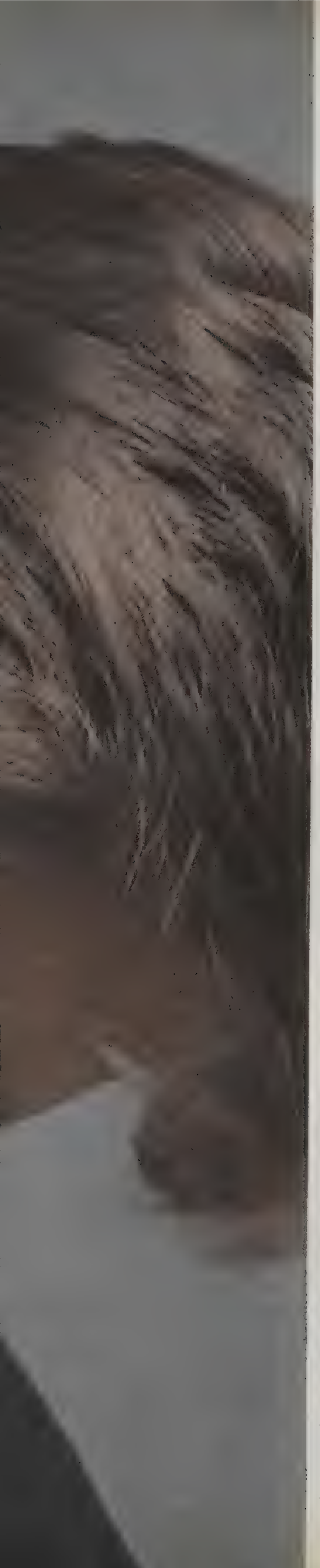
(Continued on next page)

BRIGHT DAY, BRIGHT FASHION: BRIGHT FACE

Color—clear, sharp, as fresh as apples—is back in clothes, an all-out temptation to women who have rested more easily in neutrals. So give in a little. The hazard of a face fade-out doesn't exist with this spring's makeup. Take Susan, *left*. You just saw her tan and scrubbed, all artifice eliminated (don't you believe it), whooping it up in the country. Here she is in town. Very together. No fussier or less herself, but geared for prime color, green-eyed under a green tilty hat. Bright red mouth. This time a little foundation or powder to hush the face so the lips get the shine. The point: Susan would not look this way in the country. Inappropriate. Susan would not look this way in the evening. Too direct. Makeup is not just for a place or an attitude. It is for lighting, and there's a power of difference between sunlight and candlelight. This year's makeup plays all the tunes, as you will see when, on the next page, Susan takes in a little night music.

Facing up to bright fashions, Susan wears Soft Rose and Apricot Glow color washes, tamped down with Day Beige powder film; Green Lagoon eye shadow cut with Tawny Melon; Romantic Red lipstick; and fingernails in Red Cent. The bright-striped knitted linen pullover, by Missoni. About $68. Late March, Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Jewels by Aldo Cipullo for Cartier. Accessories, next to last page.





Five good smelling baths for well-being

BATH ONE

(Continued) To start the day off, pour an algae or seaweed bath given an extra zing by a dollop of mint. Turn on the radio, take your coffee in with you, and submerge for seven minutes. Stretch and revolve your ankles. Just before getting out, run some cooler—not cold—water into the tub to get circulation going.

BATH TWO

At the end of the day, clean your face, slather on a rich cream, and help yourself to a mineral or sulphur bath. Exercise. Brace your head on a soft neck pillow, press feet against end of tub and stretch. Repeat three times. Again, press feet against end of tub, brace arms on sides of tub and slowly raise and lower hips three times.

BATH THREE

For a special evening, clean your face and put on a masque. Cream-moisturize your body all over before getting into a citrus gel bath. Slide under the blanket of foam, close your eyes, listen to music, sip cranberry juice.

BATH FOUR

To rejuvenate a winter-dry skin, use a rich bath oil in your favorite good smell. Wallow in it for twenty minutes. (After this length of time, the skin will not absorb any more oil.) For homemade soothers, try one-half pound of borax or baking powder or three pounds of oatmeal (tied in cheesecloth so it won't clog the drain) added to the water.

BATH FIVE

After an exercise session, rub yourself down with a loofah and a brisk cologne. Add a vigorous pine or herbal oil to the bath and soak from the neck down, kneading arms, legs, any sore spots under water.

A.M. tip: Do all of your makeup before getting into, and quickly out of, a tepid bath. The moisture rising from the water keeps makeup looking fresh and lasting longer.
P.M. tip: For a good night's sleep, pour a foaming milk bath, protein enriched to smooth and soothe skin, drink a glass of warm milk-and-sherry or hot buttered rum. Relax for ten minutes, then get to bed fast.

SOFT LIGHT, SOFT COLOR: ALL-OUT ALLURE

Now for the melting lights of night—candle, fire, moon, or Tom Edison—Susan switches every color on her makeup palette, comes up with a look that's romantic but not sweet, a shrewd mix of mauve and marigolds, the mauve intensified under the chin line for contour. Very knowing. And, as Susan knows, a coloring that could look all wrong in the eye of day. And all right with the pale and shimmery dresses of spring evenings. Part of the ruse: a powdered, light-absorbing finish everywhere except the lips and now the eyelids (talk about eyes being "pools of light").

After sunset, Susan heads for the twilight radiance of Soft Mauve Glow color wash, tempered with Soft Pink powder film; two eye shadows, Plum Raisin for depth, Cane Yellow for light; a light layer of Eye Glaze for shine; the surprise of Marigold lipstick. Ara Gallant coifs. Makeup by Jurgen. Earrings, smaller necklace: Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Larger necklace: K.J.L. All, Bonwit Teller.

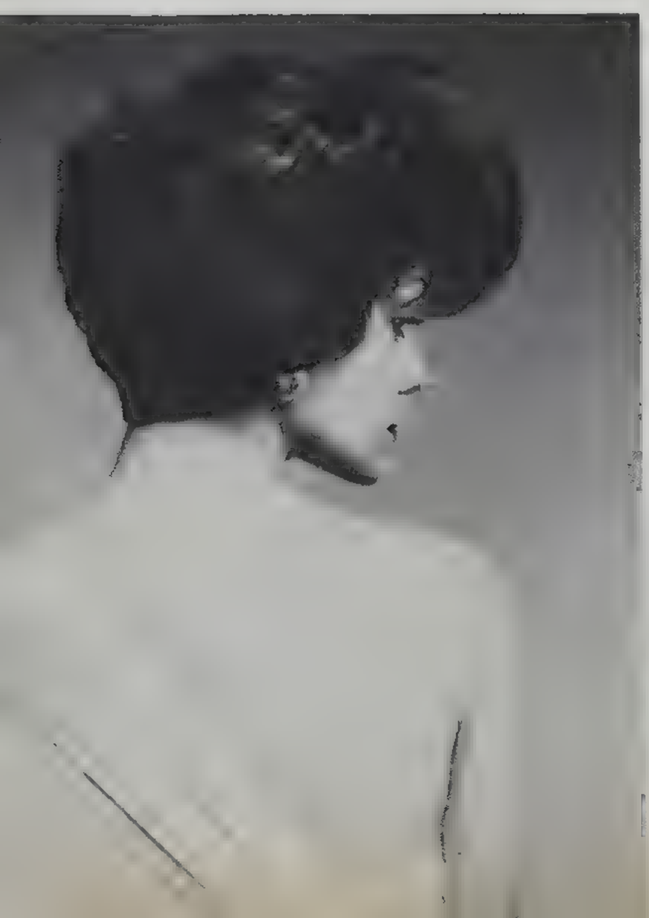
AVEDON

BEAUTY

NOW







A variety of looks... long to short... smooth to curly... small to very full...

DONNA MITCHELL'S HAIRCUT

A beautiful young model-about-to-be-movie-star—in *The Exorcist*—Donna Mitchell knows what she likes. And what she likes now is short hair. Six months ago, she took the first step, cutting middle-of-the-back long hair until it just cleared the shoulder. Several steps later—the length you see here. Actually, two lengths—the under hair in back is cut shorter than the rest and close to the neck to give the effect of hair turning under. Everything else—in one even layer starting at the crown—curves over it. . . . The charm of hair like this—its ease, simplicity. And the endless variety of looks: it can be super straight, wavy, or curly. Can have a side part, center part, or no part. It can look long and smooth or very, very short when it's sleeked close to the head, tucked behind one ear. Always with wonderful shape to it and a feeling of having something to work with—a lot more hair than you'd expect from a cut this short. . . . Combed for day, *far left*—very full, smooth, center parted. Here, with Kenzo's low-U multi-stripe sweater ($48, Altman's). *Above left,* with a tilted crochet cap and shorter, flirtier look to it, curled back on the cheeks. *Center and below left:* the cut at its softest and airiest—set, then brushed all the way up. Marvelous this way for evening—revealing a long, graceful line of neck. . . . Cut and comb-outs, by Rick Gillette. . . . All accessories, next to last page.

BOB STONE

Wind and weather, heat, cold—all are rough on hair. What to do, what not to do to keep it in good shape....

YES'S AND NO'S

Think of hair as an extension of skin—almost as sensitive and vulnerable, almost as easily damaged by dryness, exposure, stresses and shocks. Like skin, it exists in a delicate balance of moisture, oil, and protein; like skin, it needs help in maintaining it. It needs the same disciplined care you give your skin—the same protection against the elements, the environment. Protection is the key word, in fact—it's much easier to prevent damage to hair than to patch things up later on. . . . Here, some helpful Yes's and No's:

YES to shorter hair. Long hair has more problems, because there's more of it exposed—to cold, wind, sun, dryness, other hazards. Also, because it's older—and weaker. Ends are drier, because it takes a longer time for the natural oils to move down the hair shafts to the tips—which tend to split and fray. Conditioners can help, but the best solution is a good haircut. . . . Shorter hair looks newer, more in fashion now—and it's easier to keep healthy, shiny, full of bounce.

YES to light hairdressing and grooming creams. They're making a comeback—in new, un-greasy versions that do a slick job: they polish, moisturize, make hair easier to manage. (Clairol's Vitapointe is a case in point.) . . . What they also do is defuse the crackly static that can make hair hard to handle in cold weather—it's caused by cold and dryness, plus surface friction. (A cream rinse is good for this, too—but if your hair tends to be soft and limp, it may not be for you.) . . . Only a smidgen of hairdressing is needed. Whisk it through the hair with your fingertips, working up and back from the temples, running from scalp and roots out to the ends . . . quickly, lightly.

NO to going bare-headed outdoors in cold weather. Aside from making *you* colder (body heat escapes rapidly if the head is uncovered), it gives hair the shivers. Each hair shaft contains water, trapped or "bound" in the molecules—and water's a speedy conductor of heat and cold. Outdoors on a freezing day, hair gets chilled, stiff, brittle; cold wind adds a powerful drying effect. The hair literally gets chapped. . . . When you go indoors—probably, into an over-heated room—the sudden change shocks the hair and disrupts its moisture balance even further. Wearing a hat or scarf prevents all this trauma. It also helps maintain the supply of blood and nutrients to the hair roots by keeping the scalp warm, the blood circulating. . . .

YES also to keeping hair covered on hot days. The blazing sun dries, bleaches, burns; hair may not show sunburn the way skin does, but it suffers just the same. . . . Wear a shady hat or a scarf in the sun; use a good conditioner often, a light moisturizer in between-times.

NO to sizzling-hot dryers; tight rollers; metal pins; stiffening sprays; back-combing, teasing. NO to anything that leads to pulling, yanking at hair, and thus to tearing and breaking. . . . NO to letting hair fly in the wind—it's drying, and those snarls will have to be straightened out (Continued on page 186)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

How Henry Kissinger Trained To Negotiate Peace

By Allene Talmey

When Henry A. Kissinger, former child inmate of a Nazi concentration camp and now surrogate for President Richard M. Nixon, scrawled his initials for the U.S.A. on the intricate cease-fire agreement in Paris at 12:30 P.M. on January 23, 1973, he was applying negotiation techniques he had defined almost twenty years earlier. In four years, the unlikely team of President Nixon and Dr. Kissinger turned around United States foreign policy, a turn foreshadowed in Dr. Kissinger's brilliant, but unread by the public, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,* a book published in 1957. Exuberant, strenuous, plump, a hard-liner who enjoys power, he has a touch of James Bond: the guttural lover of good living, the national-security official guarded on dangerous flights to Moscow, Peking, Saigon, Paris, ending in intimate sessions with men of international power. After talks began on August 4, 1969, he flew twenty-four times to Paris for secret talks with Le Duc Tho, the foremost negotiator, known as Special Adviser for North Vietnam. Laughing men with humor, Dr. Kissinger and Le Duc Tho are intense, stubborn, patient, and the most skillful negotiators in the world.

Wary, a plumhead canary who won't sing, Kissinger gives silly, naïve nonpolitical interviews, concealing his highly wrought intelligence—a portrait of a man with his foot in his mouth. He is a liberal Republican, a feudist with such conservative Republicans as Vice-President Agnew, a man with an uncertain future that may include a period as a don at All Souls, that rarefied no-student college at Oxford University in England. Unique, with the energizing quality of some peculiar vitamin to be called, perhaps, vitamin 73, he is the target of unfortunate cheap publicity about young, changing, succulent women companions, all so incongruous when he is really the sex hero of middle-aged women who remain still slightly in love with Professor Fritz Bhaer, the German husband of Jo March in the novel *Little Women.*

To columnists in need of a quick symbol, Kissinger is inaccurately labeled another Prince Metternich, the Austrian chancellor who in 1815 conducted the negotiations for peace at the Congress of Vienna. Not Henry. Metternich was a reactionary, tyrannical, belated eighteenth-century diplomat who lived for a time in Paris with Napoleon's sister Caroline.

Knowing that to govern is to choose, Dr. Kissinger laid (Continued on next page)



Nixon's Negotiator Extraordinary, With His Paris Team

Right: *Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, Assistant to the President for National Security, in a photograph exclusive to Vogue taken in January at his Paris office, surrounded by his "secret cabinet" (left to right): David Engel, State Department Interpreter; Winston Lord and Peter Rodman, Staff Assistants to Dr. Kissinger; Bonnie Long, Secretary for the National Security Council; Mary Stifflemire and Irene Derus, Secretaries; John Negroponte, Staff Assistant to Dr. Kissinger (in back); William Sullivan, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs.*

HARRY BENSON



(Continued) out the choices in foreign policy for President Nixon in an unofficial stance outside the State Department. But before that, in his book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,* he laid out puissant lines in negotiating with the Russians, the Chinese, and later applied those lines to the North Vietnamese: In the foreword to that book, Gordon Dean, a former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, wrote these warning sentences: "Dr. Kissinger argues for much more communication of our intentions to the enemy. He believes that it [the enemy] must know that our strength is great or we have lost the asset of a deterrent. He believes also that it must know that our objective is to end the aggression quickly by eliminating military targets lest we bring on an all-out thermonuclear war through a misunderstanding of our intentions." That is why Henry Kissinger led the great anti-Communist Richard Nixon to Peking and Moscow.

Fifteen years before his negotiations with Hanoi, Dr. Kissinger in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* defined the problems he was to face later on with revolutionary dynamism. That they were solved is a miracle of art. The American public, its military leaders, and its incessant commentators rarely understood that Dr. Kissinger knew what Lenin meant when he wrote: "Wars are most political when they seem most military."

Dr. Kissinger, who studied minutely the thinkers, the basic policy makers of the Soviets and the Chinese Communists, wrote in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,* in a chapter headed "The Strategy of Ambiguity: Sino-Soviet Strategic Thought," that "Negotiations within a legitimate order have three functions: to formulate agreements or disagreements in a manner that does not open unbridgeable schisms; to perpetuate the international system by providing a forum for making concessions; to persuade by stating a plausible reason for settlement. But, in a revolutionary period, most of these functions have changed their purpose." The ways in which they have changed are then spelled out. "Diplomats can still meet, but they cannot persuade each other. Instead, diplomatic conferences become elaborate stage plays which seek to influence and win over public opinion in other nations; their purpose is less the settlement of disputes than the definition of issues for which to contend. They are less a forum for negotiation than a platform for propaganda."

Neither the Russians nor the Chinese and their friends the North Vietnamese sank into the morass of morality in war; but then neither did the Americans. In negotiating, Hanoi diplomats do not, like formal American diplomats, try for legal ambiguities. It was legal linguistic ambiguities that led Dr. Kissinger to say on October 26, 1972, that "peace is at hand." Hanoi quickly taught him and President Nixon that it was not. The brilliant minds of Hanoi, however, quickly learned their lesson, upsetting their primal strategy of "protracted limited war." They learned in December, 1972, about the terror of carpet bombing, a step short of nuclear bombing. Now, that is past. The Vietnam war really stopped for the Americans at the Hotel Majestic when Dr. Kissinger, acting for President Richard M. Nixon whose game-plan the two of them had worked on, signed H. K. for the U.S.A. ■

A SPECIAL VIEW OF LYNDON B. JOHNSON

by Gordon Parks, not only an outstanding photographer, writer, film director, composer but a dedicated reporter on American life

I was shaving in a Paris hotel when the French radio cut off abruptly. There was a moment of quiet, then almost hysterically the announcer's voice cut through the room: "President John F. Kennedy has been shot." In shock, I unexplainably reached for the light switch and threw the room into darkness. I closed my eyes and prayed for Kennedy. I prayed that it was all a mistake. But the worst was confirmed in the next few seconds. "President Kennedy is dead from an assassin's bullet that struck him in the head."

Reaching the hotel lobby sometime later I found it stunned to a silence. The sad-eyed concierge spoke softly, "Terrible news from your country, Monsieur—and for us here." "It is indeed," I replied. Then he brought me up short. "Tell me, what is this Mr. Johnson, your new President, like?" he asked. My reaction must have seemed very curious to him. I nodded blankly and turned away without answering. Then, as I crossed the street, the reality that had by now struck millions of other Black Americans struck me. "Good God Almighty, a Southerner, a Texas cracker, was now President of the United States."

I shuddered. Through circumstance, I disliked and distrusted this man. But somehow I respected his performance when he faced a national television audience and, with a modesty not born to him, promised, "I will do my best. That is all I can do." Were the tears manufactured? Was the sorrow counterfeit? I wondered, then instantly became annoyed with myself. The man, despite his shortcomings, was beyond this. And hope replaced despair when a short time later he said, before a joint session of Congress, "Let us continue...we have talked enough in this country about civil rights. We have talked for one hundred years or more. It is time now to write it in the law books."

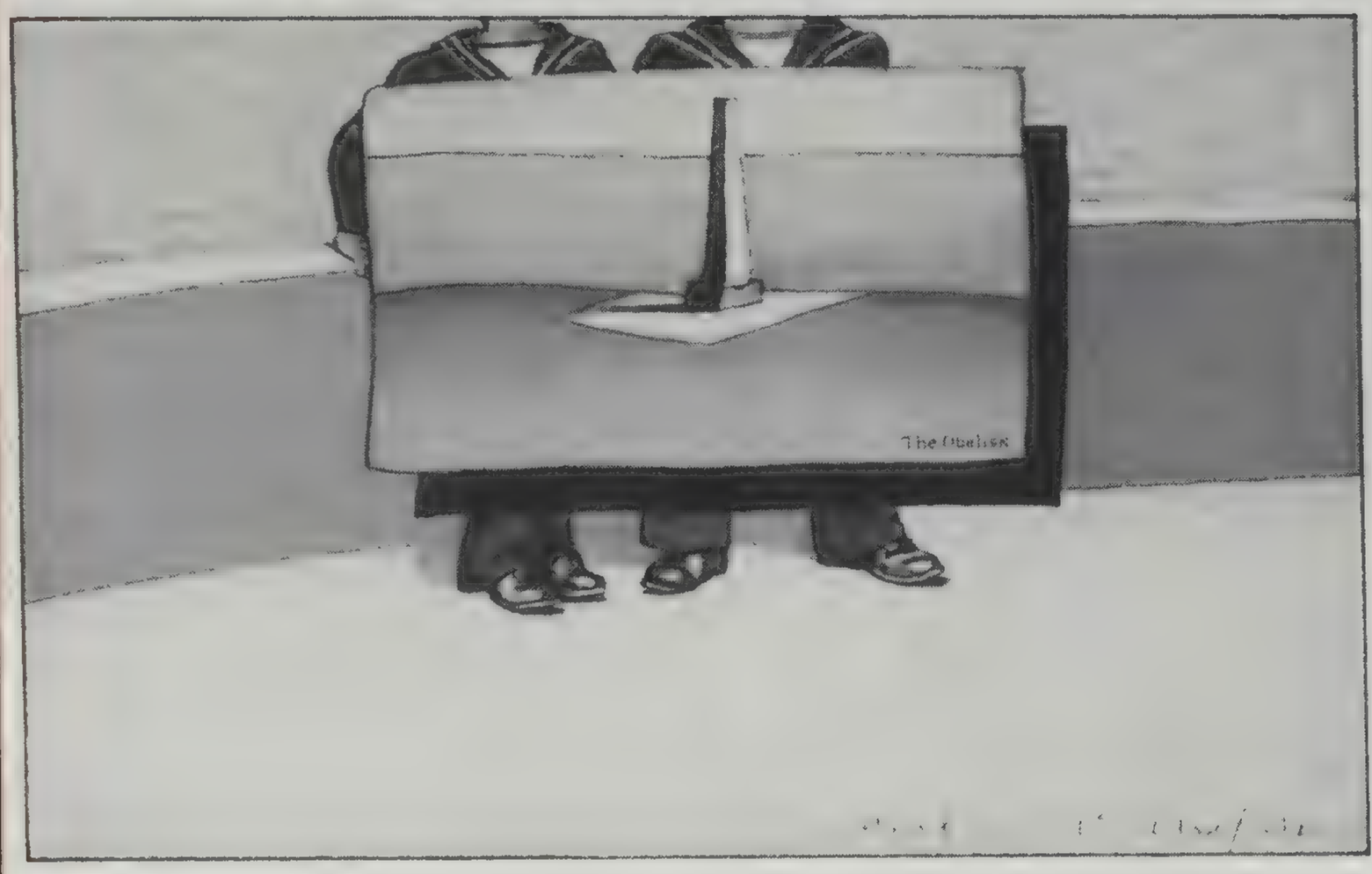
Millions of Black hearts applauded that speech, but years of hollow promises held yet our distrust. By now we had grown to doubt the hopeful songs of our own fathers. We would wait. The new President would have to show the real strength of his conscience before we would realize his sincerity and worth. So our fears remained. These were fierce years for the Black man, against fire hoses, police dogs, and police clubs. Martin Luther King's armor of truth and love was wearing thin. Racism still engulfed us. It would take considerably more than love to stay the increasing violence of the stifling summers and bone-cold winters. But one July, while foul air over several American cities darkened to arsonist smoke, Lyndon Baines Johnson actually crossed over. With tremendous pride he signed the most sweeping civil-rights bill in the history of our nation into hard law. The breach between what he claimed to believe and what he practiced seemed to be closing. Our skepticism waned. It was a bill, a law, that governed America's most serious problems, those of man's divine right to equality. And later there were other notable successes to remember: the safeguards for Negro voting rights; the naming to his Cabinet of Robert Weaver, the first Black to hold such rank; the appointment of Thurgood Marshall to sit on the Supreme Court; as well as placing other Blacks in high offices. He warmed us at times when he lent his Texas drawl to our cries of "We shall overcome." And he laid the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice where it rightfully belonged—at the feet of all men who deserved it.

Johnson was disobeying the law of his Southern upbringing, of his temperament and nature. This took courage. He wanted to be a great President—with an absolute identification with all people. But ironically it was his impatience with the American people that denied him the true source of their strength—a strength he needed so desperately during the tragedy of Saigon. Within such a nightmare—and after such accomplishment—Johnson surely had to settle for his own kind of personal peace. I imagine before his death he repented the worst of himself, forgot it, then embraced the very best of himself to the end, allowing his good deeds to exalt him above his sins. ■

This story—with shock built in—was hidden thirty years by its gentle writer, who showed only to loved friends work reflecting his homosexuality. It is printed here for the first time in America.

E.M. Forster

The Obelisk



Ernest was an elementary schoolmaster, and very very small; it was like marrying a doll, Hilda sometimes thought, and one with glass eyes too. She was larger herself: tall enough to make them look funny as they walked down the esplanade, but not tall enough to look dignified when she was alone. She cherished aspirations; none would have guessed it from her stumpy exterior. She yearned for a trip in a Rolls-Royce with a sheikh, but one cannot have everything or anything like it, one cannot even always be young. It is better to have a home of one's own than to always be a typist. Hilda did not talk quite as she should, and her husband had not scrupled to correct her. She had never forgotten —it was such a small thing, yet she could not forget it—she had never forgotten that night on their honeymoon when she had said something ungrammatical about the relative position of their limbs.

He was now asking her to decide whether they should sit in the shelter or walk to the obelisk. There was time to do one or the other before the bus went, but not to do both.

"Sit down will be best," she replied. But as soon as they were in the shelter, looking at the undersized and undercoloured sea, she wished she had chosen the obelisk. "Where is it? What's it for? Who's it to?" she asked.

"I don't know to whom it was erected—to some local worthy, one presumes. As regards its situation, it stands above the town in the direction of the landslip."

"Would *you* like to go to it?"

"I can't honestly say that I should. My shoes are somewhat tight."

"Yes, I suppose we're best where we are and then some tea. Do you know how far off it is?"

"I can't say that I do."

"It may be quite near. Perhaps you could ask these people." She lowered her voice, not to be overheard by the people in question: two sailors who were seated on the other side of the glass screen.

"I don't think I could well do that," said Ernest timidly; a martinet at home and at school, he was terrified of anything unfamiliar.

"Why not?"

"They won't know."

"They might."

"There is no naval station here, Hilda, they are merely visitors like ourselves, no ships are ever stationed at a small watering place." He breathed on his pince-nez, and placed it between himself and the sea.

"Shall I ask them?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do so."

Hilda opened her mouth to speak to the sailors, but no sound came out of it. "You ask, it seems better," she whispered.

"I don't wish to ask, I shall not ask, I have told you my reasons already, and if you are incapable of following them I really can do no more."

"Oh, all right, dear, don't get in such a fuss, it doesn't matter, I'm sure I don't want to go to your obelisk."

"Why, in that case, do you want to inquire how to get there? And why 'my' obelisk? I was not aware that I possessed one."

She felt cross—Ernest did tie one up so—and determined to speak to the sailors to prove her independence. She had noticed them as she sat down, one of them particularly. "Please excuse me," she began. They were laughing at something, and did not hear her. "Please could you kindly tell us—" No reply. She got up and said to her husband, "Oh, let's go, I hate this place."

"Certainly, certainly," said he, and they moved off down the esplanade in an offended silence. Hilda, who had been in the wrong, soon felt ashamed of herself. What on earth had made her behave like that, she wondered; it had been almost a quarrel, and all about nothing. She determined never to mention the beastly obelisk again.

This was not to be, for it appeared on a noticeboard, "To the Obelisk and Landslip," and an arrow pointed to a gap in the crumbly cliffs. She would have marched by, but Ernest stopped. "I think I should—I think I *should* like to go if you don't object," he said, in a voice that was intended to be conciliatory. "I could talk to the class about it on Monday. I am very short of material."

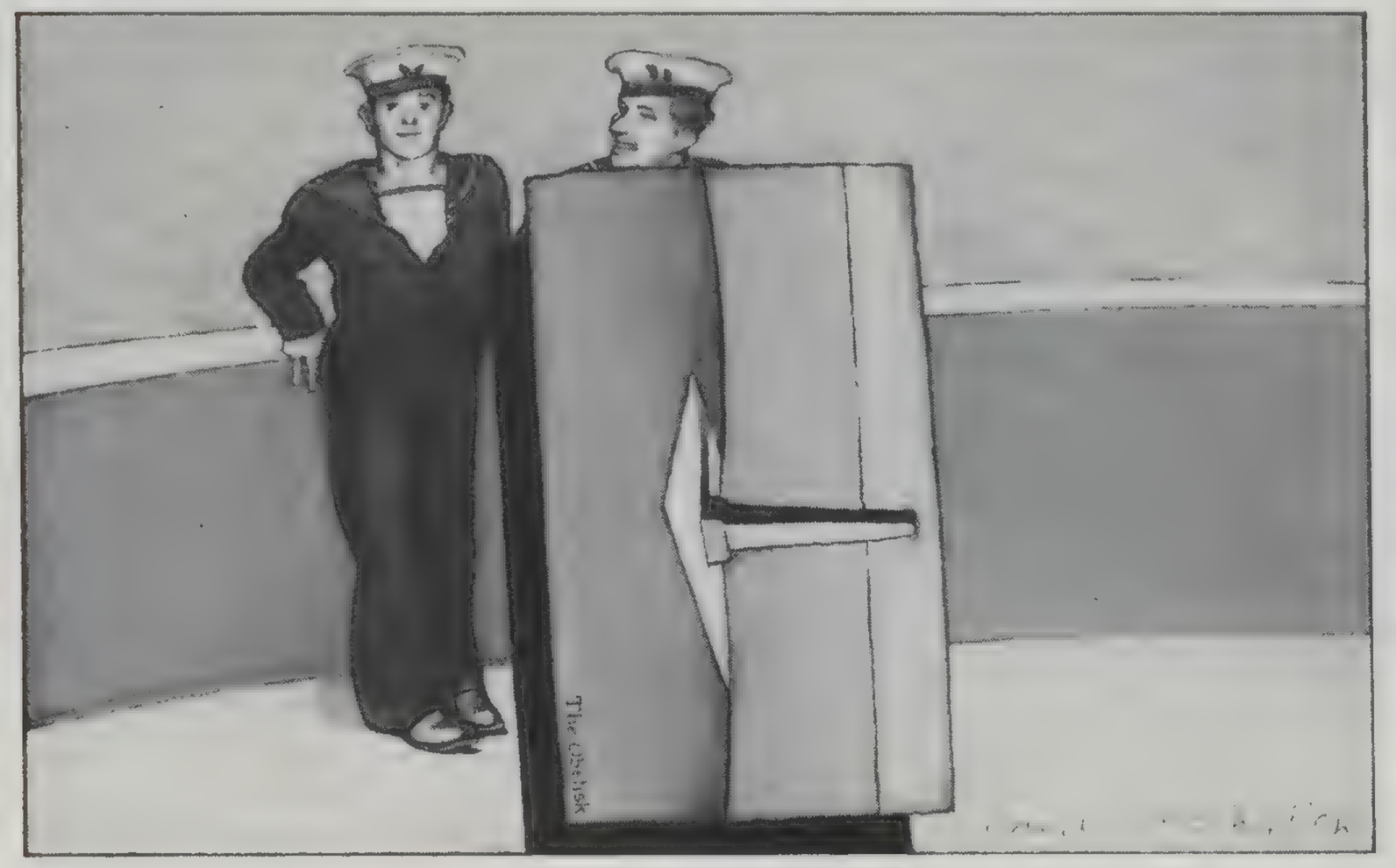
Turning back, she looked at the shelter where they had sat. She could see the long dark legs of the sailors sticking out of it; the esplanade was almost deserted otherwise. "No, of course I shouldn't mind," she said.

"Excellent, excellent, admirable." He led the way. The sea, such as it was, disappeared, and they began climbing a muddly sort of gorge—not romantic, though (Continued on next page)

"A little slope of grass, scarcely bigger than a couch, was the scene of her inadequate resistance"

she tried to pretend it was so. Rocks of no great size overhung them, a stream dripped through mud. The weather was stuffy and an aeroplane could be heard being sick in the distance. Hilda took a stern line with herself; whatever they did this afternoon, she wanted to be doing something else. How nice Ernest was really! How genuine! How sincere! If only his forehead wasn't quite so bulgy, and had a little more hair hanging over it, if his shoes weren't quite so small and yellow, if he had eyes like a hawk and an aquiline nose and a sinewy sunburnt throat . . . no, no, that was asking too much, she must keep within bounds, she must not hope for a sinewy throat, or for reckless arms to clasp her beyond redemption. . . . That came of going to those cinemas. . . .

"It's ever so lovely here, don't you think," she exclaimed, as they rounded a corner and saw a quantity of unripe blackberries.



"I should scarcely describe it in those terms."

"I'm ever so glad we didn't stick in that awful shelter."

"What makes you keep on saying 'ever so'?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did I? Ever so what oughtn't I to have said?"

"No, no, you are getting it wrong. 'Ever so what' is not the question, but 'ever so' itself. The phrase is never needed. I can't think why it has become so popular. It is spreading into circles where one would not expect to hear it. Curious. You try to form a sentence in which 'ever so' is not redundant."

She tried, but her thoughts went off to that disastrous night when he had pulled her up in much the same way, and had made her feel worthless, and had humiliated her, and had afterwards tried to caress her, and she couldn't stand it. That had been his fault, but it was her fault if she minded now, she wanted to be really educated, and here he was helping her. Penitent, she looked at his pink and pear-shaped face, slightly beaded with sweat and topped by too small a hat, and determined to improve her grammar and to really love him.

There was a scrambling noise behind, and the two sailors came rushing up the path like monkeys.

"What do these fellows want here? I don't like this," cried Ernest.

Stopping dead short, they smiled, showing dazzling teeth. One of them—not the one she had noticed—said, "We right for the Oboblisk, chum?"

Ernest was nervous. The place was deserted, the path narrow, and he wouldn't anywhere have been easy with people whose bodies were so different from his own. He replied with more than his usual primness: "Obelisk. The notice on the esplanade says 'To the Obelisk and Landslip.' I fear I can tell you no more."

"Call it the Ob and be done, eh!"

"Thank you, sir, thank you, and thank you, madam," said the other sailor. He was a much better type—an educated voice and a gallant bearing, and when Hilda stood aside to let them stride past he saluted her. "Excuse us, sir," he called back, as if the path and indeed the whole gorge was Ernest's private property. "Sorry to trouble you, but we thought we'd go a walk, make the most of our brief time on shore, sir, you know."

"A sensible thing to do," said Ernest, who was recovering from his alarm, and liked being called sir.

"Just a little change, anyhow. Got a fag on you, Tiny?"

The other sailor fumbled in his jumper. "Fergot 'em again," he replied.

"Well, of all the . . ."

"Ferget me own what d'ye call 'em next."

"Nice person to go out with, isn't he, sir? Promised to bring along a packet, then lets us both down!"

"Have one of mine if it comes to that," said Ernest.

"No, sir, I won't do that, but it's very good of you all the same."

"Oh, come along, my man, take one."

"No, sir; I don't cadge."

"Oh!" said Ernest, rather taken aback.

"Do have one, my husband has plenty."

"No, thank you, madam, I'd rather not." He had pride and a will, and a throb of pleasure went through her, pleasure mixed with despair. She felt him looking at her, and turned away to inspect the blackberries. In a moment he would go on, dart up the path with his companion, and disappear as it were into heaven.

"What about you?" said Ernest to the sailor so strangely called Tiny.

Tiny had no such scruples. He thrust out his huge paw with a grin and a grunt. "Her" sailor shook his head and looked a little disdainful. "There's nothing Tiny wouldn't say no to, is there, Tiny?" he remarked.

"Tiny's a sensible fellow," said Ernest. The sailors, by their civil yet cheerful demeanour, had quite reassured him. He now dominated the situation, and behaved as if he was conducting an open-air class for older boys. "Come along, Tiny." He stretched up a match to the expectant lips.

"Thanks ever so," Tiny responded.

Hilda let out a cackle. It was "ever so," the forbidden phrase. The sailors laughed too, as did Ernest. He had become unusually genial. He astonished her by saying, "Oh, Hilda, I'm sorry, here I am smoking and I never asked you whether you would smoke too." It was the first time he had invited her to smoke in public. She declined, thinking he was testing her, but he asked her again and she took one.

"I'm ever so—I'm very sorry."

"That's quite all right, dear, might I have a match?"

"Her" sailor whipped a box out of his breast. Tiny, equally polite, blew on the tip of his cigarette and held it towards her. She felt flustered, enmeshed in blue arms, dazzled by rose-red and sunburnt flesh, intoxicated by strength, saltiness, the unknown. When she escaped it was to her husband. Her sailor still held out the lighted match which she had used. "Sir, may I change my mind and have one of your cigarettes after all?" he said coolly.

"Of course, of course, come along all and sundry."

He took one, used the lighted match on it, then blew the match out and placed it in his breast. The match they had shared—there it lay . . . close to him, hidden in him, safe. . . . He looked at her, touched his jumper, smiled a little and looked away, puffing his cigarette. At that moment the sun blazed out and it turned into a nice afternoon.

She looked away too. There was something dangerous about the man, something of the bird of prey. He had marked her down for his fell purpose, she must be careful like any other heroine. If only he wasn't so handsome, so out-of-the-way handsome. "Who's saying no, Stan, now?" his companion guffawed. So his name was Stan. . . . Stanley perhaps. What had led such a man to join the Navy? Perhaps some trouble at home.

"Stan's sensible, don't you tease Stan," piped Ernest. They proceeded in a safe enough formation towards the obelisk, the two sailors in front, she behind Tiny's buttocks, from which she had nothing to fear. Gradually the order altered—Ernest's fault. He was elated with his success,

and kept on pestering the men with questions about their work. Tiny fell back to deal with them, but was ill-informed. So "Stan" joined them, and she went on ahead. It was nicer than she expected—everyone good-tempered, including her husband. But she still wished she had not come.

"It's a funny thing, a day on shore," said the easy silky voice. He had stolen up behind her —no scrambling this time. She turned, and his eyes moved up and down her body.

"How do you mean, funny? I don't understand."

"You hardly know what to do with yourself. You're let out of prison, as it were, the discipline stops, you find a shipmate who happens to be on leave too, you go off with him, though you have nothing in common, he wants to go to the pictures, so you go, he thinks he'd like a walk, so you go, he asks the way of strangers, with the result that you inflict yourself on them too. It's a funny life, the Navy. You're never alone, you're never independent. I don't like tacking on to people, the way that youngster I'm with does. I've told him of it before, but he turns everything into a joke."

"Why is he called Tiny?"

"Merely because he's so large. Another joke. You know the kind of thing, and how weary one gets of it. Still, life's not a bed of roses anywhere, I suppose."

"No, it isn't, it isn't."

She ought not to have made such a remark, and she was glad when he ignored it and went on: "And I've got to be called Stan although my name's really Stanhope."

"Stanhope?"

"It was my mother's family name. We came from Cheshire. However, all that's over, and I'm Stan." There was a tinge of melancholy in his voice which made it fatally attractive. For all his gaiety, he had suffered, suffered. . . . When she threw away her cigarette he did the same, and he gently touched his breast.

This frightened Hilda. She didn't want any nonsense, and she suggested that they should wait for her husband. He obeyed, and turned his profile to her as they waited. He looked even finer that way than full-face; the brow was so noble, the nose and the chin so firm, the lips so tender, the head poised so beautifully upon the sinewy neck, the colouring lovelier than imagination can depict. Here, however, was Ernest, coming round the corner like a cheerful ant. He held Tiny's cap in his hand, and was questioning him on the subject of his naval costume.

"Are we going on any further?" she called.

"I think so. Why not?"

"It seems turning out rather a climb."

"We have plenty of time, abundance of time, before the bus goes."

"Yes, but we must be keeping these gentlemen back, you and I walk so slowly."

"I was not aware of walking slowly. You in a hurry, Stan?" he called familiarly.

"Not the least, not in the very least, sir, thank you."

"You, Tiny?"

"Hurry for what?"

"Do you want to go on and leave us?"

Grateful to Hilda for calling him a gentleman, he beamed up at her and said, "What's 'is name, please?"—pointing to Ernest as if he were some rare animal and could not answer questions.

"My husband—his name's Ernest."

"Think his Trilby'd fit me?" His hand shot out to pull it off, but he was checked by a quiet word of reproof from Stanhope. Ernest scuttled back a step. "Chum, I won't hurt you, chum, chuck chuck, chum, chum," as if feeding chicken.

"Certain people always go too far, they spoil things, it's a pity," Stanhope remarked to her as they continued their walk.

How right he was—though for the moment Tiny had entertained her, also she got a wicked pleasure when Ernest's cowardice got exposed. She smiled, and felt clever herself, not realizing that Stanhope now walked behind her, which was exactly what she had not meant to happen. "My husband and him seem getting on quite nicely," she said.

"Tiny's always ready to play the fool, day in, day out. I'm afraid I don't understand it. Something wrong with me, I suppose."

"One gets rather tired of anything that's always the same, I think."

He offered no opinion, and they walked on for five minutes without saying anything. The path was well marked and not steep, and many pretty flowers, both yellow and pink, grew between the stones. Glimpses of the sea appeared, dancing blue, the aeroplane turned into a gull. The interval separating the two sailors gradually increased. "What made you join the Navy?" she said suddenly.

He told her—it was fascinating. He was of good family—she had guessed as much!—but wanted to see the world. He had left a soft job in an office when he was eighteen. He told her the name of the office. She happened to have heard of it in her typist days, and was instantly possessed by a feeling of security. Of course she was safe with him—ridiculous. He reeled off the names of ports, known and unknown. He was not very young when you were close to him, but Hilda did not like very young men, they were not distinguished, and her dream was distinction. These well-marked features, this hair, raven-black against the snowy line of the cap, yet flecked at the temples with gray, suited her best, oh and those eyes, cruel eyes, kind eyes, kind, cruel, oh! they burnt into your shoulders, if you turned and faced them it was worse. And she so dumpy! She tried to steady herself by her modesty, which was considerable, and well-grounded. And a batch of people came downhill and passed them—it was only an extension of the esplanade. "No, Hilda, no one like this is going to bother to seduce you," she told herself.

"I suppose I can't persuade you," he said. He took out of his jumper a cigarette-case, and opened it.

"But I thought you hadn't got any cigarettes," she cried.

He snapped the case up, put it back, and said, "Caught!"

"What do you mean? Why ever did you ask for one when you had all those?"

"I decline to answer that question," he smiled.

"I want to know. (Continued on page 187)

CECIL BEATON



E. M. Forster: fame kept him silent

One rainy day in November, 1960, I went by train from London to Cambridge to take E. M. Forster the first copy of my book of short stories, *The Warm Country*, for which he had written an introduction. He looked in it and expressed a gentle regret that I had not, after all, included a story about a sexual episode between three boys which he had read and liked, but which I feared the publisher would consider too bold, although standards have changed so drastically in the last dozen years that today it would be considered unnoticeably mild. When I left, he lent me the manuscripts of his unpublished novel, *Maurice*, and of two unpublished stories.

Later in the week, on a rare day of sun ("I got scared with the weather this morning," Forster said. "A very rum feeling. I thought it had its eye on me.") he came to London. We had tea at the Reform Club and talked about the manuscripts—an encounter from which I retain less of our words than of the sight of his mildly stooped figure, a youthful eighty-one years old, in his gabardine raincoat and tweed cap, descending the stairway of the Piccadilly Circus underground station, the loose parcel of manuscripts in his hand.

Maurice was published in 1971, a year after Forster's death; this spring it will be followed by a collection of his stories, *The Life To Come*, containing those I read and a dozen others. The editor divides the stories into two groups: the first, early work; the second, to which *The Obelisk* belongs, stories written throughout the years, which Forster never offered to publishers because of "their homosexual content." Some are more Rabelaisian than the story I withheld. Not *The Obelisk*. Many a respectable literary magazine would have printed it before 1960; its retention was part of a larger decision, of Forster's awareness of being a public figure, a contributor to English literature, and of his preferring to keep his personal relations and affections as private as possible until, after his death, they would inevitably become history.

The Obelisk is of a fairly late date, probably 1939; and although it is printed from a rough typescript, it is craftsmanship-perfect, a small masterpiece of subtlety and humor, written in the style of Forster's novels, ironic, gentle, yet iron-sure in its morality, a facetious story whose narrative circumspection is not a compromise but a technical tour de force leading to its final plot somersault of surprise.

—Donald Windham

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Donald Windham's latest book is Tanaquil: or The Hardest Thing of All, a novel, published last year in Verona, Italy, in a limited edition of 250 copies.*



DIANA ROSS

A plastic-pop star becomes a powerful actress, a loving woman

By Camille Duhé

There was that voice to begin with—silky and sexy, curling around and over the pulse of the Motown Sound—in 1964, it introduced us to Diana Ross.

A beautiful teen-ager, straight out of a Detroit high school with all the glamour that a summer-lightning way with wigs and sequinned gowns could lend; a dazzle of syncopated gestures to the love-drenched beat.

From their first million-record hit, *Where Did Our Love Go?*, Diana Ross and The Supremes went on to be the only group ever to have six consecutive Number 1 songs in one year. That was nine years ago, and the record stands.

Glamorous excess led non-fans to dub them "The Extremes."

Diana left the group but, according to a close friend, "her idea was still production; put a lot of pizazz in the act." In nightclubs and on television specials, she surrounded herself with a pyrotechnic display of dresses, wigs, dancers, and back-up singers.

Last fall, in a one-woman show at the Waldorf-Astoria, there was, suddenly, a new Diana Ross. . . . A woman. Beautiful, assured, simple of gesture. Relaxed. The frenzied child was gone, replaced by an artist who mesmerized with perfection of detail rather than a plethora of effects.

In her first film, *Lady Sings the Blues*, she played the drink-and-dope-destroyed legend of jazz, Billie Holiday. Diana showed a mature understanding of a complicated woman and gave a performance that, according to Billie Holiday's friend, jazz critic Leonard Feather, was "almost startling."

Diana Ross will be twenty-nine this month.

"When I see myself on the screen, I see my emotions. Film, and a camera sometimes, can read your head—that can be dangerous. But I see a more mature me, and—it scares me. . . . If I am different now when I perform, it's because my values in life are quite different. Am I more secure? I don't know that it's security, but my husband and my children have a great deal to do with it."

Diana and her husband, Bob Silberstein, have two daughters: Rhonda, who will be two in August, and Tracee Joy, born last November. She feels that her interracial marriage is a strong one because "We have a reason, and know there are odds to fight against. Adjusting was quite difficult the first year, but we've been married for three years, and we've bypassed all that, God willing."

They live in a resolutely modern Beverly Hills house decorated by Diana with "a mix-up of everything that's me: plants, a mirrored piano that I'm learning to play, lots of bright color, and a pool table—I love all sorts of games: pool, backgammon, chess. . . ."

That's where Diana Silberstein is happiest. "When you have children, you just don't want to be hopping on a jet to go someplace else and perform."

Sometimes, though, the jet must be hopped. To accept an award as "Entertainer of the Year" from *Cue* magazine, and to be photographed for Vogue, Diana Ross boarded a plane for New York in her ski sweater, blouse, and corduroy jeans. "I cried my eyes out over the movie on the plane, *Butterflies are Free*."

Next day at noon, she arrives at Richard Avedon's studio. The eyes are clear, liquid—enormous rounds in a face that is all delicate arcs and curves. Often in an Afro at home, her hair today is covered by a wig of short brushed waves. . . . Sable coat, green-and-white printed silk shirt, black velvet jeans, and a col- (Continued on next page)

AVEDON

"I am
different now
...it scares me"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

"As Billie Holiday, I almost lived another life

(Continued) lection of bangles in jewelry. "It's my favorite love the color because it makes me happy, so I'm really into turquoise." Ropes of it around her neck, rings, and a bracelet. "It's a gift from my husband—it's a very old Indian piece."

She will do her own makeup—precisely, quickly, professionally...."At home, I don't wear any makeup, unless I get up on the wrong side of the bed, then eyelashes or a little rouge can put me in a good mood...."

"She has a chameleon quality" says her friend and longtime manager, Shelly Berger. "One minute she's a little kid, a tomboy—those opening scenes of the film, that's really Diana—the next minute she's a very sophisticated woman."

Her mercurial changes apply to clothes, as well. "I don't have any favorite colors—anything that makes me feel good that day, in that mood." The mood might be frivolous. For that, she had made a wardrobe of sunglasses, "my Lolita glasses," with heart shaped lenses tinted lime green, lemon yellow, peppermint pink, and sea blue.

Of her incredibly successful screen debut, Diana Ross says: "The only time I was scared was after I had signed for the film, and I started reading these articles saying, "Who does Diana Ross think she is?" I started to think maybe I shouldn't be trying to play Billie Holiday, someone I never knew.... I heard my first (Continued on page 190)

DIANA ROSS

OPEN OPINIONS

BY JEAN STAFFORD

DON'T SEND ME gladiolus

"In the hospital, the invalid is at the mercy of rapists, robbers, voyeurs...and, above all, well-wishing bores"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The high sense of style that Jean Stafford (who often reviews books for Vogue) brings to her novels and short stories should be used in visiting sick friends—as she instructs us here. She is at work now on a novel and—same time—on a collection of her short pieces.* Few paradoxes puzzle me more than that of the pitiable vulnerability of a patient in a hospital: unless he is suffering from a gunshot wound received in retaliation for resisting arrest and his door is therefore guarded by an armed policeman, or unless the sign "BLACK DEATH! BEWARE!" defends his portal, the invalid (even the malingerer who happens to have given a pavilion to the hospital with provisions for its upkeep into perpetuity) is totally at the mercy of rapists, robbers, voyeurs, vacuum-cleaner salesmen, pimps, pushers, and, above all, well-wishing bores.

"No Visitors" signs may cause the uninvited Samaritan to hesitate, but not for long: this admonition is not directed against *him* since he is so old a friend and has so much cheer to offer or—deliver us!—so many tales to tell of other illnesses, much worse, that he and his relatives and colleagues and trash-men have endured. By and large, hospital visitors, inspired by the smell of iodoform, like to discuss disease: by and large, so does the patient, but the patient would like to talk about his own distemper and not hear sad stories of the erysipelas in a Des Moines great-aunt once famous for her interpretation of Chopin *études*.

Hospital life is extremely active: not only are there the cross-examinations to be gone through (the interns interrogate and so do the nurses, the aides, the television repairmen, the maids, the technicians, the dieticians, and the unsolicited clergymen) but there are, as well, the bloodlettings, the exposures to death rays cast by the great evil Cyclopean eyes in the roentgen parlors, the monotonous ingestion of nutrition through a bottle or, even worse, that of solid matter cooked in a hog trough on Tuesday and served on Saturday.

And besides, there is, these days, in the absence of domestic help, a very great deal of housekeeping to attend to: litter left behind by the bloodsuckers must be disposed of, windowsills dusted, flowers divested of their dead blossoms and leaves and their water changed. By the time visiting hour comes around, the patient should be settling down to a good long rest and should not have to be host to a gathering of loving but loquacious friends and neighbors. How awful it is and how awfully often it happens that sworn enemies meet in a sick room and poor old Lazarus who has been quite comfy where he was has to rise up and negotiate.

I have made up a list of rules I would like to have kept—more or less to the letter—by my friends when I am preoccupied and therefore not altogether hospitable in a hospital. It is possible that no one else alive will agree with me, but I rather imagine I will have a partisan or two.

1. Vis-à-vis visits: Please telephone first and ask me straightforwardly if I am in the mood for conversation. If you are straightforward, I will tell you the truth; but if you are devious, so will I be and I'll say, "Of course, do come!" when, in point of fact, I mean "Go jump in the lake," and you will come and I will hate you forevermore. Do not bring your houseguest whom I have never met before. Do not stay longer than twenty minutes even if I implore you to linger. If a doctor comes into my room, gracefully absent yourself after I have gracefully introduced you to him.

If another visitor comes while you are there, take your leave after a tactful interval: if this person is known to you, do not recapitulate last Tuesday's dog of a cocktail party at the Jenkinson's dread-o new apartment; if, on the other hand, this person is a stranger, please do not compile a dossier to determine if you possibly attended the same boarding school. Do not tell me that I look in the pink and do not tell me that I look as if I'd been through hell. Do not disagree with me.

2. Offerings: send me small bouquets of small flowers, of violets and garnet roses and miniature carnations, freesias, and ranunculuses. I don't want tall leggy things like gladiolus or larkspur: my world these days is very small and so must my garden be. Or bring me a pretty memorandum book and a nice fresh felt pen. Or, if you're rather well-heeled, a simple (the simplicity part is why you have to be well-heeled) bed jacket. Light books that won't hurt my eyes or my brain: E. F. Benson's Lucia books or *The Girl of the Limberlost*. If I am to be abed a fairly long time, it would be nice of you to bring me one of your pictures I admire to replace the institutional landscape after the manner of—in a manner of speaking—Cézanne.

One time when I was incarcerated for numerous weeks, a genius of angelic originality sent me six small pots and six small packets of seeds of herbs, a small bag of soil and a smaller one of encouraging minerals and other things to hearten plants. I grew basil and thyme and, if you can believe it, *saffron*. The whole staff were my advisers and my husbandmen (they watered my prizes with eyedroppers, they pruned with scalpels) and my partners. Because of my herbarium, I was the most popular infarction on the floor.

Don't send me Get Well cards: send me small letters in which a joke is embedded or a dangerous piece of scandal, or send me newspaper clippings about weddings in the hinterland, written in fulsome prose of hearts and flowers and the bridegroom's double-knit polyester lounge suit. Mail, really, is the best of all. Cherish but do not pamper me. Treat me as if I were a grown-up temporarily under the weather. Above all, if I have a broken back, don't carry on about your sciatica. Sickness is a condition; it is not a social occasion. ■

Here, Vogue continues a series of opinions from some of the world's brightest and most expert minds. You don't have to agree, we don't have to agree . . . but let's think about it.



BY GRAHAM GREENE

DISLOYALTY as a virtue

"If there is a virtue in disloyalty it can only be that the disloyalty is committed in the service of...greater loyalty"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This essay pulls the loyalty rug out from under Shakespeare, is part of the bonus of short stories, other writings Graham Greene has produced alongside his best-selling novels. The newest novel,* The Honorary Consul *(fall, Simon and Schuster), will be the twentieth.*

The Virtue of Disloyalty is, I well realize, a catch-phrase, for if there is a virtue in disloyalty it can only be that the disloyalty is committed in the service of what a man believes to be a greater loyalty.

I have described in *A Sort of Life* how in my school days I found myself the inexperienced victim of divided loyalties, and perhaps since those days the subject of disloyalty has obsessed me. I can see now that it was the mainspring of my first published novel *The Man Within,* and I can watch it shoot up, like a tiresome and persistent weed, over the whole terrain of my later books. Any reader will detect it easily enough in *It's a Battlefield, The Heart of the Matter, Our Man in Havana,* and my friend Kim Philby in his autobiography spotted it accurately in *The Confidential Agent.*

I remember one day in Rule's, in the 'thirties, overhearing a conversation at another table. A farmer was discussing the laborers whom he was able to hire at cut rates from a neighboring lunatic asylum. He said: "They are admirable workers. And they are so loyal." My suspicion of what many people call loyalty was confirmed that day, though perhaps I would not go quite so far as my character Javitt in "Under the Garden," who advised: "If you have to earn a living, boy, and the price they make you pay is loyalty, be a double-agent—and let neither of the two sides know your real name."

When I was—for no reason which I could rationally understand—awarded the Shakespeare prize at Hamburg, this problem of disloyalty against loyalty seemed a suitable subject for a German audience of whom the majority would not have been born when Hitler died, and their elders . . . who knows what conflicts they had felt? My attack on Shakespeare, to whom I indirectly owed the prize, disquieted the professors but, I think, pleased the students.

The attack should be taken with a grain of salt; it masks a different offensive, and yet it does represent a genuine suspicion which has qualified my admiration of Shakespeare—the suspicion of something cold and prudent in the poet's nature that at times makes the blank verse, however free and rugged, seem to be smoother than the alexandrines of Racine.

The Virtue of Disloyalty would not, I believe, have appealed to Shakespeare as a subject. Surely if there is one supreme poet of conservatism, of what we now call the Establishment, it is he.

In his great poetic history of England, he began with *Henry VI,* who was almost as close to his own time as we are to the war of 1870, and then worked backwards, receding from the dangerous present, the England of plots and persecutions, into the safer past. Shakespeare's father was a Roman Catholic, who did not conform, but the only line I can recall of Shakespeare's reflecting critically on the Reformation is a metaphor in the Sonnets which could easily be explained away:

"Bare ruined choirs where
once the sweet birds sang."

If there is one word which chimes through Shakespeare's early plays, it is the word Peace. In times of political trouble the Establishment is apt to appeal to this ideal of peace:

"God's gentle sleeping peace.
The troubler of the poor
world's peace."

Peace as a nostalgia for a lost past—peace which Shakespeare associated, like a retired colonial governor with firm administration:

"Peace it bodes, and love
and quiet life,
An awe-full rule, and right
supremacy."

There are moments as he mocks at poor Jack Cade and his peasant rebels, when we revolt against this bourgeois poet on his way to the house at Stratford and his coat of arms, and we sometimes tire even of the great tragedies, where the marvelous beauty of the verse takes away the sting and the last lines heal all, with right supremacy reestablished by Fortinbras, Malcolm, and Octavius Caesar. Then we are inclined to use against him the accusation flung at Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You have too much respect
upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it
with such care."

Of course he is the greatest of all poets, but we who live in times just as troubled as he, times full of the deaths of tyrants, a time of secret agents, assassinations and plots and torture chambers, sometimes feel ourselves more at home with the sulphurous anger of Dante, the self-disgust of Baudelaire and the blasphemies of Villon, poets who dared to reveal themselves whatever the danger, and the danger was very real. The first earned exile, the second a trial for obscenity, and the third possibly a hangman's cord.

So we think in our day of Pasternak; Daniel; Sinyavsky; Ginsberg; Solzhenitsyn in Russia; Roa Bastos, a fugitive from Paraguay; George Seferis making his brave protest in Greece. On this roll of honor the name of Shakespeare does not appear, and yet, and yet. . . . I like to believe that if he had lived a little longer, his name would not have been absent.

We grow a little tired of the artificial problem of the Prince of Denmark (a mother's incest and a father's murder is not an experience we can easily share), and a young suicide today is unlikely to brood so deliberately in the Wittenberg manner on the dilemma "To be or not to be." But in his last years Shakespeare did strike the same note of outrage as Dante and Villon in the two characters I prefer to think of as one composite character, Timon-Caliban:

"You taught me language;
and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse."

If only he had lived a few more years, so that we could have seen the great poet of the Establishment defect to the side of the poet Southwell disemboweled for so-called treason, to the side of those who by the very nature of their calling will always be "troublers of the poor world's peace"—Zola writing "J'Accuse," Dostoevsky before a firing squad, Victor Hugo following Dante into exile, the Russian writers in their labor camps. One cannot help putting a higher value on what their rulers have regarded as disloyalty than the musical sentiments of loyalty expressed by so unlikely a character as John of Gaunt: "This happy breed of men . . . this earth, this realm, this England."

These complacent lines were published in 1597. Two years before, Shakespeare's fellow poet Southwell had died on the scaffold after three years of torture. If only Shakespeare had shared his disloyalty, we could have loved him better as a man.

It has always been in the interests of the State to poison the psychological wells, to encourage catcalls, to restrict human sympathy. It makes government easier when the people shout Galilean, Papist, Fascist, Communist. Isn't it the storyteller's task to act as the devil's advocate, to elicit sympathy and a measure of understanding for those who lie outside the boundaries of State approval? The writer is driven by his own vocation to be a protestant in a Catholic society, a catholic in a Protestant one, to see the virtues of the capitalist in a Communist society, of the Communist in a capitalist state. Thomas Paine wrote, "We must guard even our enemies against injustice."

If only writers could maintain that one virtue of disloyalty—for them more important than charity—unspotted from the world. Honors, even this prizegiving, State patronage, success, the

(Continued on page 194)

SHAKESPEARE WOODCUT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



THE PRINCE OF BROADWAY

"Hal is a two-decade miracle of unconventional musicals; self-humor; stand-up, all-cheering, nonstop energy."

"When Hal makes commercial theater," says Boris Aronson, "he makes art." Hal (he uses Harold for signing checks, other formal-formal occasions) also makes money for self and everyone else involved. Lots of money, friends, and joy. In a show-biz world notorious for its shoot-the-shoots chumships, his friends are forever. Nobody works for Hal: they work with him.

A deeply private man about his ten-year-long marriage, his two children, Hal will talk passionately, uninhibitedly about theater—his, anyone's. Consider his Princely record: from *The Pajama Game*, 1954, to *A Little Night Music*, 1973, by way of *West Side Story, Fiorello!, Take Her, She's Mine, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, Fiddler on the Roof, Cabaret, Company, Follies, The Great God Brown*—the last directed for the Phoenix Theatre: Hal plans to stage at least a play a season for them, is one of their three artistic directors. Some twenty shibboleth-shattering shows in almost twenty years.

When asked to what he attributes his success, Prince said, "Luck!" Then, blue eyes delighted, tracking speedily (Hal almost never sits—he walks incessantly) about his office—a collage of memorabilia and reminders high above the ice-skating rink in Rockefeller Center—he amplified: "Luck is when Walter Kerr reviews *Cabaret* for *The New York Times* and Clive Barnes doesn't. And Clive Barnes reviews *Zorba* for the *Times* and Walter Kerr doesn't."

About *A Little Night Music*, mined from Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night*, Hal said, "For twelve years Steve Sondheim and I have wanted to do a romantic show. In this one, we're talking about age and what a superfluity the figure of a person's age is and how people gauge their deportment on what they think the accepted behavior for the particular age they are is—and that's a lot of garbage.... We're talking



PENN

Producer-director Harold Prince backed by ever-loving co-workers, left to right: composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim; costume designer Florence Klotz; scenic designer Boris Aronson; assistant Annette Brafman Meyers; The New Phoenix Repertory Company managing director T. Edward Hambleton. Top row: musical director Harold Hastings; co-producer Ruth Mitchell; casting director Joanna Merlin.

about social postures, deceits. They're not necessary any longer. All of that is an enormous disservice to people—disastrous, dangerous. We have too many problems for that."

So they set it all to kiss-and-tell waltzes, spiked it with worldly wit, gave it a deeply loving and loved heart; and it is the latest Prince collaboration: *A Little Night Music.*

—Leo Lerman

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The problems of keeping the truce and Senator Hugh Scott's sane comment, "Give peace a chance."... *New York Times* man Anthony Lewis's name for the final Vietnam exchanges: "The Last Tango."... The fanfare about lifting wage-price controls and a good deal of curiosity about what the word "voluntary" really means.... Nixon dancing.... The "Cowboys and Indians" course at Dartmouth probing the romanticized history of the Wild West and its impact on the national character, the male image—background reading like *Black Elk Speaks;* required movies like *They Died With Their Boots On* starring Errol Flynn; lectures on "how the Indians got the shaft."...This maxim from Britain's buckeye Prime Minister Edward Heath, "I would never urge people to behave themselves."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Gunther Malzacher, one of the most desirable leading men in ages in *The First Circle,* a flawed movie based on the Solzhenitsyn novel which, being long and talky, complex and Russian, has screenplay problems. ...Inside tip on how to see Washington's Chinese pandas when they're awake and of a mind to frolic: the zoo feeding times are 9:00 and 4:00.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *The Jockey Club Stakes,* one of those frail but wonderfully funny English plays with Wilfrid Hyde-White conveying as much with a tiny glint as another actor would with a pratfall, muddling through racing scandals along with two other endearing and aristocratic old crooks....The word "quintessential" taking over where "charisma" left off, used in one woman's phrase as "the quintessential plumber."...The going lingo for martinis, "silver bullets," backed by the suggestion that gin and vodka race into the bloodstream faster than other booze....The flashy, all-too-topical movie *Save the Tiger* with Jack Lemmon a man beset, as he was "Apartment"-wise before they turned his hair to silver and put him in the rag trade speaking lines like, "Why should I worry? It only costs me $200 to get up in the morning."... Carly Simon singing the brag-brag-brag song "You're So Vain," backed by Mick Jagger, bass, drums, and guitar—"I had some dreams," it goes, "they were clouds in my coffee."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...PBS's latest lift from the BBC, *Tom Brown's Schooldays,* a tonic joy; Anthony Murphy simply splendid as Tom and there's a sustained sense of the risk of standing up to bullies—you may end up in the jolly pond....The story Mayor John Lindsay apparently invented or told on himself: a politician goes to hell, finding there many of his fellows, each immersed in boiling oil to a level matching the blackness of his sins. One is only ankle-deep; the expressed explanation—he's standing on John Lindsay's shoulders.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Pauline Kael's book, *Deeper Into Movies,* a collection of her brainy, richly informed articles that amount to more than criticism and vastly entertain with such tags as "Mr. Segal's Little Golden movie book" applied to *Love Story*....The New York Dolls, a hard rock group bringing the cognoscenti to Max's Kansas City with their raunchy repertoire, lots of *rock oldies* (would you believe?).

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Porno hanging out all over—is it an art form or just plain corno? and what *about* those sedate ladies and briefcased men showing up at the box office for *Deep Throat?*...Birth control for dogs and cats seriously urged upon us by the Bide-a-Wee people....*Below the Salt,* a first U.S. album by the English pop bunch, Steeleye Span, who concentrate on vintage songs in modern arrangements—for instance, the salty "Royal Forester" subtitled "The Arboriculturist Meets Superwoman," first heard in English in 1293, though its message is older: "he's robbed me of my maidenhead/And another I cannot find."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Right-on recipes for the health-eaters in *The George Bernard Shaw Vegetarian Cook Book* by his housekeeper, Alice Laden, and R. J. Minney; guests had cocktails, red wine, red meat while G.B.S. sipped water and stuck to his cheese fritters and chestnut ice....New productions, East Coast and West, of *A Streetcar Named Desire,* which—astonishingly—is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, coincident with the Broadway opening, scheduled for this month, of Tennessee Williams's new play, *Out Cry,* with Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick....*De Kooning Drawings,* with text by Thomas B. Hess, a strong and handsome book spanning fifty years of the artist's work and including a surprise of early sketches; many things never reproduced before, some of them studies "like leaves fallen from some huge tree" for his major works—the earth women.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Ragtime in a great big way—at its ever-lovin' best when it's played by terrific ninety-year-old Eubie Blake, spry as a jumping frog, with style and wit and an irresistible accented beat; great when he plays his own rags (say, "Memories of You") and very fine with Scott Joplin's stuff. ...The Fiesta Pup—frank on bun topped with chili, cheese, and onions, featured by a New York beanery...."Gutting a kitchen is to an architect what an orgasm is to Women's Lib," a word from nicely flat-footed American writer John Crosby now living in England and stirred up about all those people restoring Welsh cottages and their ilk....*Word of Mouth,* a sassy New York restaurant guide that sometimes puts its foot where the title is but also contains quantities of information and some fairly tough ratings.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...Marian McPartland—the subtleties, the fun, the love that flows from her piano (recently at the Carlyle) and for keeps on her Halcyon record, *A Delicate Balance*.... The Swimobile, a new gismo with bars you grasp firmly while it carries you through the waves at speeds up to eight miles an hour; also tows mini-rafts....*Last Tango in Paris,* a movie slated for a good year's controversy—Bertolucci's daring production superb, Brando brilliant, the script erotic, but is it really the moving romantic movie of the 'seventies? will it stand up to all the raves?

BY JOSUÉ CORCOS, M.D.

ACUPUNCTURE

its place in modern medicine... what it can do...what it can't

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Corcos, a practicing New York internist and specialist in rheumatic diseases, first studied acupuncture some years ago in Paris and recently spent a month studying acupuncture in China in the major hospitals of Shanghai, Peking, and Canton. He holds attestations from his Chinese colleagues obtained for his further research in this area of medicine which has excited so much interest in the Western world.

The spectacular achievements of Chinese medicine are now suddenly being unveiled to the West. Acupuncture, a healing art as old as Chinese history itself, has become a household word in America. Everyone has seen in the news its recent success, especially as applied to surgery, but skepticism in the face of long ignorance and neglect is only too understandable.

How can a few needles, actually a few pins, applied to very specific and precise points of the ears or legs, suppress pain to the extent that surgery can be performed safely and comfortably without additional anesthesia. Is this a miracle or does it have some scientific basis?

Even in modern China, scientists and physicians alike are looking at acupuncture and herbal medicine with fresh curiosity and renewed interest in discovering the basic principles that explain their daily clinical results and their latest successes.

However, acupuncture is neither a historical curiosity nor a path to some medical religion. It is important to correct the false and exaggerated impressions which have naturally arisen and to place acupuncture within the framework of modern medicine.

France, the second home of modern acupuncture, saw its introduction in 1934. Acupuncture has been practiced and taught by the French medical profession and is an accepted form of therapy paid for by the national health insurance. In England, acupuncture has been practiced over the past decade and is currently being taught. The Soviet Union, by its decree of 1959, introduced the teaching of acupuncture in its medical schools. Suffice it to say that most other European countries are involved to some degree in acupuncture research and practice.

How is acupuncture viewed by American doctors?

It is futile to think of acupuncture as a panacea in spite of the numerous tales of patients who claim a complete cure even after one treatment. Careful physicians must look at acupuncture with a critical eye and try to understand it; their apparent skepticism is constructive since the lack of thorough evaluation can lead only to its misuse and eventual disappearance from modern medicine.

The concern of American physicians should be directed to initiating painstaking, well-designed studies to evaluate in no uncertain terms the clinical results of acupuncture. This effort must be supported rather than decried. First, we must understand all about acupuncture and learn about its uses, abuses, and limitations. Second, scientific research must be undertaken to understand its rationale, its basic mechanisms, and ascertain its real value. This will not only advance the knowledge of acupuncture but also refine it and increase the areas of potential therapeutic applicability.

It is essential to remove the legend and folklore and replace the old theories and the picturesque language with newer, more accurate physiological and pathological concepts. This would place acupuncture within the reach of physicians and patients alike and bring about a more accurate estimate of its potential in modern medicine.

What is the future of acupuncture in the United States and in the world?

There is little doubt that acupuncture is here to stay, but its future will be greatly determined by the seriousness with which its study is undertaken in the West. It will never replace scientific medicine but it definitely has a role in helping and sometimes curing certain conditions which up to now have not been amenable to conservative medical treatment. The condition may involve pain without any clear specific cause or the pain may not be severe enough to warrant treatment with a possibly harmful medication. Therefore, acupuncture has a place as an analgesic, and if it can give partial relief of pain so that the use of chemical analgesics may be decreased it will have won its place in medicine.

Its newer use as an anesthetic will certainly be more readily accepted. Acupuncture will be used in dental surgery as well as in general surgery where chemical anesthesia is required. It will eliminate the inherent risks due to the toxicity of general anesthetics, many of which involve a certain percentage of mortality.

It is easy to recognize its applicability to critical procedures such as heart and lung surgery. For older people or patients with a diminished physical resistance for whom general anesthesia can be more a menace than a help, acupuncture can be life-saving.

There is no doubt that acupuncture anesthesia must be developed and refined and made reproducible in Western countries. In China, only selected procedures are performed and those very procedures are constantly being studied and improved.

Acupuncture anesthesia is a form of local anesthesia. It does not have to be used alone; it can be used in conjunction with local anesthesia and pain-killing medication for those procedures that may be either very painful or that will last too long. In such cases acupuncture can reduce the dangers or difficulties inherent to each anesthetic used by itself.

It must be emphasized that not all surgery in China is done under acupuncture anesthesia. Only about 30 percent of all cases involve operating under these conditions, and most hospitals limit their experience to surgical procedures with which they are most familiar in order to acquire greater experience with the use of acupuncture and a greater degree of safety, knowledge, and success.

Several medical centers in America have already successfully performed a number of operations under acupuncture anesthesia.

What about the treatment of disease?

The use of acupuncture in the treatment of diseases of the nervous system, such as nerve pain, migraine headaches, certain types of deafness, and various forms of paralysis has only begun. The spectacular results I witnessed during my visit to China are impressive and encouraging though difficult to evaluate.

What about acupuncture and chronic backaches or arthritis?

Its application to all the chronic diseases which involve constant pain and disability is obvious. By now, everyone has heard of the dramatic relief of backache, neck pain, and other muscular disorders. In chronic arthritic conditions, pain is a dominant factor, associated with the inflammation of the joints, weak and aching muscles, and relentless degrees of discomfort. After treatment, physical discomfort is diminished and the mental attitude—which is just as involved—improves dramatically. Moods are altered by constant pain and discomfort, and arthritics are chronic sufferers in constant misery. Current medications are often either too weak, too strong, or too dangerous and often fail to provide adequate relief; and they may have serious or unpleasant side effects. Consequently, any relief of pain obtained with acupuncture can only be a valuable adjunct to the management of these chronic diseases.



© JOSUÉ CORCOS, M.D., 1972

"Aspirin has been used until recently without the knowledge of its exact mechanism"



Left: Acupuncture needles inserted in the ear for acupuncture anesthesia prior to surgery on the thyroid gland. Photographed by Dr. Corcos in Peking in 1972.
Above left: Acupuncture in the back of the knee for the treatment of pain caused by arthritis—a pin as thin as a guitar string.
Above right: A model of the human ear which indicates the various points for acupuncture.

Acupuncture does not restore destroyed tissues, eroded bones, or dislocated joints, and it is evident that its use in early cases of disease will always be more successful than in more advanced and severe disease processes. Whatever its actual mechanism of action may be, whether one can look upon it as a valid means of producing analgesia or even as a psychotherapeutic agent, the fact that it can relieve some pain and discomfort by simple and innocuous means without apparent danger is sufficient to give it an important place in modern therapy.

No disease entity is ever as complex and obscure as arthritic disorders; they cannot be attacked on a single front. We must use every reliable method that will reduce inflammation, relieve pain, and restore function with the greatest degree of safety. The use of acupuncture treatment must be integrated into the comprehensive scientific management of the individual patient.

In spite of the apparent value of acupuncture in many of these diseases, very few reliable studies have been performed or published in medical literature. No medical publication is available or even in existence in China at this time. At present, therefore, it is difficult to evaluate the progress of acupuncture in foreign countries and it is imperative that, before acupuncture is used with any degree of confidence, studies be done with all available scientific techniques to ascertain and to establish its credibility.

Can acupuncture help everyone?

Acupuncture can help children as well as older people as its effect is mild and its application is relatively painless. It can help your dog and your cat as well as your horse, and acupuncture is widely used in veterinary medicine in China and in many other countries.

The natural reserve and conservative approach that is being taken about acupuncture by the medical profession is warranted by our unfamiliarity with it and our concern with the welfare and safety of the population at large. Any new medical technique or therapy requires the study of its use and limitations and potential dangers, and even now the National Institute of Health in Washington has appointed a group of scientists to study the potential uses of acupuncture in this country. Our approach towards finding acupuncture's proper place in American medicine must be carefully controlled.

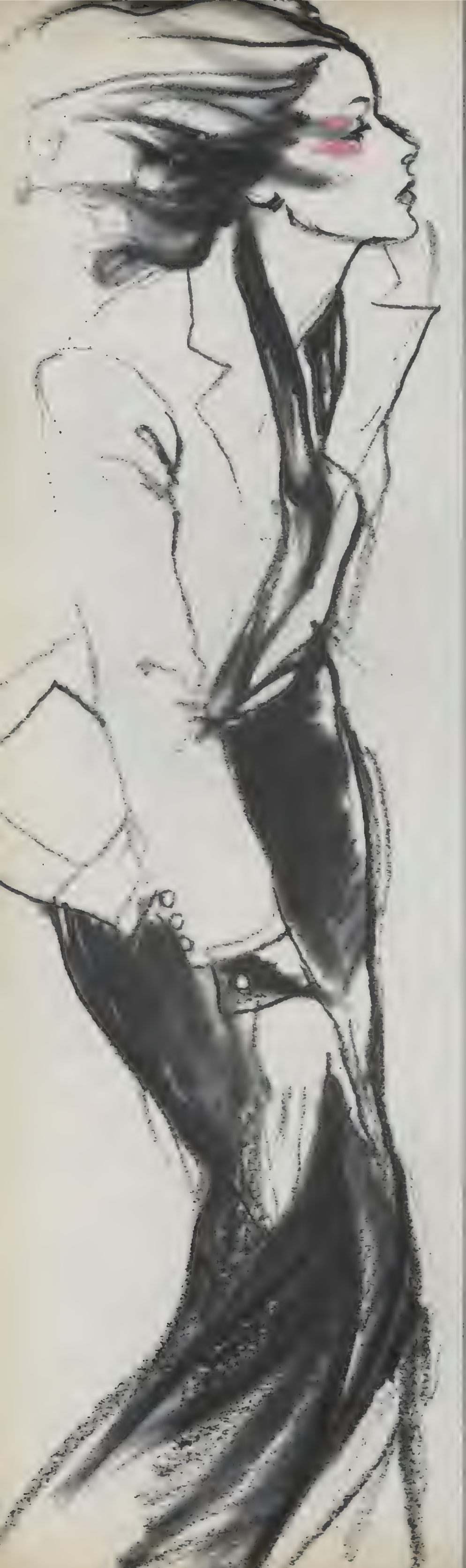
When acupuncture is used as an anesthesia the presence of an anesthesiologist will always be required, especially in this early stage of its use in surgery. At this point it is still in the investigative stages in America and has been used in no more than half a dozen cases of minor surgery.

Although the insertion of needles is harmless, the legal responsibility for their insertion and their effects clearly must be taken by a licensed physician. To date, only physicians in various medical or paramedical specialties are authorized to practice any form of experimental medicine either in this country or in most European countries; therefore the use of such new and controversial techniques as acupuncture must be limited.

Must acupuncture be forbidden in America until we know how it works?

We are not always concerned with the mechanism of therapeutic techniques and procedures.

(Continued on page 196)



SAINT LAURENT

No. 51 (left): Ecru jacket, emerald silk blouse, skirt—the sensuous skirt—shape, shape, shape . . . And the fragrance of "Y."
Shantung jacket, crêpe skirt, of Bianchini silks. Blouse, Abraham crêpe de Chine. To order, I. Magnin.

No. 13 (right): White linen suit—the great Paris suit—the one every woman is going to want. Straight skirt looks good and new. White linen important.
To order, I. Magnin. Alexandre coif.

No. 44 (far right): Ecru linen one-button coat—the newest-looking coat in Paris.
Moreau linen. To order, I. Magnin.

DAVID BAILEY

A NEW WOMAN EMERGING

COUTURE SPRING

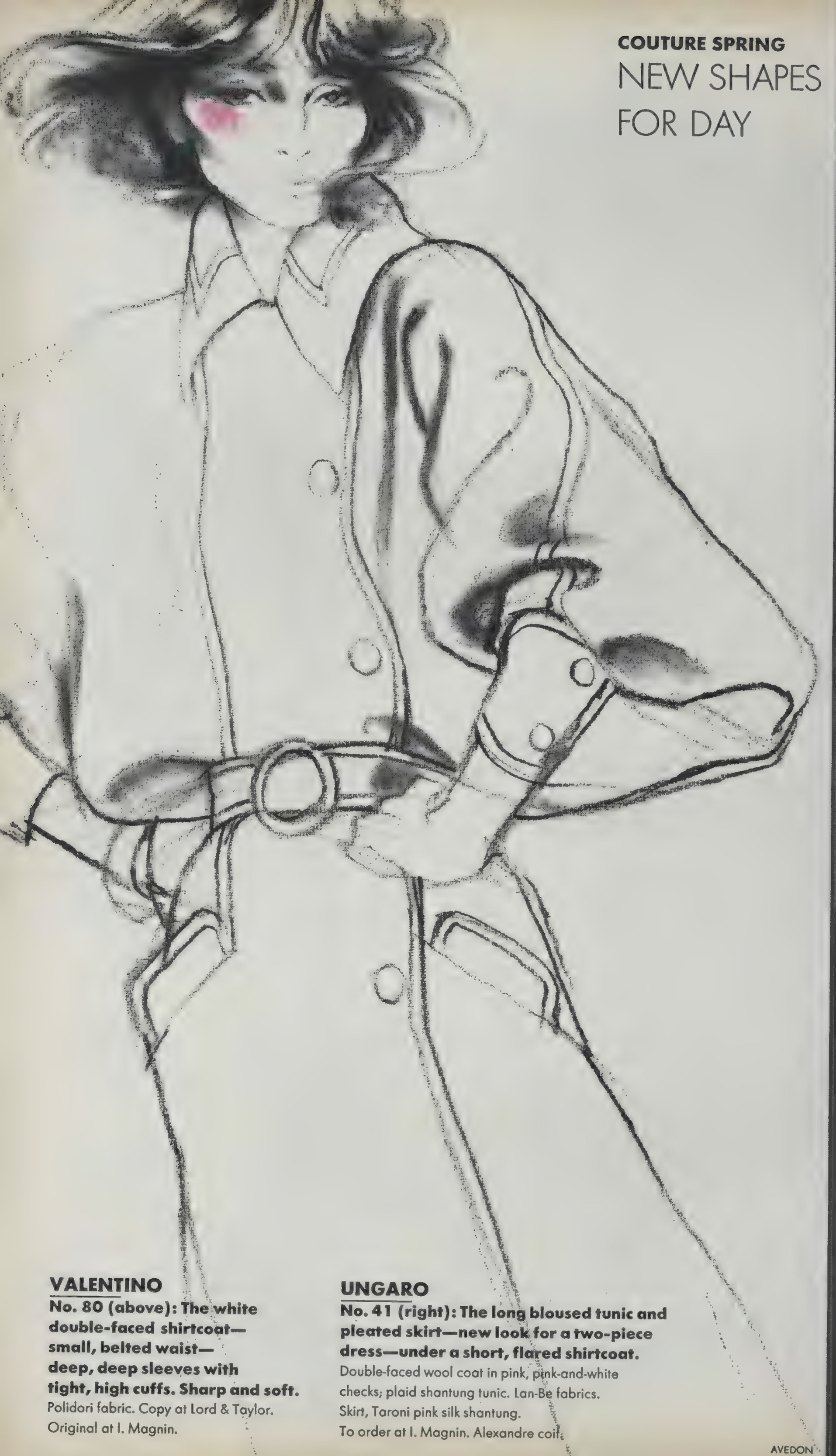
The luxury is still there—the incomparable fabrics, the second-to-none fit. But the elaborate gimmicks, the design for design's sake—all that is fading fast. With each season, the Couture comes more and more into the world of real women living real lives.... There is a mood to the Collections this spring, an allure that has to do with the way a modern woman moves in her clothes and the way clothes move on a woman...silhouettes that flow with the body...silhouettes that fit right on the body, small and supple, even in suits and coats. Nothing is extraneous. Everything is pared. Simple, very sophisticated...ultra-feminine.

COLLECTION DRAWINGS BY ANTONIO



COUTURE SPRING

NEW SHAPES FOR DAY





VALENTINO

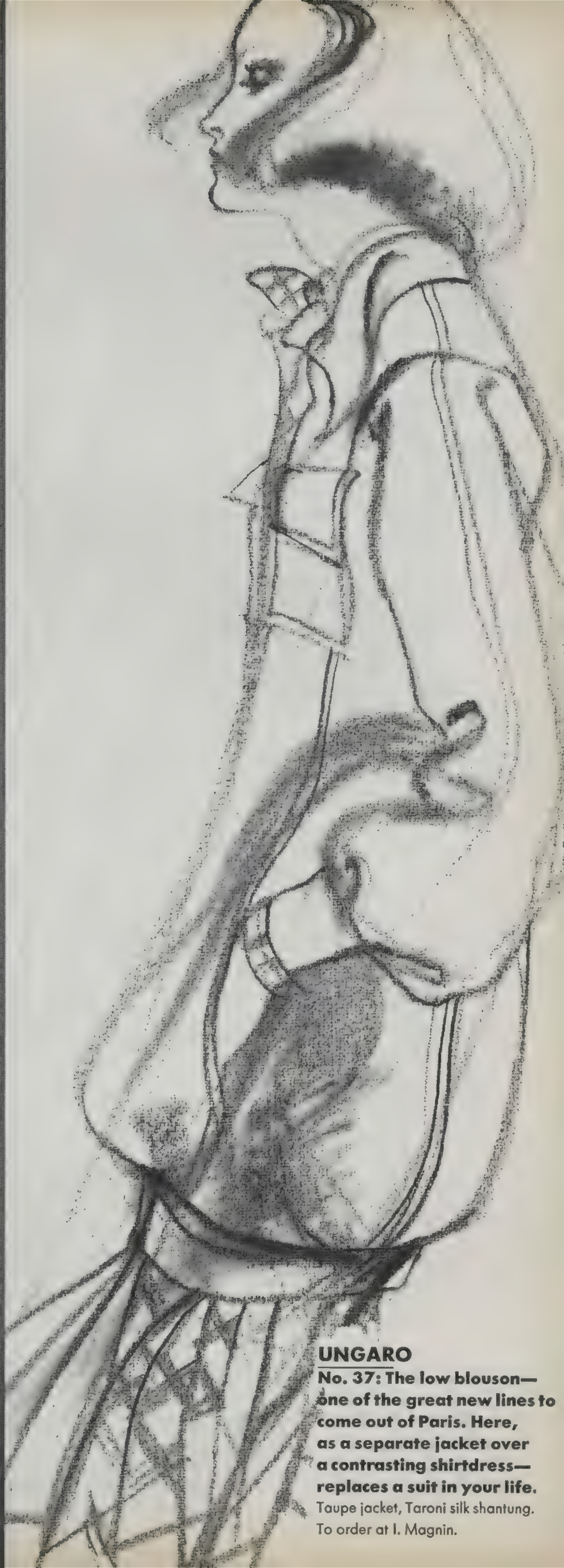
No. 80 (above): The white double-faced shirtcoat—small, belted waist—deep, deep sleeves with tight, high cuffs. Sharp and soft.
Polidori fabric. Copy at Lord & Taylor.
Original at I. Magnin.

UNGARO

No. 41 (right): The long bloused tunic and pleated skirt—new look for a two-piece dress—under a short, flared shirtcoat.
Double-faced wool coat in pink, pink-and-white checks; plaid shantung tunic. Lan-Be fabrics.
Skirt, Taroni pink silk shantung.
To order at I. Magnin. Alexandre coif.

AVEDON





UNGARO

No. 37: The low blouson—one of the great new lines to come out of Paris. Here, as a separate jacket over a contrasting shirtdress—replaces a suit in your life.

Taupe jacket, Taroni silk shantung.
To order at I. Magnin.

MILA SCHÖN

No. 328: The most perfect shirt-and-skirt look—pleated silk stripes and a bias skirt in double-faced silk Panama—the fit and luxury of it is terrific.

Black-and-white shirt, Terragni silk. Skirt, white Bini silk. At Martha; I. Magnin.

AVEDON



COUTURE SPRING

THE SNAP OF THE DAY LOOKS

CHANEL

No. 15 (above): What a cardigan!—multicolor wool jersey —small shoulders, high armholes, long and fitting. Super-est new jacket to belt over pants or a skirt.

Mosaic-patterned fabric, Leonard.

SAINT LAURENT

No. 9 (left): The yoked "miller's" shirt—wonderful new jacket shape, shown in every fabric day and night. Pants still strong for day.

Miller's shirt, Gandini navy flannel with fine red-and-white check.

Pants, Sibal navy wool gabardine. Printed blouse, Abraham crêpe de Chine.

To order at I. Magnin. Alexandre coif.

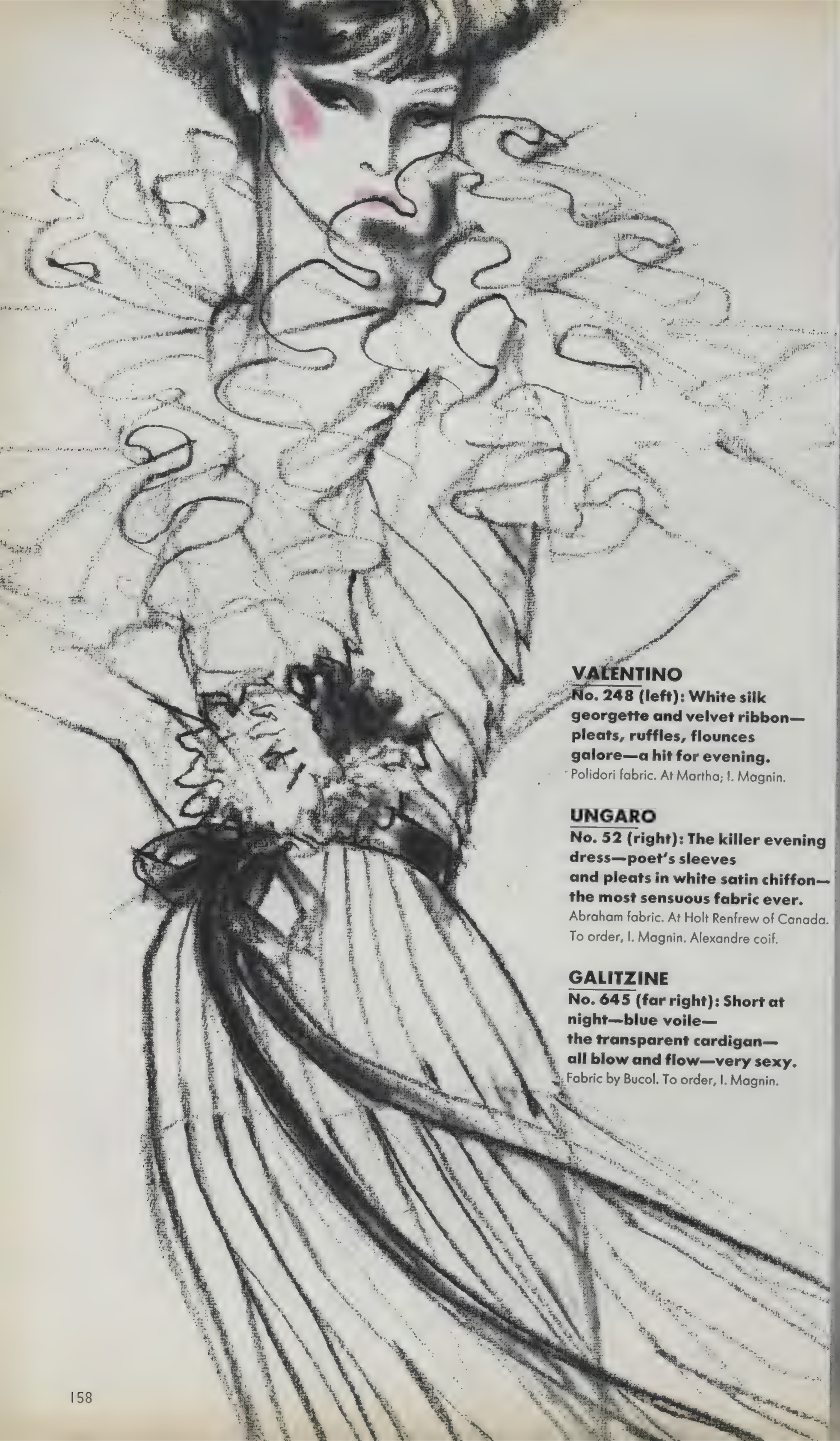
GIVENCHY

No. 364 (right): The cardigan suit—the flat-fanny skirt—the flick of pleats. Watch the fitted silhouette—it could take off in a big, big way.

Suit, Besson white wool plaided in navy and

COUTURE SPRING

THE MOOD FOR EVENING IS SINUOUS



VALENTINO

No. 248 (left): White silk georgette and velvet ribbon—pleats, ruffles, flounces galore—a hit for evening.

Polidori fabric. At Martha; I. Magnin.

UNGARO

No. 52 (right): The killer evening dress—poet's sleeves and pleats in white satin chiffon—the most sensuous fabric ever.

Abraham fabric. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order, I. Magnin. Alexandre coif.

GALITZINE

No. 645 (far right): Short at night—blue voile—the transparent cardigan—all blow and flow—very sexy.

Fabric by Bucol. To order, I. Magnin.

DAVID BAILEY

COUTURE SPRING

REVEALING AND ON THE BODY AT NIGHT



DIOR

No. 80 (far left): The return of the waist and midriff. Black printed chiffon, high-rising skirt —ravishing long evening. Chiffon important.
Bianchini silk. To order, I. Magnin.

SAINT LAURENT

No. 16 (left): The fluid, body-conscious chemise—ankle-length— sensational new look for evening.
Navy-white-red crêpe de Chine by Abraham.
To order, I. Magnin. Coif by Alexandre.

GIVENCHY

No. 406 (right): Black linen suit—the strict linen suit—fitted jacket, skirt with a hint of flare— the surprise of a bare-midriff blouse underneath. ...Scent of Givenchy III everywhere.
Abraham linen. Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel silk.
To order at I. Magnin.

AVEDON



COUTURE SPRING

SOFT AT NIGHT

SAINT LAURENT

No. 29: A beautiful evening pants look—pants for evening still good—emerald gabardine, with emerald print chiffon halter, flared jacket of silk crêpe printed in Oriental flowers.

Pants, Gandini wool gabardine.
Halter and jacket, Abraham fabric.
Turnout, to order at I. Magnin.



CHANEL

No. 14: Pyjama of flower-print chiffon—to wear over No. 19 perfume and nothing else. Wrapped blouse, wide clingy pants— all pinks, blues, greens.
Staron fabric. Coif by Alexandre.

DAVID BAILEY



LANVIN

No. 28: White crêpe de Chine. The soft pullover top, the long bias pull-on skirt—a glimpse of bare midriff between. Goes all the way with Via Lanvin— a brand-new perfume.
Abraham silk.

REAL RAINCOATS— RIGHT FOR REAL RAIN

For these coats, rain is an accessory—just what's needed to put them at their good-looking, unflinching best

Shirty black ciré raincoat with drawstring waist, right—dashing, really protective. More protection, these pages—real rain boots, to the knee, with pants (or legs) tucked in. Raincoat, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. . . . *Chopped black trench coat* with all the trenchings, center, matching wrapped skirt. Both by Calvin Klein. . . . *Shiny black jacket* that does real raincoat work, far right, made like a shirt knotted in at the waist. By Ungaro.

Right: Saint Laurent coat of cotton (Bucol fabric), about $215. Early April, at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Sakowitz. . . . Center: Calvin Klein coat and skirt of polyester and cotton (Erlanger Blumgart fabric). Coat, about $105; skirt (to order), about $50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; D. H. Holmes; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; May D & F. . . . Far right: Ungaro jacket of water-repellent cotton; about $150. Wool pants, about $125. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Watch by Bulgari-Danaos at Hotel Pierre. Other accessories, next to last page of this issue. Other stores with fashions like these, page 44.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM





1

2

4



Good classic raincoat lines (belted or not), good classic raincoat colors (beige, or near it)

1. *Beige poplin raincoat*—straight, raglan-shouldered, with two things that match: a hat stitched in ribs, a wrap skirt. All by Halston. 2. *Off-white raincoat* with a sash to knot, stitched edges to keep it crisp. By Weatherbee. 3. *Beige, reversible to off-white*, a classic man's-type raincoat with easy turn-back sleeves. By Pembroke Squires for Main Street. 4. *Sashed raincoat of shiny ciré* in houndstooth checks of beige and white. Beige ciré rain hat over a plain cotton scarf, wool gab pants into high rubber boots. Coat by Valentino. 5. *Fake suède*—good in real rain, good-looking in camel-color. Deep sleeves, tie belt. Sherlock Holmes rain hat with earflaps. Coat, Raincheetahs by Naman.

1. Halston coat and skirt of cotton and polyester; about $380. Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. 2. Weatherbee coat of Qiana nylon shantung, finished in Zepel; about $80. Abercrombie & Fitch; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. 3. Main Street coat of polyester and Pima cotton, Zepel finish. Coat, about $75. Saks Fifth Avenue; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's. 4. Valentino coat of cotton ciré; about $210. Valentino Boutique, New York. 5. Naman coat of cotton, vinyl, and polyurethane, finished with Zepel; about $105. Late March at Gimbels East; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's. Accessory information, on the next to last page of this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



MADE FOR REAL RAIN

Slick, slickery rain looks—
a coat and a pants suit,
all in one fabric,
all from one pattern
by Saint Laurent

VOGUE PATTERNS

It's an ill rain that doesn't blow up a smart idea, and here comes a very smart one: a raincoat with a tunic and pants to wear under—designed by Saint Laurent and great-looking together because they're all of the same rain-shedding, curry-colored fabric. The coat, shown knee-length at far left, has an easy smock shape, huge pockets ...and an all-weather friend. Right, the narrow shirty tunic (here, with a plaid shirt inside), pants wide and straight. Overhead, the same raincoat, this time chopped to a shorter, good-over-pants length.

All made from Vogue Paris Original by Saint Laurent, Pattern #2814; of Kodel and cotton with water-repellent coating by Avila Fabrics, at Altman's. Coat lining, brown-and-white cotton tattersall Madras, at Far Eastern Fabrics. Pattern details, page 194. Accessories, and man's clothes, next to last page this issue.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM





The bangles on your arm...
the color of your nail polish...your shoes
and stockings...the sleek little things
you put underneath. The right accessory:
that's what makes fashion click—
that's the news on these ten pages.

THE SOUND OF BANGLES

A round of applause for the big, bold bangle.
It's the accessory of the year.
Day and night, with everything you wear,
everywhere you go. You wear them evenly plotted
—three, four, a dozen at a time—
like a design on the arm. All kinds of
bangles—smooth, polished circles,
textured and twisty ones, wide cuffs,
a string of jawbreakers. In real-color colors—
reds, greens, white, and black...
golds, silver, ivory, crystal.
...They clink, clank, clatter, jangle—
let the whole world know
you're on your way.... For details
on the bangles, opposite, see page 186.

THE SOUND OF COLOR

If your nails aren't wearing color like this,
you haven't been listening.
Dark shades of enamel have been around
for a while, but now you wear them
with a difference. Today's nails are long,
ovaled, with half-moons showing.
And vivid with true, translucent color:
reds, pinks, russets, peach.
Nails that take more time, more care—
starting with a good protein base coat,
one that conditions, strengthens, primes
nails for color. The whole idea behind
Charles Revson's Ultima II Perfect Makeup
for Nails—the base, Phase I, and
enamel, Phase II, come together making
it easier to have nails with the
kind of polish you see here—all
enameled in Ultima II shades of color.

BOB STONE



FASHION ESSENTIALS

THE BRONZE SANDAL FOR EVENING

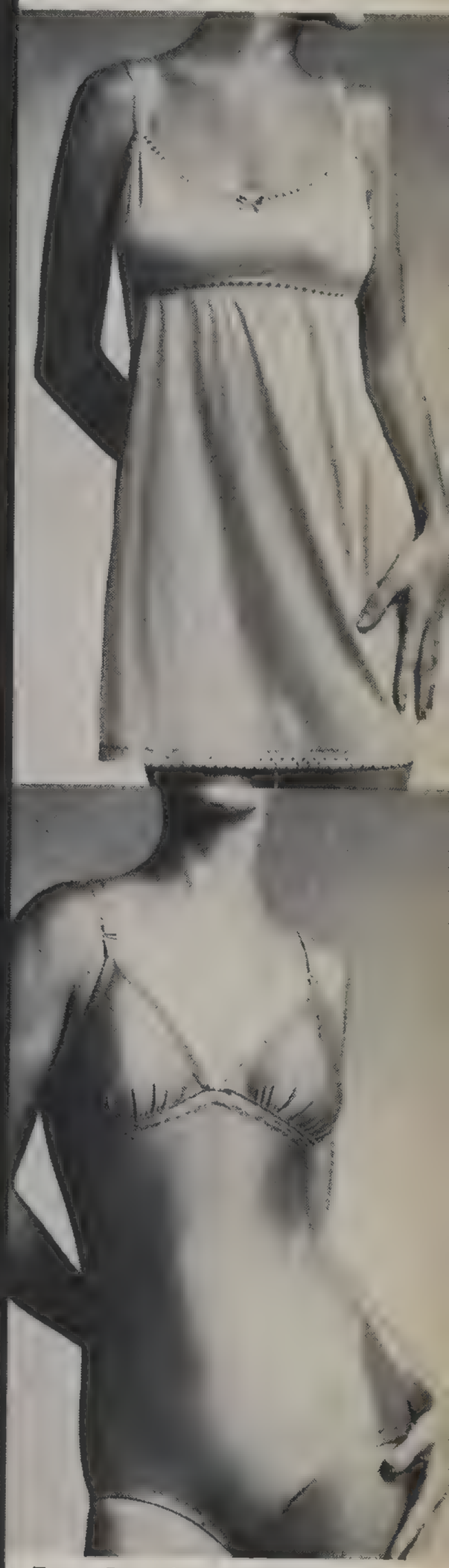
The news at night of a sexier shoe—a strippy, little sandal on a higher, thinner heel. And the news of bronze—this season's great neutral color. Bronze with white, black, a clear peony pink, peach. And the bronze sandal with navy, left—a beautiful way to look in a short dress. This, by Donald Brooks, in satin chiffon—one shoulder bare, one covered by the fullest sleeve, gathered at the wrist; a soft, navy rose at the waist.

Left: Dress by Donald Brooks, of Abraham fabric. About $325. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Burdine's; Jacobson's. Open-toe bronze sandals, strapped at the instep, $48. At Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. Sheer tights by Hanes, at Lord & Taylor. Earrings by K. J. L. Lilac Eye Glosser by Aziza. Makeup and coiffure by Rick Gillette. Right: Sling-back sandals—two thin strips of bronze-and-white crisscrossed in front. $46. At Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. Cantrece nylon tights, about $3.50. Saks Fifth Avenue.

BOB STONE



The Body-Underneath dress, left —a wonderful new way to be bare—just two pieces of navy jersey held on the shoulder, a spill of jersey to the floor. Nothing underneath but a beautiful body. Dress, of viscose. About $300. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y.; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; May D & F; I. Magnin. Coif: Rick Gillette. New York background: the Gulf + Western Building. Accessories, next to last page.



Top: For short dresses and skirts, the shortest slip. And if you don't need too much in the way of a bra, the stretchy top is all you'll need. Vanity Fair. Top of nylon and Lycra; skirt, Du Pont nylon tricot. $7, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdine's. Directly above: All-over control—a seamless, stretchy mocha body stocking for under low backs, or no backs when straps switch to a halter. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform; nylon and Lycra. $9. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.

FASHION ESSENTIALS

WHAT GOES ON UNDERNEATH

Think of all the ways skin will be revealed this spring. Bare backs, midriffs, shoulders—even the simplest shirt collars have a new openness to them. Think of the fabrics—georgette, crêpe de Chine, jersey, pongee—light, soft, falling on the body. . . . What goes on underneath has to be super-smooth, bare in all the right places . . . body stockings with more control than you expect in something light . . . sleek, seamless bras with switch-around straps. Everything works.



Top: Sleek, seamless nude body stocking—the slit-front bra top adjusts to any body. By Olga, of Antron nylon and Lycra; bra, of Dacron tricot. $10. Early April, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Directly above: The sheerest beige body stocking for the barest-back clothes—one strap comes off, the other becomes a halter. By Gossard, of Antron nylon and Lycra. $10, available at Bloomingdale's; Buffums.



Top: Pretty—this bra and bikini in fresh blue-and-white checks with blue ribbon trim. By Henson Kickernick, of polyester and nylon. Bra, $4.50; bikini, $2.25. At Altman's; The Popular. Directly above: The nonstop white bra—wear it this way under a halter, under anything that plunges; or with straps crisscrossed, or wide set. In Crepeset nylon; lightly fiber-filled cups. By Formfit Rogers, $5. Franklin Simon; Hudson's.



Top: If your dress plunges, this is your bra—seamless white lace. Matching bikini, with stretch lace hipband. By Van Raalte. Bra, of polyester, $6. Bikini, of Lycra tricot, $4. At Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C. Directly above: At last—a strapless bra that stays up without bones, wires, or seams. Straps to add when wanted. By Tru Balance, of Crepeset nylon and spandex (Liberty Fabrics). $4. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.

BOB STONE

FASHION ESSENTIALS

THE RIGHT SHOE, THE RIGHT STOCKING

All shoes this spring—whether a spectator pump, a tie, a sandal—have something in common. They're lighter, slimmer, prettier than the shoes you've been wearing. If it has a platform, it's the thinnest platform. A thinner, high heel, or a new flat heel. It has a supple toe, a whole new delicacy about it. . . .With pants, you can have a patterned stocking. But when the leg shows, it really shows—in pale sheer stockings.

The casual shoe. For short skirts, sporty dresses, for pants—with or without patterned legs—a spectator pump or a tie shoe on a low or flat heel.

Right: Black-and-bone patent spectators with a flat heel, crepe sole. $36, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Tablecloth-checked knee socks by Bonnie Doon, at Lord & Taylor; Filene's. . . . Center: White Oxfords—red ties, red soles, red heels. $29, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Red-and-white spiral-stripe socks by Bonnie Doon, at Lord & Taylor; Filene's. . . . Far right: Wing-tip pumps—white punched out in black, on a low black heel. By Arsho for Margaret Jerrold. $38, at Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel; Shoe Biz at Lou Lattimore. Black-and-white plaid knee socks by Burlington Socks/Adler, at Abraham & Straus.

The sling-back shoe for day—with dresses, suits, or a coat with its own shirt and skirt. .

Right: Open-toe butterscotch spectator sling on a small platform. $37, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pale tan sandal-foot tights by Burlington, at Maas Brothers; Marshall Field. . . . Center: Wide strips of grey kidskin—the sling-back sandal on a stacked heel. By Customcraft. $38, at Altman's. Pale grey sandal-foot tights by Berkshire, of Curvare nylon; at Famous-Barr. . . . Far right: White sling-back pumps with a little platform. $52, at Delman Shoe Salon, Bergdorf Goodman. Hanes sheer, off-white tights, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

The bare, strippy high-heeled sandal. . . . Evenings, with a short dress, a long dress, a wide pyjama . . . For day, sandals and thin little dresses with flippy skirts.

Right: Green patent sandal—sling back, crisscross straps. By Julianelli. $50, at Lord & Taylor; Bullock's Wilshire. Schiaparelli off-white sandal-foot tights, at Lord & Taylor. . . . Center: Strapped sandal in electric-blue patent leather. By Herbert Levine. $45, at Lord & Taylor. Van Raalte off-white tights, at Arnold Constable. . . . Far right: Sling back, closed toe—strips of bright red patent leather and bareness. David Evins sandal. $52, at I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus. Roman Stripe tights, of Cantrece nylon.

BOB STONE

A new leggy way to wear navy and white, above, from the ground up: sling-back white sandals and off-white sandalfoot tights, a short snap-front white skirt, navy-and-white striped sweater set . . . a stripe of white belt, tilted white hat.

Skirt, by Anada rtw, of cotton, Fortrel, and Arnel. About $32, at Bloomingdale's. Craig Craely Wear-Dated sweaters, of Acrilan. Shell, about $11; cardigan, about $21. Both at Franklin Simon; Joseph Horne. David Evins sandals, at I. Miller. Round-the-Clock tights, at Bloomingdale's. François of Kenneth coif. Accessories, on next to last page of this issue.



FASHION ESSENTIALS

BARE.STRIPPY SANDALS RIGHT ACROSS THE BOARD

. . . With short, short-sleeved dresses . . . skirts and sweaters . . . With everything you'll be wearing now day in, day out, late day, and later: a bare, strippy sandal—open-toe, sling-back, a high, thinner heel—the kind of sandal we've been talking about this issue. . . . Far left: With a short white pleated skirt and navy rolled-sleeve cardigan, white open-toe, sling-back sandals. Cardigan and skirt by Dalton. David Evins sandal. . . . Left: Bright turquoise sling and white linen—a short, short-sleeved dress, very small on top, widening to the hem—one of the prettiest shapes around. By Stan Herman. David Evins sandals. . . . Right: The same turquoise sandals and a soft little dress of white jersey with small, short sleeves, bareness almost to the waist. By Scott Barrie.

Far left: Dalton separates. Trevira sweater, about $40; skirt, of polyester, about $36. Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; The Union Co.; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. . . . Left: Stan Herman for Bendel's Studio. Of Moygashel linen. About $115. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's. . . . Right: Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; Wear-Dated dress of Monsanto nylon (Duplan fabric). About $95. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin. Coifs, opposite page, by François of Kenneth; this page by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page of this issue. For other stores carrying fashions like these, see page 44.



SET YOUR OWN STYLE

START WITH A TREASURE

Our best dinner parties bring together people and things we love most and, with today's shift away from the formal matched-set look, it's never been easier or more fun. Start with something you treasure, assemble your table around it —there is no better place to show, and use, your finds.

BY MICA ERTEGÜN AND CHESSY RAYNER

←

At one dinner party, Annette Reed made an antique lacquered Chinese box her centerpiece; highlighted it with a shiny lacquered bread basket and lacquered basket-look vases, ivory candlesticks, large mother-of-pearl ashtrays; set all on a Paisley-patterned Indian-shawl tablecloth.

→

For Ariane Wakhevitch, life is loft-style and functional. Her treasure is her dining table —a slab of unpolished Tennessee marble dramatized by piebald-painted wood chairs. (Ariane's husband, Alexandre, an artist, painted these.) Ariane made the napkins from boldly patterned fabric, and she contrasts the rough, natural earthenware casseroles with stark white Italian molded porcelain plates.

←

We travel a lot and collect as we go. Chessy found her long ivory-handled, coral-tipped, tortoiseshell-bowled spoons in a Turkish bazaar, wood-and-horn salt and pepper set in London's Portobello Road, and the tortoiseshell cigarette boxes and match strikers in Barbados; she combined them with a luxurious (but washable) Ultrasuède tablecloth and tortoise-patterned glass plates.

→

Mica composed from the cloth—two Turkish Kilim rugs—up, with eighteenth-century silver Turkish goblets and pewter platters from England topped by Lowestoft china plates (all differently patterned and picked up in twos and threes at auctions). We stole an idea—individual wine carafes—from our friend Françoise de la Renta.

TOM YEE

Silver is so much a part of table setting we almost take its beauty for granted. Give silver its due: fresh uses, in new lights.

SET YOUR OWN STYLE

START WITH SILVER

Instead of a hothouse centerpiece, try small baskets planted with pale green angels'-tears at each place setting. Or zero in on a real extravaganza—a bell-within-a-bell campanile. Silver-plated strawberry baskets, $12.50 each from Gorham. Tiffany's sterling dinner bell, $1,175.

Don't share a great wine like Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, 1959, with more than one person, or waste it on anyone who's not a fellow enologist. Stand a bottle of the precious stuff as a centerpiece and decant it in style, holding the bottle over a candle flame so you see when the sediment reaches the neck. Tiffany sterling wine funnel, $260. Ellis Barker's plated English taper sticks, $32.50 a pair. Gilt-lined sterling goblet, $150, from Reed & Barton.

For fun, collect pillboxes disguised as nuts, fruit, a basket. Put sugar substitute in each and serve with coffee, fresh fruit. And everyone needs a serving spoon. Mexican silver pillboxes, $8.95-$24.95, by Lunt. Chippendale-style fruit plates, by International in silver plate, $6.69 for four at Fortunoff. Towle's "Mandarin" patterned knife, $17. English plated spoon, $15, from Oneida's Mansion House.

Get your imagination
out in the open.
Cram a mug with breadsticks.
Fill a cake basket with
loose flowers
(scattering a few extra
sprigs, at random,
across the table). Bunch
grapes in a flower bowl.
English sterling mug,
$77.50, from James
Robinson. Gorham's plated
cake basket, $29.95.
Reed & Barton's
silver-plated Water Lily
bowl, $27.50, comes
in three parts to be used
singly or together.

Crate
cigarettes in
a sterling
faux bois box,
$47.5 at Tiffany.
Dispense after-
dinner mints from
Kirk's sterling
mint-julep cup,
$33.50.

GAILOR/RESNICK

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TURKEY



Now after 400 years the gates of Topkapi Harem are unlocked.

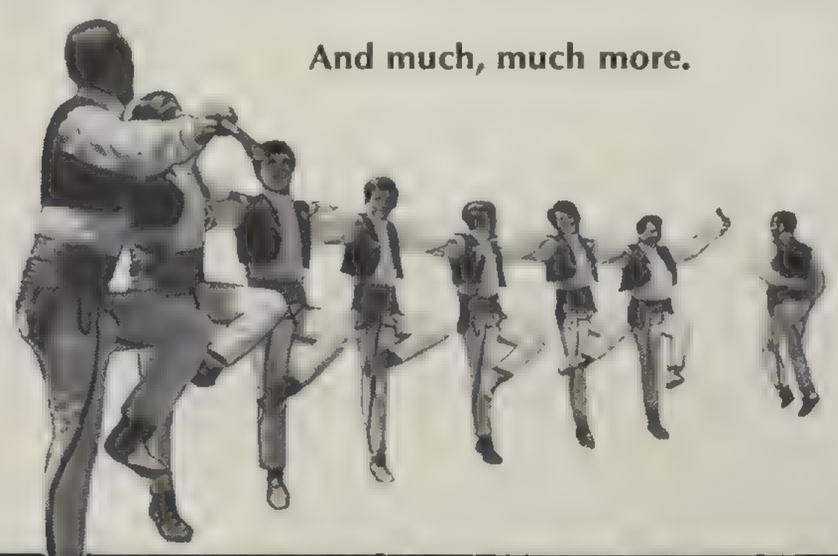
The gateway is Istanbul, magic city of the Blue Mosque, the Grand covered Bazaar, Topkapi Palace. And beyond its minarets lie Troy, Pergamum, Gordion, Aphrodisias, Sardis. The marble streets of Ephesus. The ancient rock-carved cities of Capadoccia. The monuments of Hittite kings, of Seljuk and Ottoman sultans. In Turkey you'll explore 90 centuries of history.

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In China: "Palaces . . . the most fabulous in the world"

TRAVEL

(Continued from page 94)

more than nine thousand rooms, are inside the big red wall and cover about two hundred acres. You go through a gate in the huge wall and through another gate which leads to the Hall of Supreme Harmony, the largest of all the palace buildings. As you go out the back of each palace, another symmetrical arrangement of buildings greets you, all in perfect proportion. And though they are not all named some kind of harmony, there is harmony between and among them, each one leading to another, bigger or smaller, maybe slightly different in layout and size, but always in perfect sympathy with the whole. . . .

In the Imperial Gardens of ancient cedars and strange rock formations rather than flowers, hundreds of people were eating picnic lunches they had brought with them. All seemed to be family groups, all generations from babies to grandmothers. I didn't see one piece of trash anywhere.

Some of the palaces are now museums and contain a magnificent collection of ancient works of art that have been discovered in the recently opened tombs. . . . Among the treasures are the famous jade suits, made of dark green squares linked together to make suits like armor to completely cover the dead bodies of the emperor and empress. This is the kind of royal gesture that is so unbelievable to me; I can't imagine putting all that jade in a tomb. Room after room held further treasures, dishes and bowls and the well-known ceramic horses, many gold utensils, including a large urn that was made for one of the emperors to keep the hair left in his mother's hairbrush after she—or a slave perhaps—had brushed her hair. (He must have had the Oedipus complex of all time.)

Here are pictures made of feathers so skillfully dyed and applied in designs that they look as if they were paintings, and headdresses so elaborate and bejeweled it is hard to see how anyone could hold her or his head up. Through room after room we walked, goggle-eyed at the luxury and richness. I wonder what the average Chinese thinks, a man or woman who has probably no more than two sets of clothes, exactly alike and exactly like what everyone else wears, no jewelry except maybe a practical sensible wristwatch, not even a wedding ring, and whose worldly possessions include only the bare necessities for life. One item which amazed me . . . was a mat woven of ivory strips. It is flexible and was used by emperors and empresses to sleep on, the way Chinese sleep on straw mats when it is boiling hot. . . .

. . . We walked to the fields and met a group of girls and a few young men tending tomato plants, pruning and weeding accurately. A few weeks ago these people [at the May 7th School] knew nothing about growing vegetables. . . . Before lunch I made a trip to the women's toilet, a Chinese version of an outhouse. You don't sit on a typical Asian toilet; you squat over an oblong-shaped bowl, which has water for flushing the same as Western toilets. Generally it is set in a platform raised a step or two from the floor. Better ones are made of white porcelain and have a splash guard, I guess you'd call it, at one end. Some in the commune apartments are made of dark cement or stone. Some that are indoors, I am told, do not have water to flush, but the contents are siphoned out into the night-soil trucks and carts, taken to special dumps to ferment, then used as fertilizer. Generally, in modern hotels, the toilets are Western, sometimes in the public ladies' rooms there are both styles. . . .

. . . This morning we went to the zoo [in Peking] where H. saw two real live pandas for the first time in his life. (I saw one in London in 1960.) One was very dirty and dusty, and the other was a perfect panda, big and very black and very white. He walked near us in his slow lumbering gait, sat down, and posed for a photograph in a professional manner. An animal I never knew existed, the "lesser panda," is a mixture of a raccoon, fox, cat, with a panda's striped face, brown and white and a little black, very odd.

We also saw the musk oxen that Nixon gave to the Chinese. They were in adjoining pens and didn't come near enough for us to get a good look at them, but all the Chinese people at the zoo got a good look at us. I have never imagined that I would be the object of such curiosity; people came right up to within an inch or two of my face and just stared, unbelievingly. I wish I could read their minds. What are they thinking of? Are we as peculiar as the mangy, straggly musk ox? . . .

. . . At dinner with some Chinese friends we discussed the art and music of today's China. It is

"Extraordinary stone caves, cut into hills, with beautiful doors and woodwork, windows made of heavy paper"

apparently true that, according to Mao's famous speech at Yenan in 1942, there is nothing written, composed, or produced that is not relevant to the worker, the peasant, and the soldier—the artist serves the people. And there is no underground for circulating works of art and literature that are not approved by the government, the way there is in Russia. In fact, I wonder where the artists and writers are; we have still to meet one. . . .

Tonight we went to the ballet to see *The White Haired Girl.* I loved it, it was glorious! The scenery is marvelous with changing moving backgrounds. . . .

The average Chinese woman seems flat-chested, but we noticed that all the ballet girls had breasts. I don't know why there should be this difference. While older Chinese women don't wear brassieres, most of the young ones do, especially in the cities (the opposite of the current trend in the United States). But the average woman in the street wears a loose shirt hanging straight and her figure wouldn't show much no matter how she was endowed, while the dancers wear the traditional Chinese jacket fastening on the side and it can fit very closely. . . .

. . . In the afternoon we had a tour of the caves where Mao lived during the years he spent here, the same kind in which many people still live. They are extraordinary, cut into the sides of the hills with beautiful doors and woodwork on the windows, which are covered with heavy paper instead of glass. I noticed that they are building new caves and that seems sensible to me; they are much better suited to life in this climate than the big hotel we are in. Built into the stone, the rooms keep cool in summer and retain the heat of the stoves in the winter. Usually each cave has two or three rooms, and a *kang* bed with a stove to warm it. . . .

. . . Long before Christ, kings used to come to Li Shan hill to bathe in the hot spring water that rises naturally from this hill. Palaces were built and rebuilt, trees planted and gardens laid out by many rulers; however, through the centuries the buildings collapsed or were abandoned. Legends of kings and beautiful concubines are numerous, but for contemporary Chinese the capture of Chiang Kai-shek is what makes this place interesting. During the Republic a watering place was established once again and Chiang was taking the baths here when he was arrested. . . .

In one of the smaller buildings we took a bath in the emperor's tub, big enough for several people, and H. and I floated around in the hot mineral waters, then rested in a bedroom. . . .

. . . Before I came to China I heard a lot about grandmothers, mothers-in-law, and aunts, but I never heard anyone mention a grandfather. I wondered if there were any, or perhaps if most men of that generation (mine) had died in all the fighting and wars this poor country has endured. But every evening after work, the older men come out on the streets, and almost always with their grandchildren—wheeling them, carrying them, playing with them, or just sitting on the steps holding them. It is a touching sight. Incidently, while the streets are full of people all day long and in the evening, especially when it's hot as now, by eleven o'clock everyone is home, the streets are empty. And it is safe to walk anywhere, in any city or in the country, at any time.

. . . Babies and young children often wear the most ingenious overalls or rompers. Slit from back to front between the legs so nothing is in the way of a hurry call, children can be rushed to the gutter, or just held out, or, if they are old enough, simply squat down. . . . They are the Chinese version of training pants. . . .

. . . Changsha is famous for its marionettes and for its shadow-box plays. . . . Talking puppets perform on a screen of cloth or paper that is lit from behind (like the silhouettes we used to make behind a sheet). Traditionally, Chinese puppets were made of donkey skins dyed bright colors; other countries used camel and buffalo hide. I don't know what they are made of now, but they are flat and look as if they were cut out of cardboard. The screen seems to be enclosed in a small frame—or box—the whole effect something like that of an animated cartoon.

One play was about a boy who helped an old man whose cart broke down. Other people helped the boy. While the boy was helping the old man, his little sister got lost, whereupon many more people appeared to help find her. This theme seems childish and unsophisticated, but this is the way most of these people are. . . . A second shadow play featured cranes and a tortoise—charming and very funny.

The marionettes were quite big compared to the shadow-box puppets, almost half life-size, and were manipulated from below (this was demonstrated at the end). . . . It's remarkable that marionettes can be made to perform so cleverly. . . .

. . . This afternoon we went to the embroidery factory for which Changsha is famous. In the reception room where we sat with the director, a tiny businesslike woman, large embroidered pictures hang on the walls, depicting subjects which don't spring to my mind when I think of embroidery —portraits of Lenin and Stalin in uniform, a fiery furnace at a factory, one of the famous bridges built since Liberation, landscapes of mountains, pictures of Chairman Mao. The work is so fine you can't see the stitches even up close, and they look much more like paintings than sewing. . . . Most of the embroidery done on silk must be for export or governmental use because it is so expensive. . . .

. . . This morning at 8:00 we started off for Shao shan, where Chairman Mao was born and spent his childhood. . . . Shao shan is a small village in a valley surrounded by hills. . . . Mao's family house is one story, yellow with a grey tile roof . . . the house of a well-to-do peasant. . . .

. . . We went shopping [in Shao shan] to buy a Chinese outfit for me, jacket, trousers, padded silk jacket, and some real Chinese shoes. We found real Chinese stores in an old shopping street and each article was bought in a different store. . . . The cost of the things I bought, approximately, was:

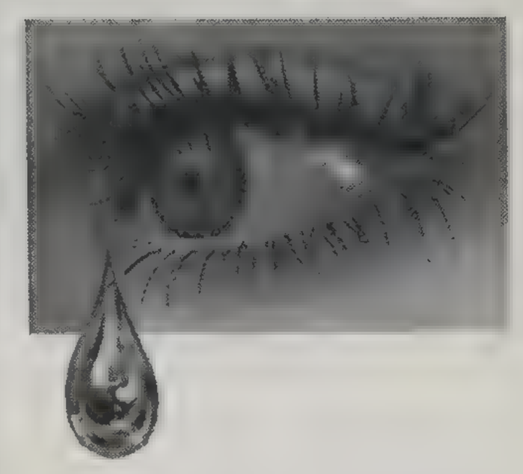
Silk padded jacket
yuan 27.20—$12.00
Unlined cotton jacket
yuan 7.95—$3.50
Unlined cotton pants
yuan 5.10—$2.25
Fabric shoes
yuan 3.70—$1.50
Cotton shirts
yuan 1.50—$.75
3.50—$.40

All about twenty dollars, which equals about two-thirds of the monthly pay of a well-paid industrial worker. . . .

. . . After a noisy night and not much sleep, we took the train to the border, Shumchun. Here we went through the same simple courteous customs procedure as we had on entering China. We walked back across the bridge, leaving the red flags blowing in the hot wind, the pleasant-looking people in their dreary clothes, and the loud strident music we now know so well, and into the free world again. ■

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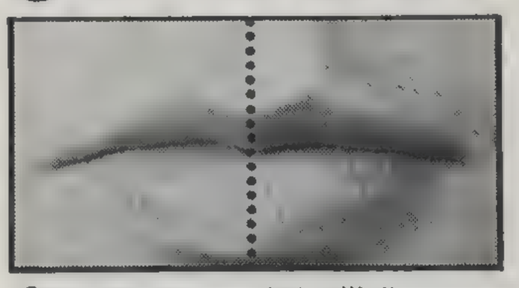
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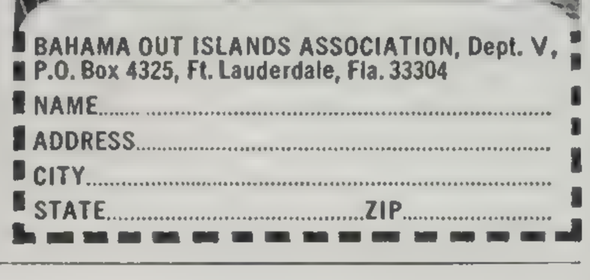
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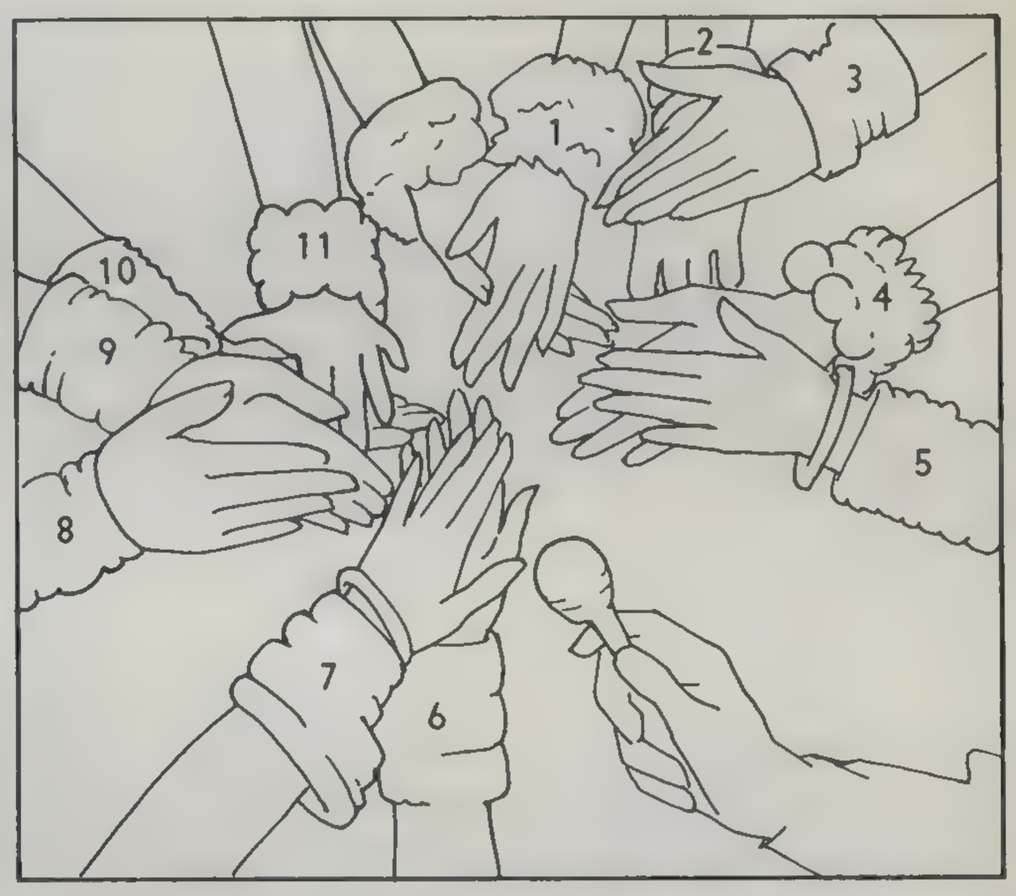
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THE SOUND OF BANGLES

(Continued from pages 170-171)



1. Two hands full: scrunchy, crunchy, leafy wafers—wide gilt-and-silvery expandable cuffs by Willie Woo. $20, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .**2.** Rounds of glitter: three silvery bangles mixed with two bronze-y ones. All by Willie Woo. . . .**3.** Two chunky ivory-and-mother-of-pearl bangles from Borbonese ($80 each, at Martha) . . . around two smooth silvery Yves Saint Laurent bangles. $8, Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . .**4.** In black-and-white: a string of jawbreakers, two of small button-like discs. All: Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. Jawbreaker bangle, $4, at Bloomingdale's; Higbee's; Kaufmann's. Discs, $5 each, at Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; I. Magnin. . . .**5.** An armful of graduated red bangles with a stripe of clear, bright green. The reds, by Michael Moraux for Dubaux, $8 each, at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Green bangle, $12, at Ophelie. . . .**6.** Wide coil bangles—two green centered with white. By Ruza Creations. $4 each, at Miller Eye; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus. . . .**7.** Five wicker bangles by Antigona, at Neiman-Marcus. And two smooth golden ones from Yves Saint Laurent. $8 each, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. . . .**8.** Murky, marbelized bands of color: wide grey open-end bangle, three multicolored, narrow slice of lime. Each, $20, at Ophelie. . . .**9.** Wide Lucite bangle with glitter held between golden-and-Lucite cuffs. Judith Leiber cuffs, $35 each, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Wide bangle: Fabrice, Paris. . . .**10.** Tiny white dots on green: five bangles by Robin Kahn for Castlecliff. Each, $6, at Altman's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz. . . .**11.** Jawbreaker balls of color: red, green, and white bangles by K.J.L. $10 each, at Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin.

YES'S AND NO'S

(Continued from page 135)

somehow (more wrenching and pulling). Tie the hair up in a scarf instead, or—if it's long—make two fat braids. . . .NO to tight ponytails, rubber bands, anything that keeps hair under tension.

YES, a thousand times YES to conditioners. All hair benefits from them. . . .They add vital moisture, luster, smoothness. They bolster protein—the basic ingredient that binds moisture in the hair shaft—giving hair more "size" and body. Their anti-static action helps to ward off snarls. They smooth down rough, chipped surfaces of hair shafts, nourish and revive damaged hair. . . . If hair is in good shape, keep it that way by conditioning after every shampoo; give it a special treatment every month or six weeks, using a conditioner you leave on for half an hour. Wrap your head in a hot towel, so the warm steam can help the conditioner do its thing. If hair is damaged—by exposure, neglect, over-bleaching—it may need a special conditioning once a week. . . .Conditioners made with protein, herbs, and balsam do an outstanding job. Balsam has a mystique all its own—the oil itself is a marvelous conditioner, and the scent is ravishing. . . .

NO to over-cleaning. Shampoo less often in cold weather—only when (Continued on page 195)

"She was consciously deceiving her husband, and it was heaven

THE OBELISK

(Continued from page 141)

You must answer. Tell me! Oh, go on! Do tell me."

"No, I won't."

"Oh, you're horrid."

"Am I? Why?" The ravine had got wilder, almost beautiful. The path climbed above thick bushes and little trees. She knew they ought to wait again for Ernest, but her limbs drove her on. She repeated: "You must tell me. I insist." He drove her more rapidly before him. Then he said, "Very well, but promise not to be angry."

"I'm angry with you already."

"Then I may as well tell. I pretended I'd no cigarettes on the chance of your husband offering me one."

"But why? You said no when he did."

"It wasn't a cigarette that I wanted. And now I suppose you're angry. I didn't want to go on, and it was my only chance of stopping. So I asked Tiny for one. I knew he'd be out of them, he always is. I wanted some excuse to keep with your party, because I wanted to—" He took the extinguished match from his pocket. "Better throw this away now, hadn't I? Or you'll be angry again."

"I'm not angry, but don't start being silly, please."

"There are worse things than silliness."

Hilda didn't speak. Her knees were trembling, her heart thumping, but she hurried on. Whether he threw the match away or not she did not know. After a pause he said in quite a different voice: "I've done quite enough talking, you know. Now you talk."

"I've nothing to say," she said, her voice breaking. "Nothing ever happens to me, nothing will, I . . . I do feel so odd." He seemed to tug her this way and that. If only he wasn't so lovely! His hand touched her. Almost without her knowing, he guided her off the path, and got her down among the bushes.

Once there, she was lost. Under pretext of comforting he came closer. He persuaded her to sit down. She put her hand to his jersey to thrust him off, and it slid up to his throat. He was so gentle as well as so strong, that was the trouble, she did not know which way to resist him, and those eyes, appealing, devouring, appealing. He constrained her to lie down. A little slope of grass, scarcely bigger than a couch, was the scene of her inadequate resistance; beyond the dark blue of his shoulders she could see the blue of the sea, all around were thick thorny bushes covered with flowers, and she let him do what he wanted.

"Keep still," he whispered. "They're passing."

From the path came the sound of feet.

"Don't talk just yet." He continued to hold her, his chin raised, listening. "They've gone now, but talk quietly. It's all right. He won't know. I'll fix up a story. Don't you worry. Don't you cry."

"It's your fault, you made me. . . ."

He laughed gently, not denying it. He raised her up, his arms slanting across her back unexpectedly kind. He let her say whatever she wanted to, as long as she did not say it too loud, and now and then he stroked her hair. She accused him, she exalted Ernest, repeating, "I'm not what you think I am at all." All he said was "That's all right," or "You shan't come into any trouble, I swear it, I swear it, and you mustn't cry," or "I play tricks—yes. But I never let a woman down. Look at me. Do as I tell you! Look at me, Hilda."

She obeyed. Her head fell on his shoulder, and she gave him a kiss. For the first time in her life she felt worthy. Her humiliation slipped from her, never to return. She had pleased him.

"Stanhope . . ."

"Yes, I know."

"What do you know?"

"I'm waiting until it's absolutely safe. Yes."

He held her against him for a time, then laid her again on the grass. She was consciously deceiving her husband, and it was heaven. She took the lead, ordered the mysterious stranger, the film-star, the sheikh, what to do, she was, for one moment, a queen, and he her slave. They came out of the depths together, confederates. He helped her up, then respectfully turned away. She hated grossness, and nothing he did jarred.

When they were back on the path, he laid his plans. "Hilda, it's no use going on the Obelisk," he said, "it's too late, they're in front of us and we shall meet them coming down. He'll want to know how they passed us without seeing us, and if you've an explanation of that I've not. No. We shall have to go back and wait for them on the esplanade."

She patted her hair—she had good hair.

"Make up some story when they arrive. Muddle them. We shall never muddle them if we meet them face to face on this path. You leave it to me—I'll confuse them in no time."

"But how?" she said dubiously, as they started the long descent.

"I shall see when I see them. That's how I always work."

"Don't you think it would be better if you hid here, and I went down alone? Our bus leaves before very long, then you'll be safe."

He shook his head, and showed his teeth, scorning her gaily. "No, no, I'm better at telling stories than you, I don't trust you. Take your orders from me, don't ask questions, and it'll be all right. I swear it will. We shall pull through."

Yes, he was wonderful. She would have this gallantry to look back upon, especially at night. She could think of Ernest quite kindly, she'd be able to put up with him when he made his little wrong remarks or did his other little wrong things. She'd her dream, and what people said was false and what the Pictures said was true: it was worth it, worth being clasped once in the right arms, though you never had them round you again. She had got what she longed for, and it was what she longed for, not a smack in the face, not a sell. . . . She had always yearned for a lover who would be nice *afterwards*—not turn away like a satisfied brute, as handsome men are supposed to do. Stanhope was—what do you call it . . . a gentleman, a knight in armour, a real sport. . . . O for words. Her eyes filled with happy tears of happiness.

Swinging ahead of her onto the esplanade, he gave her his final instructions. "Take your line from me, remember we've done nothing we shouldn't, remember it's going to be much easier than you think, and don't lose your head. Simpler to say than to do, all the same don't do it, and if you can't think of anything else to do look surprised. Our first job is to sit down quietly on the esplanade and wait."

But they were not to wait. As they came out of the gap in the cliffs, they saw Ernest on a bench, and Tiny leaning on the esplanade railings observing the sea. Ernest jumped up all a bunch of nerves, crying, "Hilda, Hilda, where have you been? Why weren't you at the Obelisk? We looked and looked for you there, we hunted all the way back—"

Before she could answer, indeed (Continued on page 188)



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"It was the first lie she had ever told him, and it was unlikely she would ever tell him a worse"

THE OBELISK

(Continued from page 187)

before he had finished, Stanhope launched a violent counterattack. "What happened to you, sir? We got up to the Obelisk and waited, then we've been shouting and calling all the way back. The lady's been so worried—she thought an accident had happened. Are you all right sir?" He bayed on, full-chested, magnificent, plausible, asking questions and allowing no time for their reply.

"Hilda, impossible, you couldn't have been, or I should have seen you."

"There we were, sir, we had a good look at the view and waited for you, and then came down. It was not meeting you on the way back that puzzled us so."

"Hilda, were you really . . ."

By now she had had her cue, and she heard her voice a long way off saying in fairly convincing tones, "Oh yes, we got up to the Obelisk."

And he believed, or three-quarters believed her. How shocking, but what a respite! It was the first lie she had ever told him, and it was unlikely she would ever tell him a worse. She felt very odd—not ashamed, but so queer, and Stanhope went on with his bluffing. The wind raised his dark forelock and his collar. He looked the very flower of the British Navy as he lied and lied. "I can't understand it," he repeated. "It's a relief to know nothing's wrong, but not to run into you as we came down . . . I don't understand it, I'm what you may call stumped, well, I'm damned."

"I'm puzzled equally, but there is nothing to be gained by a prolonged discussion. Hilda, shall we go to our bus?"

"I don't want you to go until you feel satisfied," said she. A false step; she realized as much as soon as she had spoken.

"Not satisfied? I am perfectly satisfied. With what have I to be dissatisfied? I only fail to grasp how I failed to find you when I reached the monument."

Hilda dared not go away with him with things as they were. She didn't know how to work out the details of the lie, it was in too much of a lump. Alarmed, she took refuge in crossness. "You've got to grasp it some time or other, you may as well now," she snapped. Her lover looked at her anxiously.

"Well, be that as that may be, we must go."

"What's your explanation, Tiny?" called Stanhope, in his splendid authoritative way, to create a diversion.

Tiny cocked up one heel and replied not.

"He can scarcely solve a problem which baffles the three of us, and it is so strange that you were ahead of us on the path going up, yet a good ten minutes behind us coming down," enunciated Ernest.

"Come along, Tiny, you've a tongue in your head, haven't you, mate? I'm asking you a question. Don't stand there like a stuck pig."

"Ber-yutiful view," said Tiny, turning round and extending his huge blue arms right and left along the railings of the esplanade. "You was showing the lady the Ob, perhaps."

"Of course we inspected the monument. You know that. You haven't answered my question."

"'Ope you showed it 'er properly while you was about it, Stan. Don't do to keep a thing like that all to yourself, you know. Ern, why they call that an ob?"

"Obelisk, obelisk," winced Ernest, and was evidently more anxious to go.

"You said it, obblepiss."

"I said nothing of the sort."

"You said it, obblepiss." The giant was grinning amiably, and seemed totally unaware that anything had gone wrong. But how different sailors are! How unattractive, in Tiny's case, was the sun-reddened throat and the line of broad shoulders against the sea! He was terribly common, really, and ought not to be answering people back. "Anyone ever seed a bigger one?" he inquired. No one replied, and how should they to so foolish a question? "Stands up, don't it?" he continued. No one spoke. "No wonder they call that a needle, for wouldn't that just prick."

"Stop that infernal talk at once," exploded Stanhope, and he seemed needlessly vexed, but oh, how handsome he looked, and how his dark eyes flashed; she was glad to see him angry and to have this extra memory.

"Stan, Stan, what's the matter, Stan?"

"If you speak again I'll brain you."

"Ever seed a bigger one—a bigger obolokist, I mean. That's all I said. Because I 'ave. Killopatra's Needle's bigger. Well? Well? What you all staring at me for? What you think I was going to say? Eh? Oh, look at little Ern, ain't he just blushing. Oh, look

at Stan. Lady, look at 'em."

Hilda did observe that the two older men were going most extraordinary colours, her lover purplish, her husband rose-pink. And she did not like the tone of the conversation herself, she scarcely knew why, and feared something awkward might come out if it went on much longer. "We must go, or we shall miss that bus," she announced. "We shall never clear up why we never met, and it isn't of the least importance. Ernest, do come along, dear."

Ernest muttered that he was willing, and the episode ended. Goodbyes were said, by Tiny tempestuously. Plunging across the esplanade, he seized the unfortunate schoolmaster's arm, and whirled it around like a windmill. "Goo bye, Ern, take care of yerself, pleased to have met yer, termater face and all," he bawled.

"Pleased to have met you both," said Ernest with restraint.

"Ju-jitsu . . . now as yer neck snaps . . ."

Hilda and Stanhope profited by this noisy nonsense to say their farewells. They would not have dared otherwise. The touch of his hand was cool and dry, but he was nearly worn out, and it trembled. It had not been easy for him, returning her unreproached and unsuspected to her husband, fighting for her, using stratagem after stratagem, following hopeless hints. . . . The perfect knight! The gangster lover who really cares, who knows . . . "My darling . . . thank you for everything for ever," she breathed. He dared not reply, but his lips moved, and he slipped his left hand into his breast. She knew what he meant: the match was there, the symbol of their love. He would never forget her. She had lived. She was saved.

What a contrast to the other—so boisterous, so common, so thoroughly unattractive! It was strange to think of them in the same uniform, strange to look down the esplanade and see them getting more and more like one another as the distance increased. The actual parting had gone off easily. Ernest had produced his cigarettes again. "Have one more, both of you, before you repair to your boat," he called. The powerfully made sailors stooped, the lean distinguished fingers and the battered clumsy ones helped themselves again to his bounty. Perky, he had lit up himself, and now he was strutting away with his good little wife on his arm.

Of course the first few minutes alone with him were awful. Still, she drew strength from the fact that she had deceived him so completely. And somehow she did not despise him, she did not despise him at all. He seemed nicer than usual, and she was pleased when he started to discuss the relative advantages of gas and electricity. He said one thing, she another, while the cloud of her past swept gloriously out to sea. Home and its details had a new freshness. Even when the night came, she should feel differently and not mind.

They reached the bus stop with several minutes to spare. There was a picture-postcard kiosk, and she had a good idea: she would buy a postcard of the Obelisk, so that if the topic came up again she would know what it looked like.

There was an excellent selection, and she soon visualized it from several points of view. Though not as tall as Cleopatra's Needle, it boasted a respectable height. One of the cards showed the inscription "Erected in 1879 to the memory of Alfred Judge, one-time Mayor." She memorized this, for Ernest often mentioned inscriptions, but she actually bought a card which brought in some of its surroundings. The monument was nobly placed. It stood on a tongue of rock overlooking the landslip.

"Well, you won't have seen that today! Will you?" said the woman in the kiosk as she took payment.

Hilda thought she would fall to the ground. "Oh gracious, what ever do you mean?" she gasped.

"It's not there to be seen."

"But that's the Obelisk. It says so."

"It says so, but it's not there. If fell down last week. During all that rain. It's fallen right over into the landslip upside down. the tip of it's gone in ever so far, rather laughable, though I suppose it'll be a loss to the town."

"Ah, there it is," said her husband, coming up and taking the postcard out of her hand. "Yes, it gives quite a good idea of it, doesn't it? I'll have one displaying the inscription."

Then the bus swept up and took them away. Hilda sank into a seat nearly fainting. Depth beneath depth seemed to open. For if she couldn't have seen the Obelisk he couldn't have seen it either, if she had dawdled on the way up he must have dawdled too, if she was lying he must be lying, if she and a sailor—she stopped her thoughts, for they were becoming meaningless. She peeped at her husband, who was on the other side of the coach, studying the postcard. He looked handsomer than usual, and happier, and his lips were parted in a natural smile. ■

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Fun & adventure for boys 7-18. Six groups, 2 lakes near Old Forge. Mt., wilderness canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, nat. sci., riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counsellors. Nurses. 48th year. "One of the best." **Wm. H. Abbott, Box 2372, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.**



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Adirondack Sailing Camp

24 sailboats (Comets, Stars, Prams). Daily sailing. Regattas-yacht clubs & camps. Daily competitive swimming training. Tennis' emphasized. All sports. Boys 6-16. 39th yr. Pine Log, sister camp.

Mr. & Mrs. Barr V. Morris • Diamond Point, N.Y. 12824 • 518-668-5026

Any of the camps listed here will gladly give you further information.

NAMEQUOIT

SAILING CAMP

Orleans, Cape Cod

On salt-water bay, fresh-water lake. 160 boys, 8-15, 4 age groups. Fleet of sailboats. Racing, swimming, canoeing, fishing, tennis, riflery, baseball, gymnastics, nature, woodworking. Educational trips. Experienced staff. Tutoring. 48th year. ACA accredited. Catalog.

Brooks V. Thayer, Namequoit
Orleans, Mass. 02653, Tel: 617-255-0377

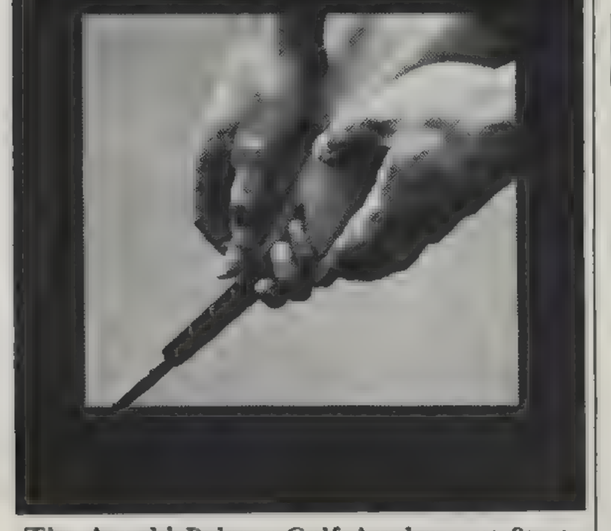
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THE OLDEST PRIVATE CAMP

Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H. 83rd yr. Boys—3 div. $700. No extras. Riding. Sailing, canoe, mt. trips. Golf course, riflery, archery, water skiing, scuba diving, elem. tutor. 2 reg. nurses. Cabins. ACA Accredited. Also associated Camps for Girls. Bklt. **E. F. Roys, Box 184C, Lakeport, N. H. 03246.**



The firm hands of Arnold Palmer.



The Arnold Palmer Golf Academy at Stratton Mountain, Vt., is extensive study, development, and application of the Palmer method. For boys 11 to 17.

But it's something more.

The coupon, filled out, will bring interested sponsors an illustrated brochure and complete information for Summer '73.

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Address_____

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Arnold Palmer Golf Academy **STRATTON**

Boys' Camps

MONTROSE

Boys 8-16. Genuine outdoor living. Mtn. riding camp on pvt. lake. 210 acres. All Sports. Unlimited Daily Riding, complete horsemanship course incl. in $895. fee. 8 wks. Camp-owned horses. Skilled staff. 4 hrs. NYC. Bklt. **Robert T. Smith, R2 Montrose, PA 18801.**

PINE ISLAND CAMP

Belgrade Lakes, Me. Est. 1902. 85 boys. 9-15. Deep woods camping for even the youngest. Daily sailing; canoe trips; tennis; art, music, drama. Trips to own island off Maine Coast, Penobscot Bay. Ctlg. Write: **Eugene L. Swan, Jr., 157 Main, Farmington, CT 06032.**

HALF MOON

One of America's Older Camps. Well-rounded program of sports & fun on land & water. Personal instruction. Fully accred. Inclusive rates. Berkshire area. 2 hours from NYC. 413-528-0940. **Mr. & Mrs. E. Mann, Box 188V, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230.**

There are camps in the East, South, Middle West, Southwest, Far West—in the mountains, on lakes and at the seashore. Some are listed in these pages. You may write the directors of these programs, or, if you wish, ask us for further information.

Tutoring

EAGLE HILL SCHOOL

Coed, residential program, tutorial language/math instruction for dyslexic children 8-16. Academic. Sports, Enrichment, Summer and Winter programs. **Charles H. McDonald, Headmaster, Hardwick, Mass. 01037.**

DUNNABECK

Individual remedial reading, writing, spelling and study skills for 50 normal, intelligent boys 9-18 yrs. Excellent recreational facilities. Riding, swimming. **In Alleghenies, Pa. Mrs. D. H. King, Kildonan School, Box 139, Solebury, Bucks Co., Pa. 18963.**

Summer Creative Arts

BEAUPRÉ: DANCE, DRAMA, ART

6-wks. of creative living, girls 9-17. Stockbridge, Mass. Illustrious faculty. Classical ballet, modern & ethnic dance. Plays, musicals. Painting, drawing, design, ceramics. Cultural excursions. Pool, tennis. Ctlg.: **Mrs. S.V. North, Box 98, Riverside, CT 06878.**

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER

Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session of MUSIC STUDY, July 1-August 19, in Sebago Lake region; Raymond, Maine. Seminars under noted professional musicians in voice, keyboard, organ and all instruments. Courses in academic music, orchestra, band, chorus, chamber music. Opera workshop. Superb location and facilities. ¼-mile white, sandy beach. Swimming, boating, tennis, archery. Full recreation program. Brochure.

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FIFTH SUMMER
FABRIC — DECORATION
GLASSBLOWING — LEATHER
JEWELRY — PHOTOGRAPHY
CERAMICS — WEAVING
GRAPHICS — FOUNDRY

2 Four-Week Summer Sessions Offered to High School Upper Classmen
Held at The Hinckley School, Hinckley, Maine

For further information write to: Erling H. Heistad, Director

THE HINCKLEY SCHOOL OF CRAFTS
Box V, Hinckley, Me. 04944

Travel

INTERNAT'L RANGER CAMPS

FRENCH SWITZERLAND OR DENMARK
Coed 8-15. 25th Season. International camp and staff. Languages, sightseeing, all activities. Meet Danes and Swiss. $320 per 3 weeks. Write: **Hans N. Srengler, 330 East 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017.**

SUMMER IN EUROPE

English organization offers 4 to 6 wks. relaxed international programs in Europe incl. 3 wks. in England. Coed. From $780, incl. air fare, sports, arts, etc. Write: **Summer Camps in England Ltd., 60 Sutton Place South, Apt. 11 MS(V), N.Y. 10022.**

ARISTA TOURS

Europe, Israel, USA (Teenagers, Collegians). Singles (21-30) to Europe, Israel. Study and Travel in Europe (University and High School sections). Camp Bahama (Ages 12-15). Our 27th year! **1 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10022 (212) 541-9190**



TeVEGA TOURS
SUMMER SAILING '73

Coed Cadets 10-20 tour Central Europe—Paris, Rhine River, Munich, Swiss Alps to Cannes where we board 156' schooner TeVega for 4 wks. SAILING: Med. Ports: Barcelona, Mallorca, Corsica, Portofino, many more. Write: **7756 So. Tamiami Trail, Sarasota, FL 33581.**

Write directly to those camps which interest you,

mentioning Vogue.

Directors of schools and summer camps listed in this issue will gladly send you full details on their curricula, programs and activities.

Slim-Down Camps

OVERWEIGHT?



BECOME A NEW GIRL AT CAMP MURRIETA
Slim down enjoyably & easily.
Fabulous facilities & activities
Avg. wt. loss 20-45 lbs.
Medically supervised
NOW IN WISCONSIN AND CALIF. Write or phone:
3052 Clairemont Dr., Dept. V
San Diego, CA 92117
(714) 276-6400

Overweight Slight or Quite

Boys and girls 9–18, professional education for weight loss and permanent control in an all-activity summer camp. First in U. S., conceived and directed by medically trained nutritional experts; seminars for parents; winter follow-up; complete sports program with private beach and pool. References on request. Est. 1959.

Seascape on Cape Cod Bay

John A. Spargo, M.D.—Director
Penelope S. Peckos, M.S.—Nutritionist
Box 377E. E. Brewster, Mass. 02640.
617-389-2553

Horsemanship

SADDLE RIVER

Sterling Junction, Mass. June 28-August 16, 1973. An unusual summer for girls 7-18 with a special interest in riding. Excellent living accommodations. Expert Professional instruction. For Brochure: **Mrs. H. Hulick, Nelson Rd., Sterling Jct., MA 01564.**

NORTH FORK

SCHOOL OF EQUITATION SUMMER CAMP
For 25 boys and girls, 8-21. Three-week minimum up to nine-week sessions. Expert instruction for riding enthusiasts incl. jumping, schooling, showing. **Mrs. Howard Russell, Purcellville, Va. 22132.**

HIGH HAMPTON

School of Equitation, for girls 10-16 who love horses. Chaperons, 8 one-wk. pgms, start June 3. Tennis, swimming, boating, golf. **High Hampton Inn & Country Club, Dept. Q, Cashiers, NC 28717. Ph. (704) 451-2020 until March 18; thereafter (704) 743-2411.**

PACIFIC HORSE CENTER

3 wk. Resident Summer courses for riders 9-16. Equitation, Jumping, Showing. Theory & practice. Excellent horses. A.H.S.A. approved. Swimming. 600 ac. ranch. Starting: June 18, July 16, Aug. 13. **Pacific Horse Center, Box L, Elk Grove, CA 95624.**

Summer can be a time to develop a talent or open new doors to learning. Many possibilities are listed here.

Summer Schools

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL

SUMMER SESSION JUNE 14—AUGUST 2
Coed, grades 8-12. Accred. & enrichment courses. Small classes. Water sports on Rappahannock River. Tennis. Swimming pool. Trips to nearby places. Write: **Summer School, Box 158-V, Tappahannock, Va. 22560.**

FENSTER SCHOOL—ARIZONA

Summer session for boys and girls, grades 1-12. Complete curriculum. Intensive preparation through individual attention. Developmental and remedial reading. Ride, swim. Also winter school. Color Catalog. **Kenneth W. Fenster, Box 6230, Tucson, Ariz. 85716.**

WEST NOTTINGHAM ACAD.

Coed Summer School, June 24-Aug. 9. Grades 9-12. Program challenges advanced students; strengthens all backgrounds with credit and review courses. Reading Program. Sports. Tennis, boating. **K. E. Dietrich, Hdm., Box 102, Colora, Md. 21917.**

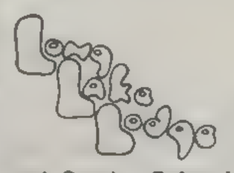
MAXWELL VACATION SCHOOL

Girls & Boys 14-18 35th Summer

On ITHACA COLLEGE CAMPUS, Ithaca, N.Y.

Preview of college life in academic, social, cultural program. Preparation-College Bds. High school courses for credit. Regents, Dev. Reading, Math, Languages, Communication Arts, Psychology, humanities, typing. Driver's Ed., crafts, photography, modern dance. Superb facilities, indoor/outdoor pools, tennis, golf, riding.

Mrs. Otto G. Schonberg, Dir.
250 West 57th St., New York 10019 • (212) PL 5-2506



NORTH BRIDGTON
MAINE 04057

Coed. Comprehensive Tutoring for Makeup, Strengthening in Fundamentals, and Enrichment. Est. 1902. Recreation and Sports. Relaxed atmosphere. 1 to 4 per class. Recommended by private and public schools. Catalog on request.

John P. Karpoe, Director
Box 117V, Pawling, N.Y. 12564 (914-855-3617)
Aft. Jun. 15: Bus.: 207-647-2264; Res.: 207-647-3789

Hawaii HOLIDAY

SUMMER SCHOOL at PUNAHOU, COED for Grades 9-12

Earn Academic Credit—All basic Liberal Arts Courses. Also learn from World Champions

SURFING, SAILING, SCUBA DIVING

Non-Academic Program Also Offered
Write for brochure: Dan V. Wallace, Director
P.O. Box 1656, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96740
Tel. W. Coast Rep: Max Dougherty (213) 332-2174

What will your child do this summer?

You may write the directors of these programs, or, if you wish, ask us for further information. We have data on winter schools and colleges, also, if you are interested.

Boys' & Girls' Camps

HOLIDAY TRAIL—BOYS
HOLIDAY HIGHLANDS—GIRLS

Hillsboro, N.H. Complete Riding, Waterfront, Sports & Arts Programs. Own stables. Crystal-clear lake. **Mr. & Mrs. K. Hawk, Driftwood Pt., Westport, Conn.**

CAMP LAUREL—MAINE

Echo Lake. Individualized program for boys and girls 8-15. Sailing, Skiing, Scuba, USLTA Approved Tennis Program. Riding, Canoe & Mt. Trips. Theatre & Studio Arts. Non-sectarian. **Dr. & Mrs. M. H. Archard, 5 Lookout Ave., New Paltz, N.Y. 12561.**

PLEASANT BAY CAMP

Only Co-ed Salt Water Sailing Camp on Cape Cod. Ages 6-13. Sailing, swimming. Tennis, archery, baseball. Trips, music, drama. Crafts, pottery, nature. Screened cabins. Nr. churches. **Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Melcher, Jr., So. Orleans, Mass. 02662.**

CAMP CHIMNEY ROCK

35th year. Chimney Rock, N.C. Coed, 2-4-8 weeks. Ages 6-17. Horseback, Water skiing, Sailing, Swimming Pool, Gym, Archery, Tennis, Riflery, Art, Music Golf, Campcraft, Reading and Guitar Optional. **Write Director, Box 717V, Stone Mtn., Ga. 30083.**

LONGVIEW RIDING; GOLF

Riding Camp, coed 6-16. Complete camping program. Four 2-wk. sessions, June 10-August 4. ACA accred. Golf Camp, boys 10-17. Intensive instruction & play. Championship course 7231 yds. Aug. 5-18. **Dr. & Mrs. Ralph Ellis, Rt. 2, Stamping Ground, KY 40379**

TOWERING PINES-WOODLAND

Eagle River, Wisc. Sep. sites—Boys & Girls 7½ wks.—Swimming, riding, sailing, tennis, skiing, creative arts. Ecology development center for Acclimatization. Lake Superior cruising. Tutoring & Typing. **John Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Ill. 60093.**

ALDERKILL

60 Boys & Girls 5-15. Est. 1938. Well planned program—not regimented—to help each camper develop individual abilities. Riding, swimming, canoe trips, tennis, crafts. 135 acres. 90 miles **N.Y. Mr. & Mrs. H. O. Petersen, Rhinebeck, NY 12572. 914-876-4783.**

CAMP CLOUDMONT

48th yr. Camps Cloudmont, Shady Grove, Valley View Ranch, A'top Lookout Mt. Near Chattanooga, Tenn. Boys—Tennis, Golf, Athletics, Ranching Camps. Girls 200 horses. Hunt, Eng., West.; Sports, Snowskiing. **Jack Jones, Mentone, Ala. 35984.**

Boys' & Girls' Camps

NOTTINGHAM CAMP

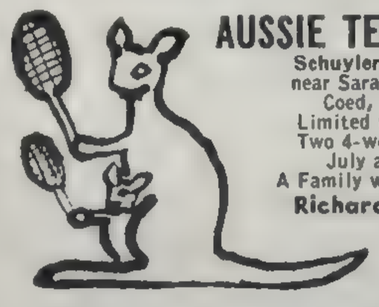
A summer of fun and friendship for boys & girls, 8-16. June 24-Aug. 18. 360 acres. Riding, riflery, swimming, sailing, water skiing. Canoe trips. Crafts. 4 wks. $350. 8 wks. $600. Catalog: Write: **Jim Spiro, Dir. Box 1020, Colora, Md. 21917.**

POK-O-MOONSHINE—BOYS
MacCREADY—GIRL'S RIDING

Adirondack Lake camps. 69th year. 6 week session specializing in Riding, Waterfront, Mt. & canoe trips. **Mr. Jack Swan, Brookfield Center, CT 06805.**

CATHOLIC CAMPS

Our Lady of Lourdes for girls. Acadia for boys. Ages 6-18. Two private lakes in Catskills. Riding, water skiing, all sports, trips, weekly dances, crafts. Tutoring. Res. priests. M.D., R.N. 66 yr. 212 926-5840. **Rev. A.G. Pagliarulo, 472 W. 142 St., N. Y. 10031.**



AUSSIE TENNIS CAMP

Schuylerville, N.Y.
near Saratoga Springs
Coed, 10-18 years.
Limited to 50 campers.
Two 4-week sessions in
July and August.
A Family week in late June
Richard A. Brooks
7 Justamere Dr.,
Ossining,
N.Y. 10562
914-941-6576

CIRCLE F DUDE RANCH CAMP

A fine riding camp for boys and girls. A private summer ranch camp for boys and girls 6-16 years, near Lake Wales in hill and lake section of beautiful Florida. Daily riding; land and water sports; tennis, water-skiing, tripping, arts & crafts. 22nd season. Write:
Mr. and Mrs. George F. Fischbach
Circle F Dude Ranch, Lake Wales, FL 33853

THE CAPE COD SEA CAMPS

Boys & Girls 7-17. resident & day. 190 acres, private beach, pool & lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities: Swimming, tennis, pioneer camp, baseball, archery, golf, soccer, water-skiing, riflery, dramatics, electronics, woodworking. 52nd season. Member ACA. *Also pre-season Sailing & post-season Wrestling Camps.*
Write: MONOMOY-WONO
Box E, E. Brewster, Mass. 02640

Boys' & Girls' Camps

FOUR WINDS • WESTWARD HO

Adventure on Orcas Island, Puget Sound. Coed. 6-16. Sailing, cruises, riding, saddle trips, mt. camps, arts, crafts, music, land & water sports. Creative leadership. 47th yr. **Deer Harbor, WA. 98243. Tel: (206) 885-2626 (winter)—(206) 376-2277 (summer).**

INSTITUT FRANCILE

Teens. Coed. June-Aug. Individ. joyous adventures in Washington & Canadian San Juans with young Paris & U.S. col. staff. Swim, sail, relax, learn French, grow up. **Canoe Island Camps, Warren Austin, M.D., Dir., 2549 Sycamore Canyon Rd., Santa Barbara, CA 93108.**

SHOSHONI—GIRLS RIDING
LITTLE BEAR MT.—BOYS

In Colorado Rockies. 38th Year. Emphasis on Riding, Mountaineering, Swim, Tennis & Trips. **The Barnharts, Box 1518, Boulder, CO 80302. 303-666-8103**

QUARTER CIRCLE V BAR RANCH

40,000-Acre Arizona Ranch Camp • Coed 7-17
Challenging opportunities in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental & ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival in a value oriented community. Extensive travel thru historic southwest. Optional academic work. Spanish Language Institute. Nationwide enrollment. ACA Accred. 44th yr. Catalog.
Also Winter College Prep School
Charles H. Orme, Jr., Box G, Mayer, Arizona 86333

IT'S THE KIND OF CAMP YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE GONE TO WHEN YOU WERE A KID



TREEHAVEN OF TUCSON

Coed summer ranch camp, ages 3-15. Enrichment courses and individual tutoring, if desired. Non-Discrim.
For brochure: Florence C. Schneider Ph.D., Director, Treehaven School, Summer Camp, Box 6146, Tucson, Arizona 85716. (602) 298-1151.

Boys' & Girls' Camps

M LAZY V RANCH

Coed, ages 11-16. Spend 5 weeks in northwestern Montana. 3 weeks at home ranch doing ranch chores. Own horse. 2 week pack trip in Bob Marshall Wilderness. Swimming, fishing, photography. **(212) BU 8-6499. Estelle V. Meadoff, 231 East 81st St., N.Y.C. 10028.**

VAGABOND RANCH

Granby, Colorado. Boys & girls 11-17. 27th year. Horses, pack trips, climbing school, summer skiing, back-packs, river floats, geology, ecology. 4, 5, 6 or 7 weeks. Elective activity-oriented trips. **Mr. & Mrs. C.G. Pavek, Washington, Conn. 06793.**

WILLIAMS FORK RANCH

Small, coed; on working cattle ranch in western Colorado mts. Three 3-wk. sessions. Modern bunk houses. Experienced adult staff for mt. climbing, riding, back & horse pack trips in adjoining wilderness. **Bob Kreamelmeyer, Box 5, Parshall, CO 80468.**

Valley Farm

Brooklyn, Michigan
(313) 467-7463

Coed, 8-17, 1 to 9 wk. sessions. $125 to $875. June 17-Aug. 18. Scenic 270 acres, spring-fed lake in Irish Hills, 40 mi. west of Ann Arbor. Horsemanship, Swimming (Red Cross Certif.), Sailing, Canoeing, Riflery, Archery, Trampoline, Crafts, Nature. Canoe trips, Overnights, Trail rides, Cookouts. Field Sports, Fishing, Hiking, Animal Care. Leadership activities for older campers: Stable management, assist blacksmith and veterinarian, training fillies and colts; Lifesaving; First Aid. Outstanding American and international staff. Call or write.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Schaefer.

FOREST FARM

FOREST FARM 6 to 9 year olds
ROUNDUP 10 to 13 year olds. Daily swimming and riding lessons, farm animals, photography, pottery, spinning fleece, jug band, rock climbing, trail rides, overnights, beach trips and sailing.
TUMBLEWEEDS Six coed traveling adventures for ages 12 to 17. MEXICO (spring): exposure to customs & culture, AMERICAN ROCKIES (summer): trailriding & hiking, INDIAN SOUTHWEST (summer): cultures of the desert. CANADIAN ROCKIES (summer): hiking & backpacking, EUROPE (summer): sightseeing & camping in Switzerland, France, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece & Italy EUROPE (winter): Skiing & winter sightseeing in Switzerland, Austria & Italy.
TIMBERLINES An opportunity to learn skills of mountaineering, climbing, white water rafting & photography. Four coed backpacking adventures for ages 14 to 17. Desolation Valley • Yosemite • Grand Tetons • Oregon Cascades. Accredited by the American Camping Association & Western Association of Independent Camps. Brochure: Jack & Claire Felson.
Box V, Forest Knolls, Calif. 94933.

VOGUE'S CAMP BUREAU

Listed in Vogue's Camp Directory are both summer schools and camps. Heads of schools like to know the age and grade at present, course or courses preferred. Directors of camps appreciate receiving information on age and desired activities. Should you wish further information, just fill in this coupon and mail it to Vogue's School & Camp Bureau.

Ranch camps
Woodcraft camps
Travel camps
Language camps
Camps specializing in music, art, or dramatics
Camps especially geared to the very young
Camps offering remedial reading
Camps tutoring in regular school subjects
Farm camps
Sailing camps
Riding camps
All-around camps

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss
Street address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For: _____

Age now _____ Grade now _____

Location preferred _____

Special interests _____

3-73

Write to Vogue's School and Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

Girls' Camps

CAMP WATERVLIET
For girls 7-17. 400 acres; woods, lake, pool. Daily riding; sailing, skiing, canoe trips, tennis, other sports. Arts, crafts, theater. Ranch, Pioneer, CIT programs. Horse Show 39th year. Booklet. **Dr. & Mrs. H. V. Tatter, Watervliet, Michigan 49098.**

MISHAWAKA FOR GIRLS
Grand Rapids, Minnesota. Adventure. Friendship, fun for 100 girls 8-16 in northern Minn. 8-4 wks. Individ. program, riding, sailing. Canadian canoe trips, drama, music. Adj. brother camp. Accred. ACA. **T. V. Cavins, 1221 Griffith, Lake Forest, IL 60045.**

TEGAWITHA
Camp for Girls 6-16. Atop the Poconos. On private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, tutoring. 8, 4 wks. Private Catholic chapel. 56th yr. Catalog. **Mrs. James P. Lynch, Dir., Camp Tegawitha, Box V, Tobyhanna, Pa. 18466.**

ROCK RUNN RIDING CAMP
Girls 7-18. Exceptional instructions for trail, hunt & horse show. Beginners' mounts & hunters. Excellent training: oils, sculpture, folk art, swimming, tennis. Tutoring. Chester Co., Pa. Churches nearby. **Mr. & Mrs. John B. Ziegler, Box 22-V, Pottstown, Pa. 19464.**

BUFF LEDGE
Milton, Vt. Daily riding. Equitation, show team. Hunt course. Excellent waterfront program; swim team, sailing. Dramatics, golf, tennis, riflery. All-incl. fee. 100 girls 7-18. Give age. **M. W. A. Hunt, 38 S. Strathmore Blvd. V, Sarasota, Fla. 33581.**

HOLIDAY HILL IN VERMONT
Craftsbury Common. 100 girls 7-17. Congenial cabin living. Stowe area. Daily riding, care of camp stable. Sailing, water skiing, tennis, arts, dance, mt. trips. CIT program. **Josephine Willard & Dorothea Loewel, Dirs., 55-C Locust Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.**

Kiniya
On a Bay of Lake Champlain in Vt. Girls 6-17

VERMONT 55TH SEASON. Riding for every girl every day—wonderful trails—own stable. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, tennis, archery, riflery, crafts, dramatics, dance. Give age. Booklet.

IRELAND Special program for older girls. 3 weeks at Kiniya, 3 weeks in Ireland pony trekking. Dublin Horse Show. Visit Edinburgh, London.

Mr. & Mrs. John J. Williams, Milton, Vt. 05468. Tel. 893-7849

TEELA-WOOKET
Horseback Camps in Vermont



Daily riding, 3 age groups. Outstanding instruction, 70 mounts. Beginners, show horses, hunters. Stable management. Swimming, SCUBA, golf, tennis, the arts. $625.-$775; outfit rented. Member ACA. Also Idlewild for Boys. Write: **Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Walker, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181**

AVALON
SALT WATER SAILING CAMP ON CAPE COD

Individualized program. Skilled, sensitive staff, 85 girls 7–16. Daily beginner and advanced sailing instruction on protected bay. Swimming, tennis emphasized. Water-skiing, trampoline, crafts, golf, riding. ACA member.

Mr. & Mrs. G. V. Laffey, Jr.
Camp Avalon, Chatham, Mass. 02633

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS
CAPE COD CAMP FOR GIRLS 7-15

"Every sailboat working every sailing hour"

Daily sailing for beginner or advanced on protected Pleasant Bay. Large varied fleet; own yacht club; racing. Riding; camp owned stables. Tennis, pottery, ecology & the arts. Est. 1905. Member ACA.

Mr. & Mrs. G. B. Hammatt, So. Orleans, MA 02662

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18
ENJOY A FUN-FILLED SUMMER WHILE LOSING WEIGHT!

Camp Stanley is the original non-medical Slim-Down camp. Average weight loss 20-45 lbs. Superb facilities include **20 Tennis Courts,** Heated Pool, Lake, Private Golf on Premises, Horseback Riding, Archery, Water Bikes, Fencing, Volleyball, Baseball and much more. Specialized Slimnastics with exclusive Patented "Beauti-Boot". Re-education in eating habits. Social Grooming for Poise and Confidence. Follow-up Program maintains weight loss. Send for Brochure. *Accredited by American Camping Association & Assn. of Private Camps.* C.I.T. Program

Mrs. Gussie Mason, Director
Author, "Help Your Child Lose Weight"
CAMP STANLEY
Box 529, Hurleyville, N.Y. 12747
Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys

Girls' Camps

JEANNE d'ARC
Girls 6-17. A happy camp on Adirondack lake. Swiss chalets. Choice program—water ski, swim, sail, horseback, camping, all land sports. Arts, tutoring ACA. 52nd year. $850. **Mrs. J. V. McIntyre, 253 Dorchester Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.**

LONGACRES RIDING CAMP
Learn to ride, jump, show: 75 camp owned horses, riding twice daily! Informal, flexible program: swimming, sports, art. Brother camp features camping & outdoor sports. Write (state age): **Mr. Thomas Kranz, Box 306, E. Aurora, N. Y. 14052.**

PINE LOG CAMP
175 acres on private Adirondack lake. Girls 6-16. Excellent instruction: swimming, sailing, riding, tennis. All land sports. Waterskiing. Trips emphasized. 51st yr. Brother camp. Tel.: 518-668-5026. **Mr. & Mrs. Barr V. Morris, Diamond Point, N. Y. 12824.**

ECHO CAMP
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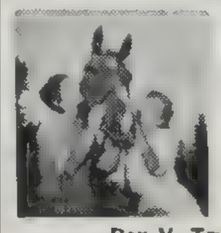
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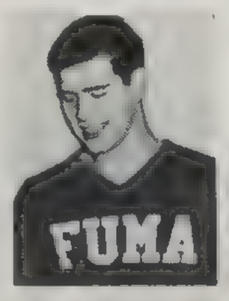
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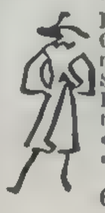
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DISLOYALTY

(Continued from page 147)

praise of their fellows, all tend to sap their disloyalty. The house at Stratford must not be endangered. If they don't become loyal to a Church or a country, they are apt to become loyal to some invented ideology of their own, until they are praised for consistency, although the writer should always be ready to change sides at the drop of a hat. He stands for the victims and the victims change. Loyalty confines you to accepted opinions: loyalty forbids you to comprehend sympathetically your dissident fellows; but disloyalty encourages you to roam through any human mind: it gives the novelist an extra dimension of understanding.

I am not advocating propaganda in any cause. Propaganda is only concerned to elicit sympathy for one side, what the propagandist regards as the good side: he, too, poisons the wells. But the novelist's task is to draw his own likeness to any human being, to the guilty as much as to the innocent. There, and may God forgive me, goes myself.

If we enlarge the bounds of sympathy in our readers, we succeed in making the work of the State a degree more difficult. That is a genuine duty we owe society, to be a piece of grit in the State machinery. However acceptable for the moment the Soviet State may find the great classic writers, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Gogol, Chekhov, they have surely made the regimentation of the Russian spirit an imperceptible degree more difficult or more incomplete.

You cannot talk of the Karamazovs in terms of a class, and if you speak with hatred of the kulak, doesn't the rich humorous memory of the hero of *Dead Souls* come back to kill your hatred? Sooner or later the strenuous bugle note of loyalty, of social responsibility, of the greatest material good of the greatest number must die in the ear, and then perhaps certain memories will return, of long purposeless discussions in the moonlight about life and art, the click of a billiard ball, the sunny afternoons of that month in the country.

A great German theologian confronted, in the worst days of our lifetime, this issue of loyalty and disloyalty. "Christians in Germany," he wrote, "will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilisation may survive, or willing the victory of their nation and thereby destroying our civilisation. I know which of those alternatives I must choose."

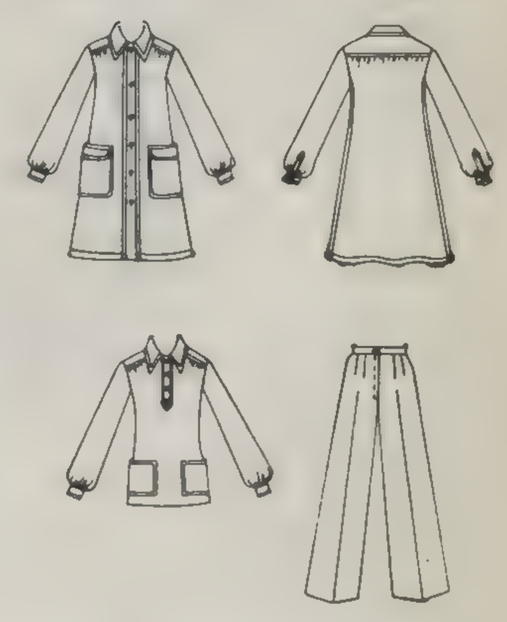
Dietrich Bonhoeffer chose to be hanged like our English poet Southwell. He is a greater hero for the writer than Shakespeare. Perhaps the deepest tragedy Shakespeare lived was his own: the blind eye offered for the coat of arms, the prudent tongue for the friendships at Court and the great house at Stratford. ■

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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 168-169; other views, yardages)

VOGUE PATTERN 2814, a Paris Original Design by Yves Saint Laurent, in sizes 8 to 16. **Smock raincoat** with shirt collar and cuffs, shoulder yoke with gathers below, two deep patch pockets; to make knee length or three-quarter length. **Long tunic** with shirt collar and cuffs, three buttons down front, two pockets. **Wide straight pants,** waist-high, with front zipper. In size 10: raincoat, knee length, takes 3⅞ yards of 44" fabric; for its lining, 3⅝ yards of 44" fabric. **Shorter-length raincoat,** 3⅜ yards; lining 3⅛ yards (both in 44" fabric). Also in size 10: the tunic and pants, together, need 3⅞ yards of 44" fabric. Pattern price: $5 in U.S.; $5.50 in Canada.





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ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 104: Glasses by Bausch & Lomb. Coro earrings. Watch by Gucci. Valentino shoes.

Page 105: Earrings: Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Ring by Antigona. Necklaces by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs, at Lord & Taylor. Valentino shoes.

Page 106: Earrings and necklace by K.J.L., at Bonwit Teller. David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

Page 107: William de Lillo necklace, at Ciro. Donald Stannard bangles. Reva bag. Christian Dior tights. Herbert Levine shoes, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 108: Bangle by Donald Stannard. Bag: Coach Leatherware. Beauty Mist tights. Saks Fifth Avenue shoes.

Page 109: Scarf on head by Echo Scarfs, at Bloomingdale's. Earrings by William de Lillo. Bottega Veneta bag. Customcraft loafers, at Altman's.

Page 110: Hat: to order at Halston Limited. Halston sunglasses. Earrings by Donald Stannard. Alexis Kirk bracelets. Shoes by Palizzio.

Page 111: Ivory hairpin, at the United Nations Gift Center. Napier bangles, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sandals: Customcraft by Rossi.

Page 112 (left): Jewelry by Sonia Rykiel. Round-the-Clock tights. Sandals by Laura Tosato for I. Miller.

Page 112 (right): Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors, at Honeybee. Earrings by Monet. Scott Barrie beads. Bottega Veneta handbag.

Page 113: Charles J. Wahba hair comb. Earrings by William de Lillo. Polka-dot bangles by Robin Kahn for Castlecliff. Black bangle by Alexis Kirk.

Page 123: Jean Muir hat. Clips by William de Lillo. Roman stripe tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 130: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors, at Honeybee.

Page 134: Pin by Robert Originals. Trifari bangles, at Altman's.

Page 135 (top): Bare ribbed top by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Bobbie Kaplan hat. Pin and bracelets by Bruce Keiser, at Sonnabend Gallery.

Page 135 (bottom two pictures): Scott Barrie wrap top. K.J.L. earrings.

Page 164: Mickey Lyons' umbrella. Bernard Kayman glasses. Trifari earrings, chain. Yves Saint Laurent bangles.

Page 165: (left): Mickey Lyons umbrella. Renauld glasses. Earrings by Trifari.

Page 165 (right): Bernard Kayman glasses. Doro scarf.

Page 166 (top left): Hat by Halston. Mickey Lyons umbrella. Yves Saint Laurent scarf. Gloves by Grandoe.

Page 166 (bottom left): Hat by Don Marshall. Grandoe gloves.

Page 166 (bottom right): Mickey Lyons umbrella. Hat by Don Marshall.

Page 166 (right): Don Marshall hat. Watch by Universal Geneve. Bag by Estancia. Valentino Boutique pants.

Page 167: Umbrella by Mickey Lyons. Merrymaker hat. Scarf: Yves Saint Laurent. Bag at Hunting World.

Page 168: Hat by Yves Saint Laurent for Madcaps. Scarf by Yves Saint Laurent. Grandoe gloves. His raincoat at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

Page 169: Glasses by American Optical. Trifari earrings. Bracelet by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Grandoe gloves. Turnbull & Asser shirt (both pages), at Bonwit Teller. Belt: Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 174: Earrings by Trifari. Uppermost bangle: Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Others by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 177: Bobbie Kaplan hat. Belt by Morris Moskowitz. Coach Leatherware bag.

Page 178 (far left): Bobbie Kaplan hat, at Henri Bendel. Riviera glasses. Silver earrings at Georg Jensen. Chains at Amulets & Talismans. Reva bag. Watch by Gucci. Tights by Danskin. David Evins sandals, at I. Miller.

Page 178 (left): Hat by Bobbie Kaplan. Trifari earrings. Tempo bangles. Tights by Chadbourn. David Evins sandals, to order at I. Miller.

Page 179: Robin Kahn for Castlecliff earrings. K.J.L. bracelet. Burlington tights. Sandals by David Evins.

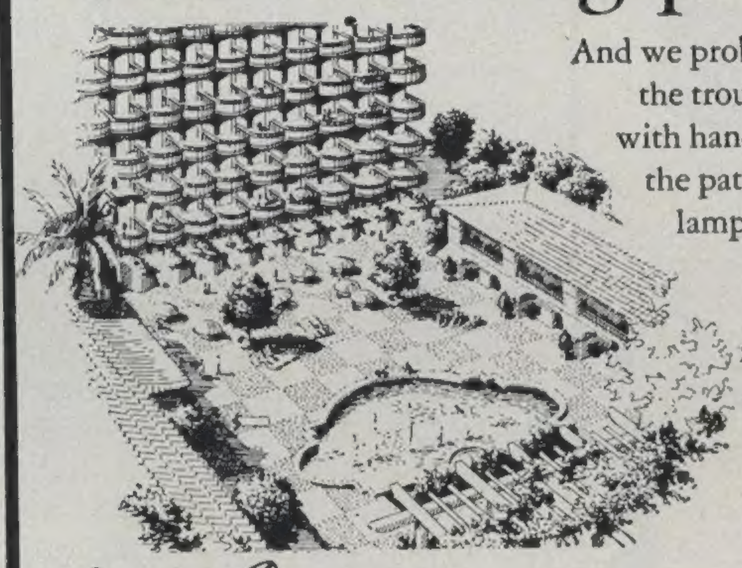
YES'S AND NO'S

(Continued from page 186)

it's really needed. Use warm, not hot water; mild shampoo; one sudsing—and don't let the suds sit around on your head. . . . Then, rinse, conditioner, and lots more cool rinsing. After that, wrap hair turban-style in a soft towel and blot excess moisture. Don't rub hair vigorously with the towel—pat it, gently. Now comb—also gently—and hair is ready for setting. . . .Don't have the dryer set on high heat for more than a few minutes; a medium or cool setting is best. With a hand dryer, simply hold it a safe distance from hair.

YES to the right comb and brush. If hair is long and thick, a wide-toothed comb makes life easier for you *and* your hair—so does a brush with tightly-spaced bristles (natural ones). For short hair, use a brush with widely-spaced natural bristles. . . .NO to stiff, hard brushes. NO to over-brushing—use the brush for grooming, finishing, placing. And NO to brushing hair when it's wet, ever. . . . ■

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"Actually the term needle is a misnomer . . ."

ACUPUNCTURE

(Continued from page 151)

Aspirin has been used until recently without the knowledge of its exact mechanism of action.

Colchicine, a drug used for the relief of an attack of gout, is still being used although we don't know how it works. We don't know how certain massages and manipulations give relief for conditions which have not been amenable to reasonable scientific management. Although many of the newer drugs used in medicine have not been fully investigated for their clinical potential or action, we often accept them without knowledge of their mechanism of action, but we ascertain through experimentation on animals and on patients their therapeutic value and potential dangers. The same reasonable attitude must be applied to the use of acupuncture in each condition to which it is applied. Clinical results usually speak for themselves but they must stand the test of critical and statistical analysis. Often what seems obvious does not withstand such analysis.

I am confident that the next few months and certainly the next few years will see the establishment of a great number of clinical studies on the use of acupuncture in all major American medical institutions. The value of acupuncture is being investigated in surgery as well as in other branches of medicine, and this will increase its use and give it credibility not only in the United States but throughout the world.

It is regrettable that European acupuncturists have accepted and applied acupuncture by using the old Chinese philosophical concepts without translating them to our present-day scientific knowledge. Only a few investigators have made the effort to remove the picturesque and often vague Chinese terminology and replace it by scientific, objective medical concepts. They have been able to demonstrate the physical reality of acupuncture points by electronic devices. Modern acupuncture is still in an experimental stage in China.

Acupuncture has been heralded as being painless. It is true that often the insertion of the needle is totally painless. However, often the therapeutic results can be obtained only when a certain temporary feeling of fullness associated with soreness and numbness of the area is obtained. This is what the Chinese call "Da Chi" and should be expected during acupuncture treatment.

What makes acupuncture seem more mysterious is the fact that certain points on the body are away from the area being treated or from the organ being treated and these points are often the most effective ones.

Acupuncture has great limitations. In China it does not pretend to cure cancer, to treat serious infectious diseases, or heal lesions, It is more than probable that further limitations of its effectiveness will be found with greater clinical experience.

Modern medicine has never paid attention to the local traumatic effect of the insertion of a hypodermic needle but only to the introduction of the fluid through it. Actually, acupuncture needles cannot legally be considered the same as hypodermic needles since they are very fine and not hollow and therefore cannot transport any material either into or out of the body.

Actually, the term needle is a misnomer. Acupuncture needles are in fact made of very fine metallic string, sharp and pliable, very similar to the thinness of guitar strings and are not to be compared to the stiffness of even the finest sewing needle. ■

". . . it's not always going to be a bed of gardenias"

DIANA ROSS

(Continued from page 145)

Billie Holiday record in 1969 and, at first, I didn't understand her music. And other than the obvious thing about being Black, our experiences weren't similar. But I could understand the importance of singing to her.

"I kept listening to Billie Holiday's music—all of it—and tried to understand what the music meant to her. . . . I read everything that had been written about her, I talked to as many people as I could find who had met her—and everyone I talked to had talked to a different Billie Holiday. One met her when she was in a bitchy mood, so to them she was a total bitch. To somebody else, totally loving. It's strange how we come across to other people in these snatches of memory. Eventually, I began to find an identification. I almost lived another life. It will reflect in my music in the future, I'm sure. But I don't compare my life with hers. I didn't have to fight for the same things she fought for."

Nonetheless, though she says, "I didn't try for her style—I've never been a crafty artist," Diana Ross produces in the film an uncanny evocation of Billie Holiday's texture, timing, and phrasing.

"One thing that really means a lot to me about *Lady Sings the Blues* is the chance to show young people just how bad drugs are. When I grew up in Detroit, we didn't know anything about marijuana, pills, or anything. But now, it's heartbreaking to see all the little kids who are into drugs. The film is an opportunity to show a lot that you can't in a song—to let them see and learn from someone else's experience, so it doesn't have to be their own bad experience that teaches.

"Some of my Black brothers and sisters have told me what an inspiration the film, and I, had been to them. That really makes me happy, it really does. If I can do anything, I hope it's that: to contribute something, to inspire something in young people. . . . I was one of the fortunate few—a record company behind me to encourage me—but there are so many young people, Black and white, who feel stifled, get discouraged. I want to inspire them to think, 'I can do it, too.' And I have to work hard to do it.

"When people are expecting a lot of you, you work harder. I hope they always expect a lot of me. . . . Sure, I'll stumble and fall sometimes—it's not always going to be a bed of gardenias, or roses—but then I'll pick myself up and try even harder." ■

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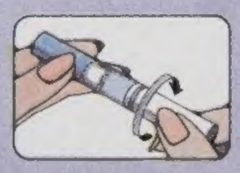
POWDER-TWIST



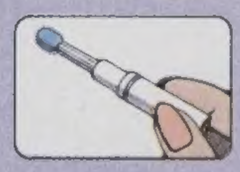


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